

Renato Santarossa stakes out his course with emblematic figures, ramparts of transparent verticality, much like attentive watchkeepers. Legions of still shadows. He cuts out, breaks and erects glass in totemic steles and votive sculptures consecrating the ultimate link between the earth and the "inconceivable divine essence".

These architectural exploits and large masses of tension-filled glass sacrilege their constituent matter. A nearly pure matter, since only few artifices can alter it. No anecdote occurs here through a procedural alchemy ; rather through an assembling of plane surfaces. Add a sprint of color which - suddenly - vibrates and brings life. And so the task is accomplished. Even the slightest light suffices to spark off infinite nuances reflected on the surfaces of these constructed ensembles. From time to time, symbols appear on an angle of a sheet of glass, a written gesture may commence. There, hatchings streak against certain pieces and perpetuate the repetitive evocation of Renato Santarossa's works. Certain graphic elements are underlined by direct engravings and lead inlays. The limpidity of glass compliments the lead's opacity and never opposes it. Shiny reflections are contrasted with mat structures. A language created of signs is silently transmitted into this subtle equilibrium. The three dimensions throw memory into play ; souvenirs and lines form an ensemble of presumptions towards a yet-unborn universe. Geometric forms - be they straightforward, fracturale or angular, melt the glass into a typically sculptural mass, which can be used as stone.

Whether it is in the "Utopi" series (1986) which opted for a graphic sensitivity, or "Intermezzo" (1988), freer and more open, glass, according to Renato Santarossa, seems to take crossroads. His feet leave the ground and he takes to flight. Unbalances are rough-hewed in alternating or fantailed transparent partitions. Santarossa's sculptures, installed at a right angle within the hollow of a groove in the heart of a granite slab, take on a gracile aspect, so ephemeral that a simple gesture could destroy it all. They become seaweed in the waves's sandstone, they become the North wind when the breeze blows. They are, however, imposing, and demand respect.