



BAKE YOUR PAIN

2023-2026

P O R
T F O
L I O

ESMERALDA KOSMATOPOULOS

"Between seeing and weeping, he catches a glimpse of the difference... until finally, from the 'same eyes,' the tears see."

— **Jacques Derrida**, *Memoirs of the Blind*

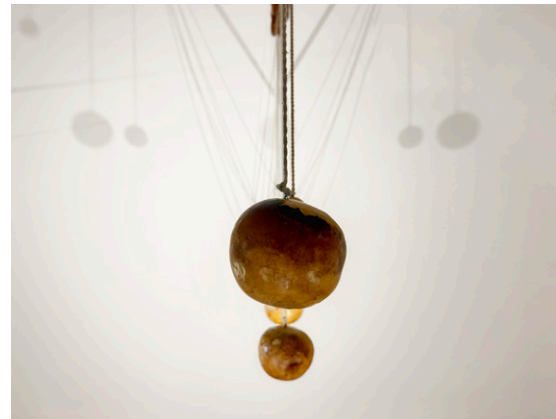
Θρῆνος

2026, Bread, wood, rope

The installation explores the inner architecture of grief—not the moment of loss itself, but the invisible forces that continue to shape us long after someone has gone. Rather than representing absence, the work considers grief as a system of tensions that quietly transforms the world we inhabit. Tears no longer blur vision alone; they alter the relationships between things, giving rise to a new and uncertain grammar of perception.

Extending from a mask made of bread, the threads emerge from ambiguous protrusions—at once eyes, breasts, wounds and swellings— before passing through a system of pulleys where these tensions are redistributed into a fragile equilibrium. The suspended bread spheres evoke shifting states of grief: emotions that do not replace one another but coexist, return, overlap and resonate. Like the notes of a silent score, they compose an invisible architecture in which mourning is understood not as an absence, but as a force that continuously reshapes our relationship to the world.









Θρήνος

2026, Bread, wood, rope

Lacrimale Architecture

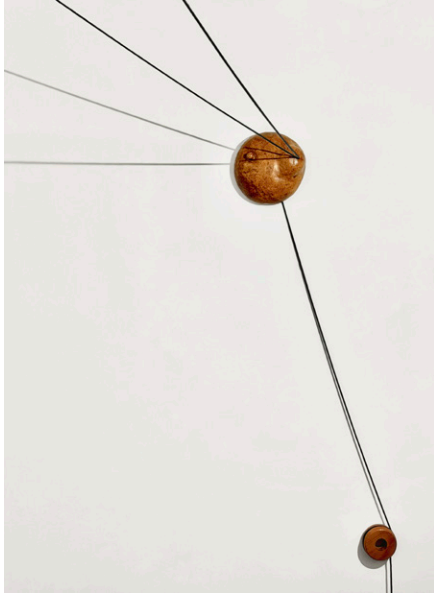
2026, Bread, wood, rope

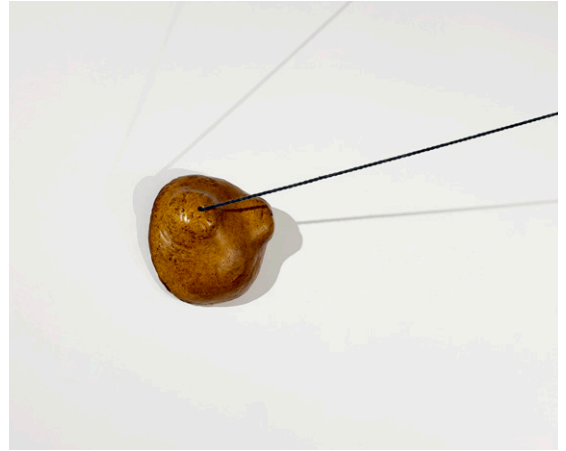
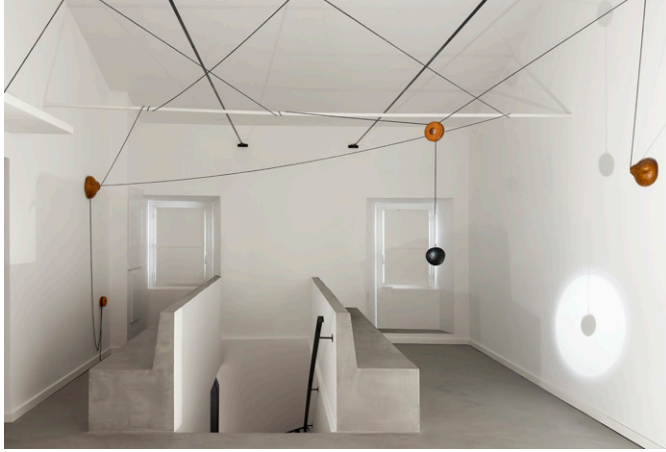
Lacrimale Architecture draws on the Mediterranean tradition of the female mourner, whose role is not simply to express grief, but to carry it, give it form, and make it shareable. Rather than approaching mourning as an individual emotion, the installation imagines it as a structure sustained through relationships. Threads emerge from the swollen eyes of three bread masks and rise toward a simple system of pulleys. Some connect one eye to another, while others converge around a suspended black sphere. Together, they trace an invisible field of forces where tension, resistance, and gravity continuously negotiate with one another.

This deliberately elementary mechanism makes visible what usually escapes perception: the weight of grief. It does not dramatize; it redistributes. Falling becomes tension, weight becomes balance. Nothing disappears—everything holds together. A lacrimal architecture gradually emerges, where tears are no longer simply traces left upon a face, but forces extended into space. The installation gives form to the fragile network through which mourning is carried—not by one body alone, but by the relationships that bind bodies together.









οδύσσεια

2026, Mixed media

“Tell me, Muse...” Thus begins The Odyssey. This body of work reimagines Homer’s invocation by replacing the Muse with the figure of the female mourner, who becomes the silent narrator of an odyssey composed not of heroic exploits, but of the irreversible transformations brought about by loss.

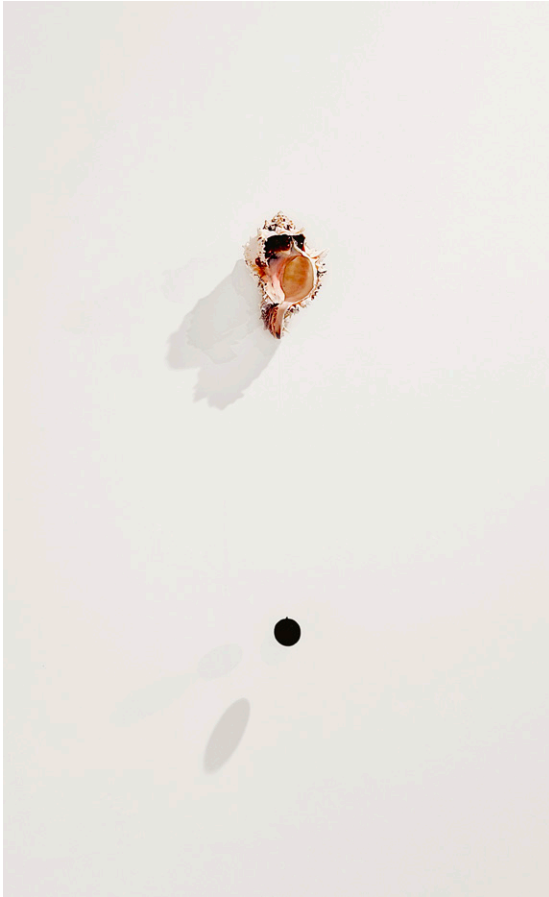
The series revolves around a single question: What does it mean to inhabit a world after one of its possibilities has disappeared? Death is understood not simply as loss, but as irreversibility—the moment after which the world can never again be exactly the same. Like Odysseus, who never returns to the same world he left because his journey has transformed him, those who experience loss must also learn to inhabit a reality whose nature has irrevocably changed.

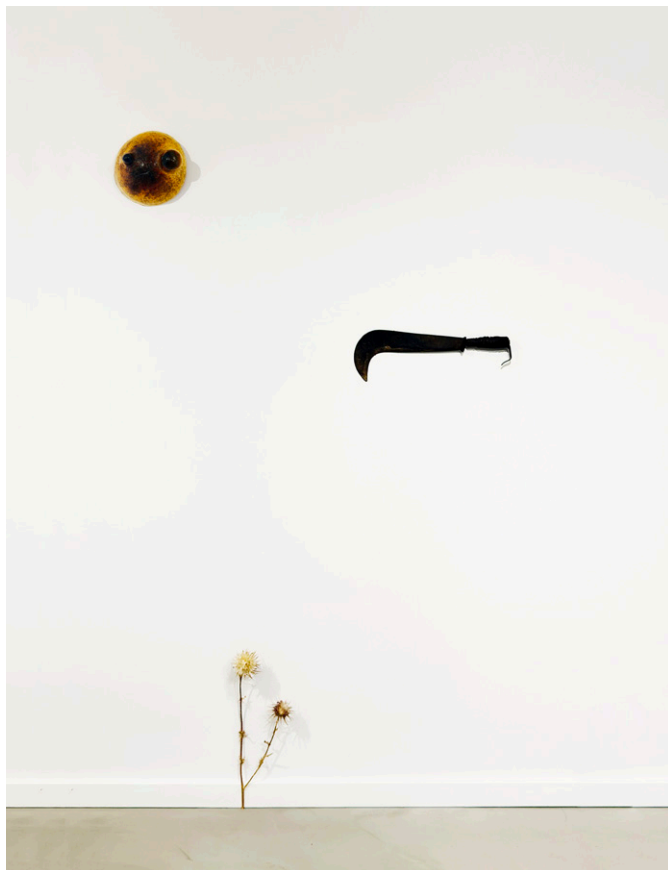
The sculptures bring together materials that have already undergone transformation: weathered wood, rusted metal, dried flowers, bread, stone. Nothing appears intact, yet nothing has disappeared. These are not symbols of death, but forms of survivance—materials that persist in altered states, carrying the traces of time and transformation. Like the songs of The Odyssey, each sculpture stands as an autonomous fragment within a larger journey, bearing witness not to death itself, but to what continues after irreversible change.



Une pleureuse

bread, shell, paint, fishing wire





Chant 1

2026, bread, metal, wood, golden leaf





Chant 2

2026, bread, metal, wood, golden leaf

Life after death - a grammar of grief

2026, Mixed media

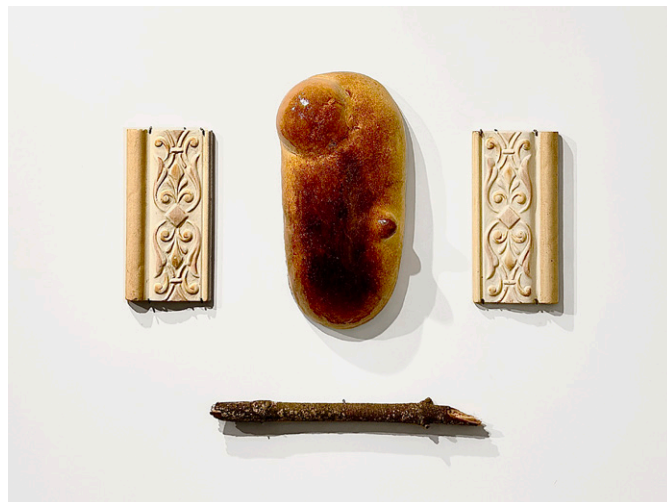
Life After Death explores the material world of those who remain. Rather than representing grief itself, the series observes how loss quietly reorganizes the relationships between bodies, objects, and space. The works do not depict the moment of disappearance, but its aftermath—a world where familiar things continue to exist, yet no longer belong to the same order.

Discarded objects from the home and the workplace are brought together with bread masks that capture imagined expressions of grief. Removed from their original function, these elements enter into unfamiliar constellations. They seem to orbit around one another, held together by invisible forces whose logic remains uncertain. The compositions remain balanced, yet never entirely resolve, as though the world were slowly inventing a new syntax.

Rather than focusing on absence, the series explores survivance: the persistence of forms after irreversible transformation. Death appears not as a void, but as a silent force that reorganizes everything that remains. Each sculpture becomes a sentence; together, they compose a grammar of grief.









Life after death - a grammar of grief

2023–24, Bread, thread, straw, leather

To Each Day Its Pain transforms grief into a physical record of time. Initiated after the sudden death of the artist's father, the series gathers bread masks made during different phases of mourning — not to document particular events, but to register fluctuations in sorrow: its intensity, repetition, withdrawal and silence. The title plays on the double meaning of pain: bread in French, suffering in English.

After periods of intense crying, Kosmatopoulos kneads bread dough and shapes it into a mask. Baked and dried, the dough rises, contracts, cracks and hardens, preserving an expression produced through the encounter between gesture and matter. Masks made during a given month are assembled into wall-mounted compositions, governed by density, spacing and silence rather than chronological order — the same woman, repeated and altered by successive waves of grief.

The calendar does not measure sorrow. It makes its rhythm visible — how grief intensifies, recedes, and returns, without ever settling into a predictable shape.









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