

amy m santoferraro ☼ ☼ ☼ mysanto.com

---

1409 North Howard Street ☼ Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122 ☼ santoferraro@yahoo ☼ 207.319.5264

As a kid I secretly collected "shoe poison". I kept records of each pair of shoes that helped contribute to my coveted collection of gel silica. Diagrams, dates of purchase, sizes, colors, and materials were all meticulously catalogued in my Holly Hobby notebook. Only my Best Friends were invited to my top-secret laboratory/closet to view it and hear of my somewhat sinister plans to poison bad guys.

The collection remains my playground. I am fascinated by collections and collected objects. I am amused by the wacky relationships sprouted between collectors and their collected objects. I love that any silly lil' ole object can become charged with meaning, history, sentiment, and the authority to tell stories. Collections are spectacularly selfish satisfactions that are classless and limitless. Rich, snooty museum collectors in search of obscure works of art and unemployed QVC shoppers looking for one more crystal unicorn are essentially doing the same thing as me; strategically collecting objects to organize and make sense of our surroundings through interactions with the material world.

Like every toddler, I play with what I am given. Fascinated by numbers, colors, objects, and shiny things, I rowdily rummage through thrift stores and flea markets like toy boxes tearing through objects whose usefulness has been exhausted and awaits deliverance to a new imagined life. I carefully handpick objects that are familiar or boast a degree of promise and beauty to me. I relentlessly tinker with objects ceramicly until they fit and work in a way that is very mine. After all, I am the boss of them. I enjoy putting objects and stories together piece by piece and welcome the layers and silly connections that develop from my making and thought processes.