

Constellation, 2020

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The work starts with the material, paper in this case. Sketching and writing are parts of my everyday routine and the paper I use in these activities is usually white, smooth and thin. Those three characteristics enable me to start working. Like canvas, a block of marble or the gallery walls, the sheet of paper is presented as a neutral background for artistic action. The drawing is art, the lines and dots, but not the page they are presented on. Paper is the support for an artistic activity, hence its smoothness and the white, made to be invisible, to give space to the ink or the graphite without stealing their protagonism. The flatness of industrially made paper sheets create an illusion of bidimensionality and emphasize the image qualities of what is drawn, painted or printed on paper to the extent of making the eye believe in the possibility of the virtual, the immaterial.

In Constellation I wanted to make paper, not sheets but slabs... blocks of paper that contradict all the immaterial qualities of an A4 office supply. My process of making those blocks by hand was very slow, done without any help, with a single framed screen and relying on unstable weather conditions. The large quantity of paper scraps that I recycled in the course of the last two years came from my family, including many discarded drawings produced by my daughter and myself. The result for this work is a group of 12 rectangular blocks that preserve in their roughness the visible traces of a previous existence as boxes, drawings or printed news... none of that is erased and the thickness of these new A4 sized rectangles makes them not only thick like bricks, but also thick like the present moment made of layers of fragmented past.

Floating over the paper come the lines, drawing a polygon that reminded me a constellation - stars connected by imaginary lines that men decided to group together and give names of earthy things... scorpio, Taurus, virgo - I don't care about any of them particularly and am not looking for any symbolic or mythological meaning. The comparison interests me because of its oppositions: a star as a point of light which matter might have disappeared millions of years ago, leaving us the location of a trip through space and time that forms before our eyes a tiny unstable dot of shining white; their connections created by our need of understanding, controlling, organizing... my action of piercing the paper surface with sewing pins and stretching rubber lines is in many ways the opposite of these immaterial drawings in the sky. I don't want to see pictures, nor to find them or create them, instead I want to work with objects, things, combine things and affirm them in what they have of objects. Paper, rubber and metal, disappearing in images and reappearing in their physical interactions.