**A THREAD IN A MAELSTROM**

Α vortex is the rotating motion of water or wind when opposite currents meet. If we could capture our times in an image, I think it would be a vortex. Once caught in a vortex, you do not have many possibilities: you will either let go or resist or hold on to something if you can. Believing in something is one way of holding on. Connecting with the other and joining forces also offers hope. Under such circumstances I found myself on this journey to neighbouring Italy, a country to which we are linked in many ways. I brought before the Italian public works I have created not only in the past but also in the course of this journey. I brought these works with respect and a sense of responsibility as a pilgrim, as somebody aware of her limits, who understands the sanctity of existence and acts in thankfulness. This trip is a huge “Thank you” to those who have trusted me, honoured me, invited and received me. To those I have met and become acquainted with and have bonded with, and also to those I will meet and talk to in the following period.

In every city I visited, I contemplated and sensed the spaces one by one, and realized what makes one exhibition different from the other. In Palermo, in the Museo Archeologico Antonino Salinas, I attempted a dialogue between the ephemeral and the eternal, the fragile and the resilient, exploring the way in which archaeology unveils matter in the present. Matter was the theme and the title of the exhibition there.

In Torino, in the Gallery of the Fondazione Sandretto Re Rebaudengo, a minimalistic building with surfaces as pure white as unwritten pages, Logos (“The Word”) was the protagonist.

In Trieste, finally, where the trilogy of exhibitions have been completed in two spaces at the same time, the Museo Sartorio and the Castello di San Giusto, everything has been united in a totality — except that there sound was added: Sound that arouses memory in an immediate and unexpected way. The three exhibitions that are now presented as a whole to the Cyclades Art Gallery, here in Syros–Ermoupolis, are connected by the same thread, the one I hold tight in my hand so as not to get lost and which here Ι call Primordial Future.

This thread comes from the depths of time, and conscious of the present, I feel that it can lead us to the future, making it a bit less uncertain.

Venia Dimitrakopoulou

July, 2019