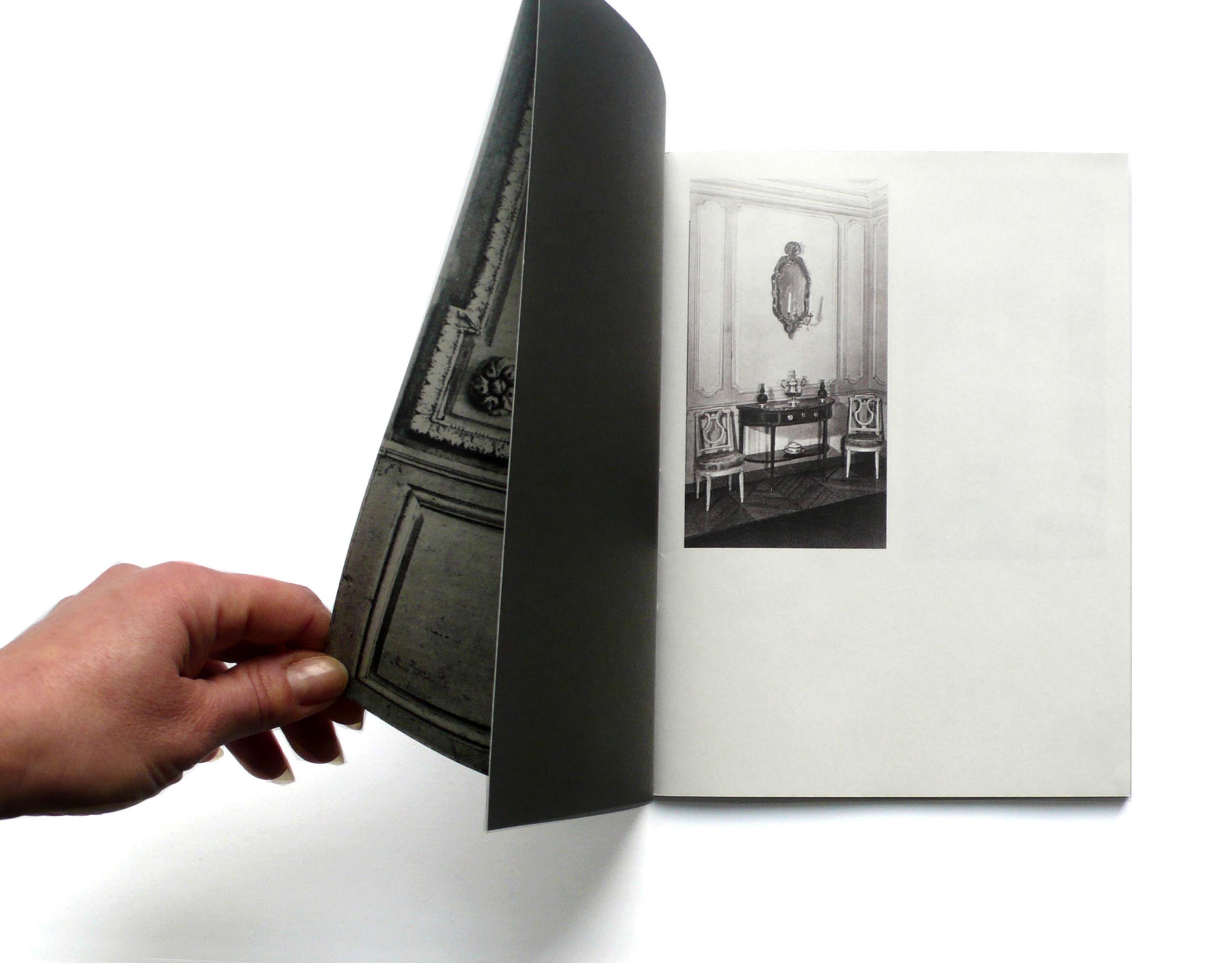
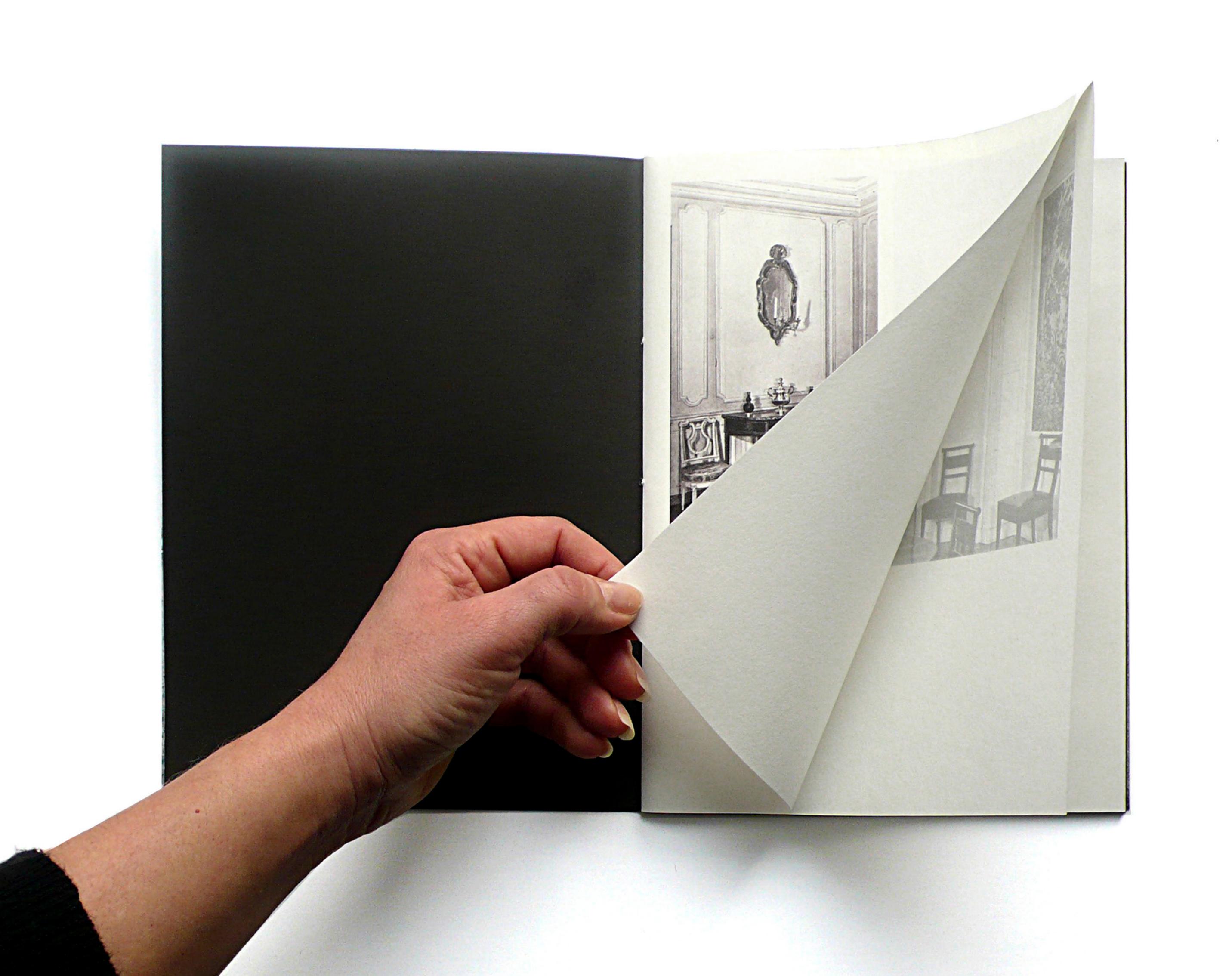
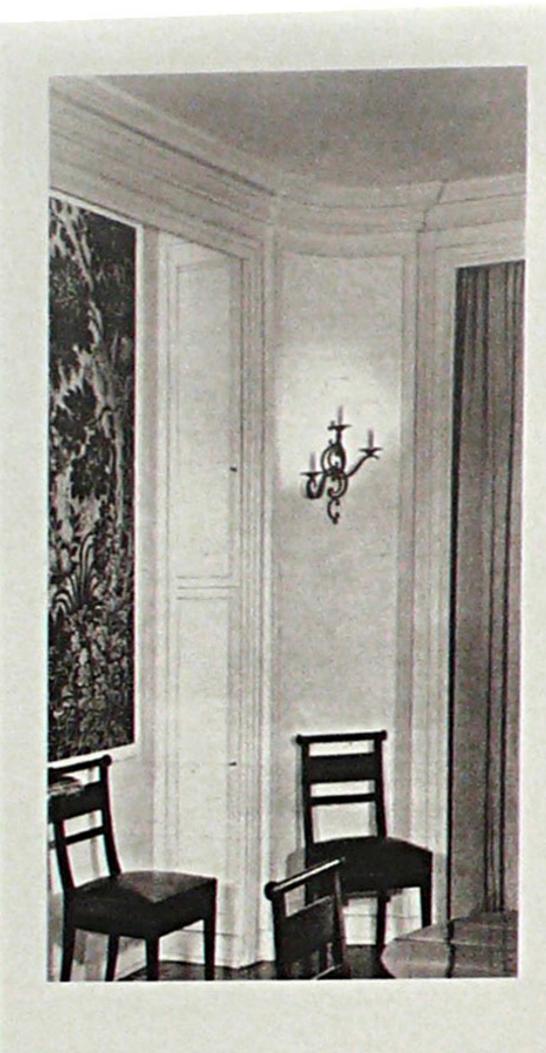
Sanja Medić Interior Monologue a soliloquy









What falls in between

A space where the air is caught in between, where the volume is constructed by obstruction, where the view is obscured by on looking absentees, hidden from sight but tangibly present, where furniture replaces human nature.

A space where traces of Louis xvi's perfume can be smelled, where the steps of this aristocrat are indented in the marble floor and his etiquette stifled his mistresses, where the evolution of time is reversed, and the present reshaped, renamed and awakened.

A space where the distortions of torn wallpaper remain.

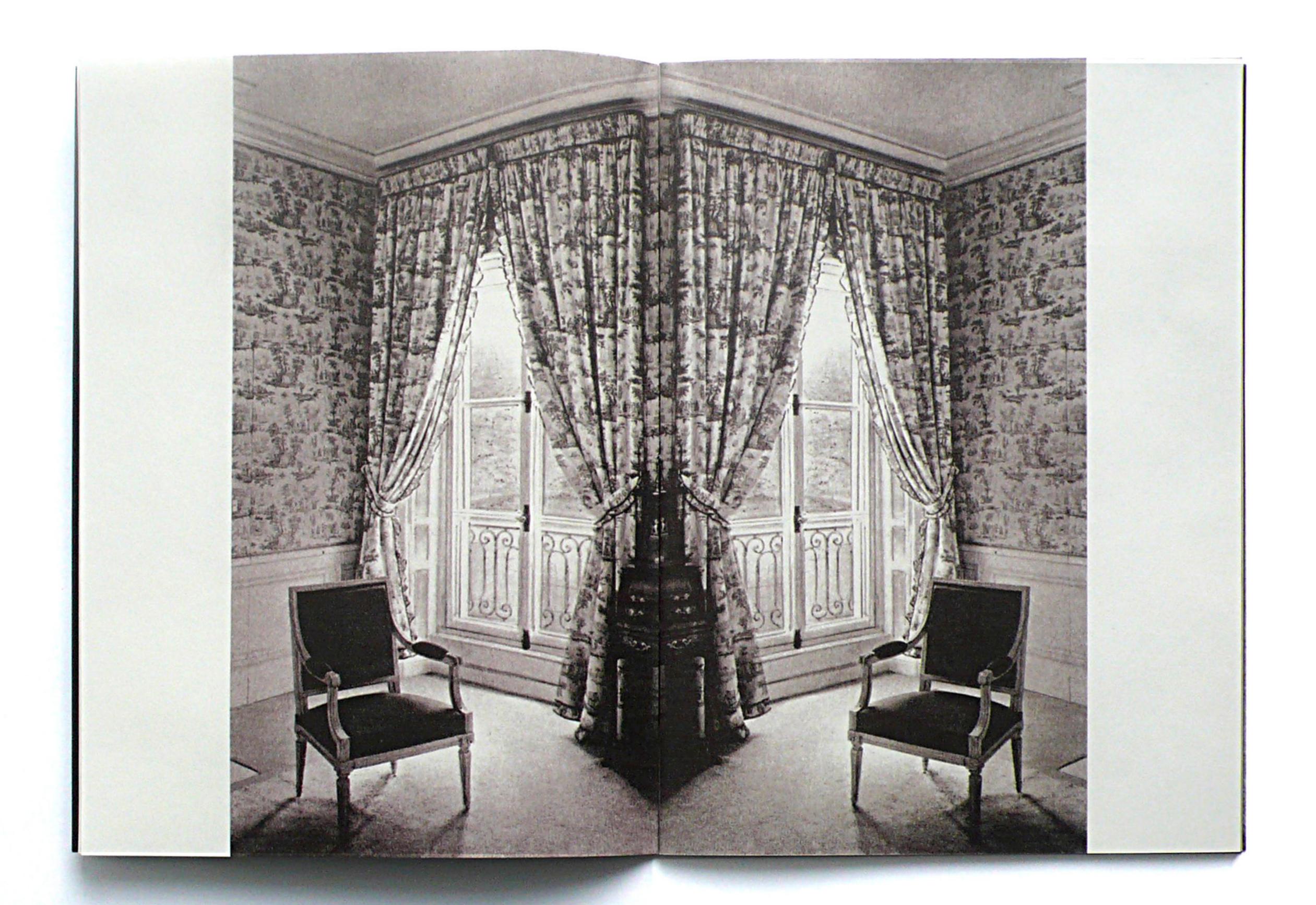
These interventions in domesticity don't function as an act of revolution but instead bring an unknown history to the fore, picking it up and holding it to the light.

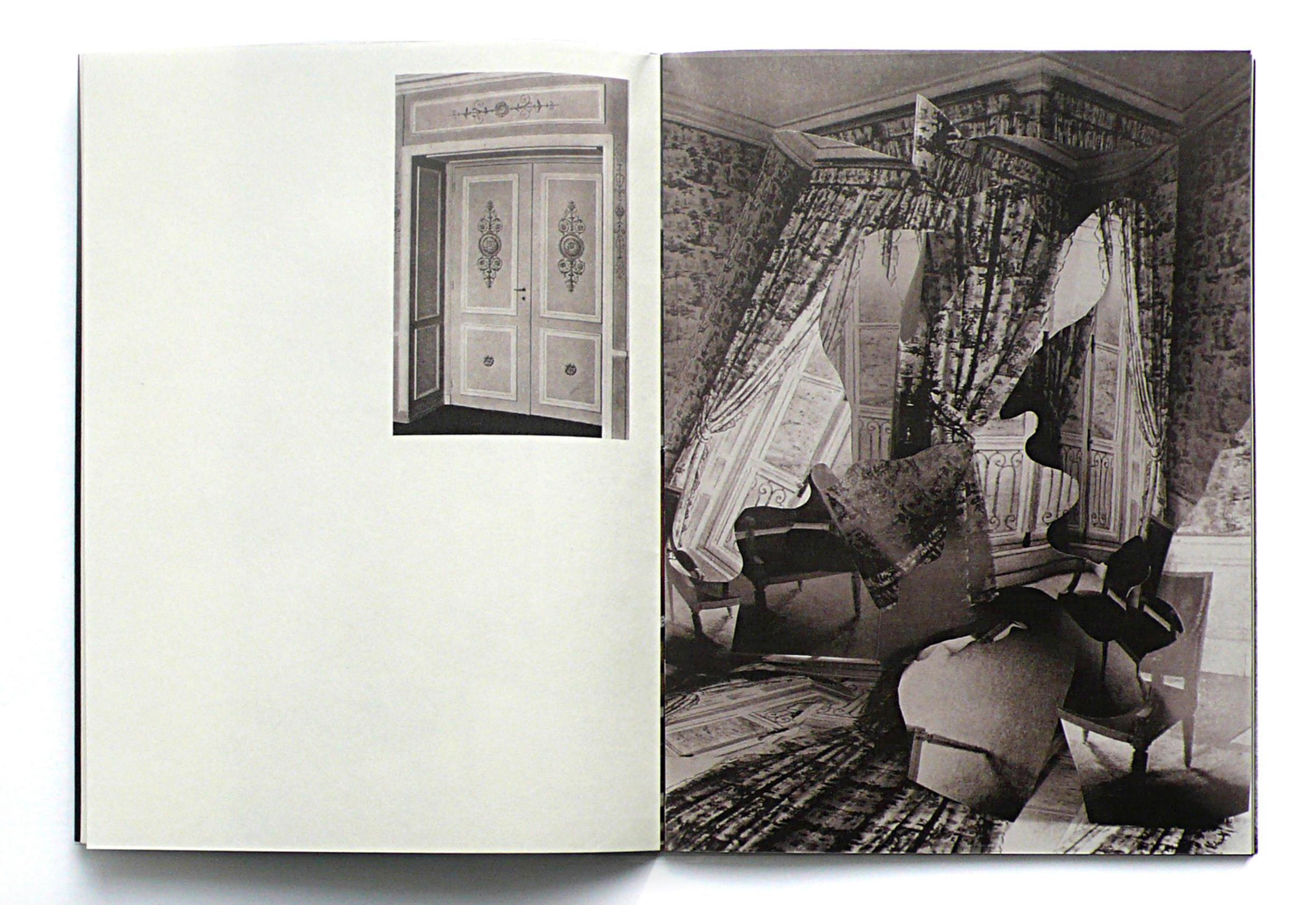
A space which resembles a house like a map, a graph, which begs to be named, in order to constitute the oxygen which allows you to stay.

A space which is defined by posing questions, analysed by collages, deconstructed by photographic numerations, turned upside down, made out of paper where a book is a place for confession, where pages act as witnesses of thought and a hand has altered time.

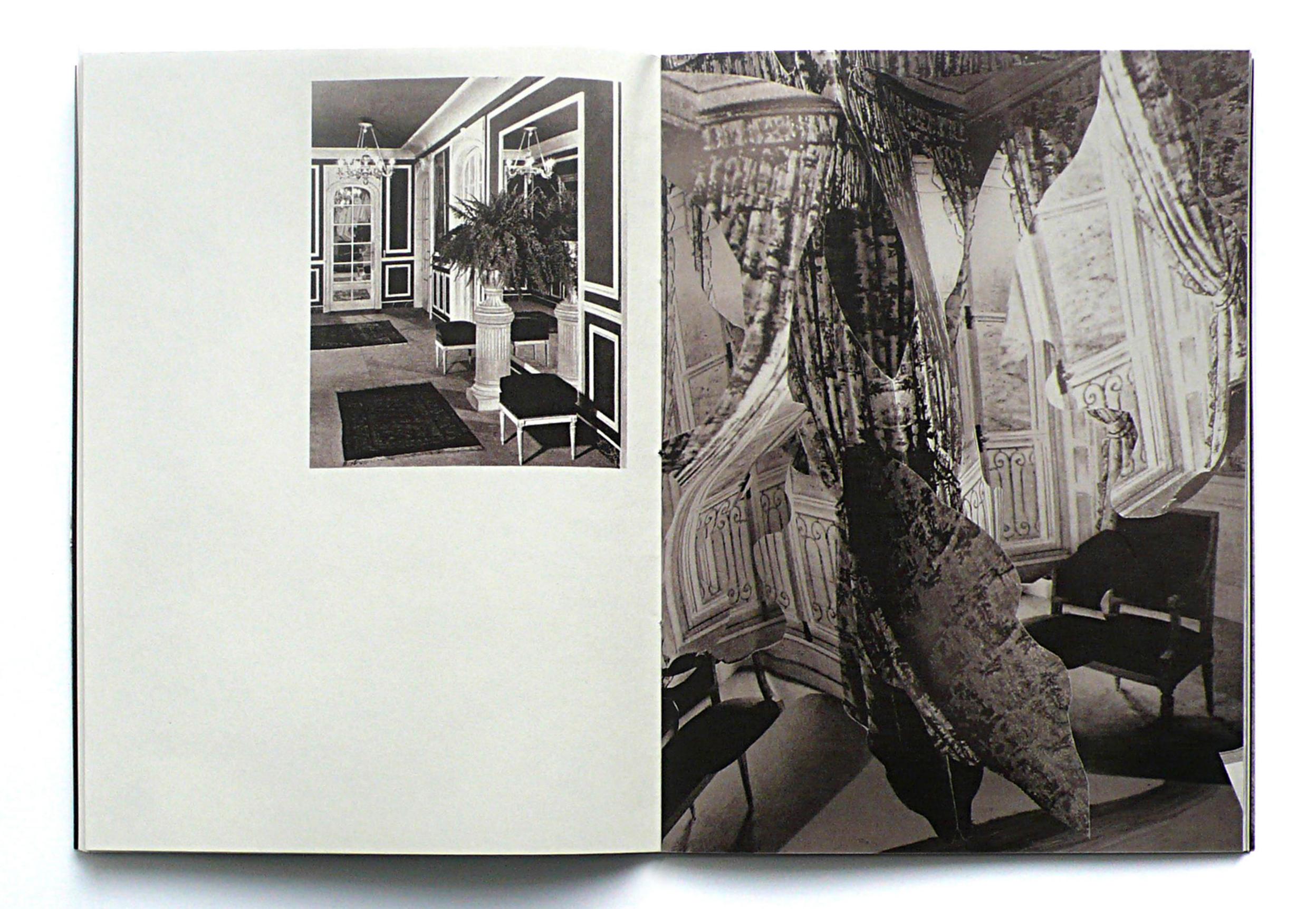
In this domain of absence another view is evoked. I see not you but something that falls in between. And on the sofa the knights remain, and above the table the chandelier hints to a blissful past. And through the cracks that appear, poetry pervades. In this domain the present finds its way.

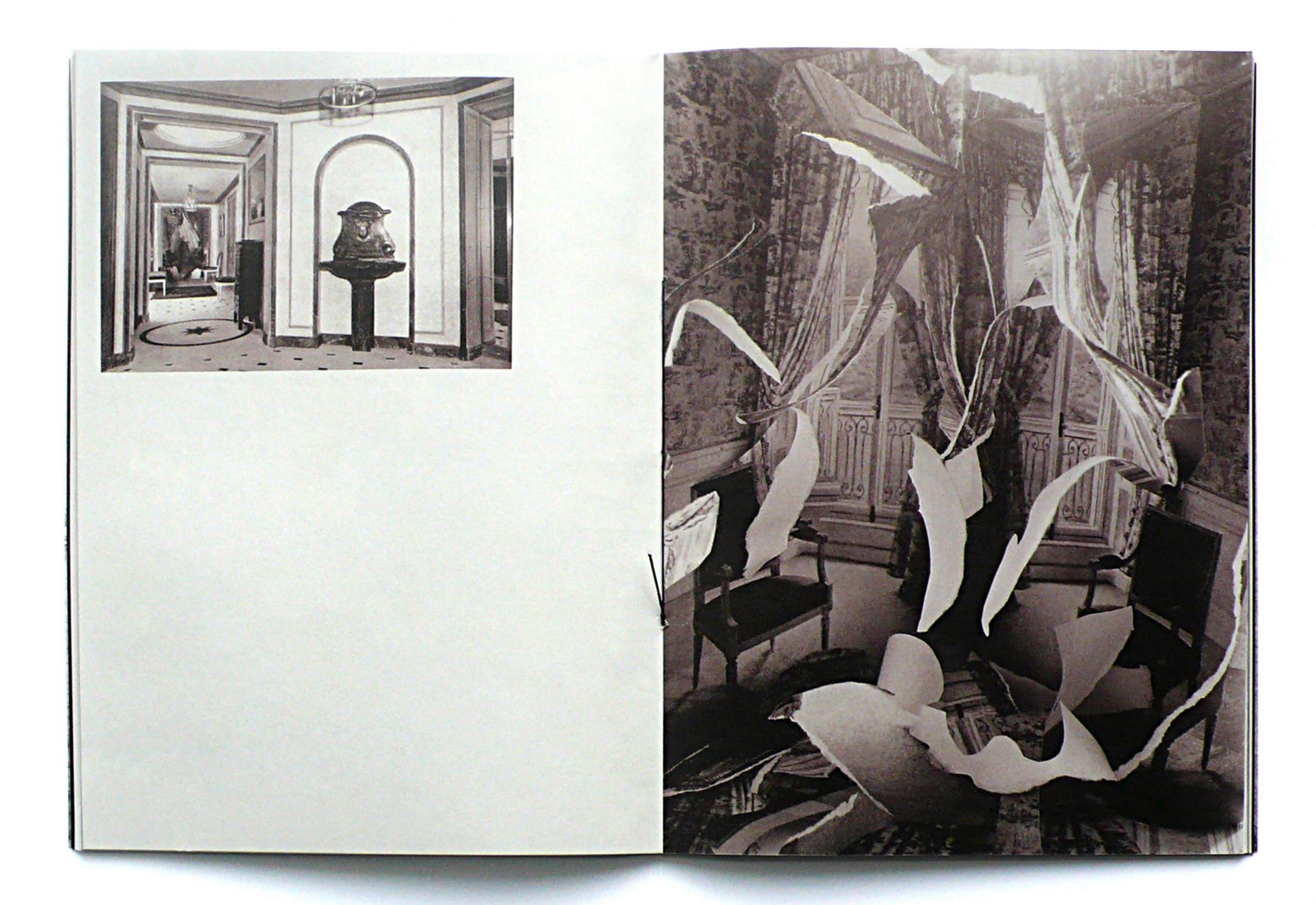
Ansuya Blom

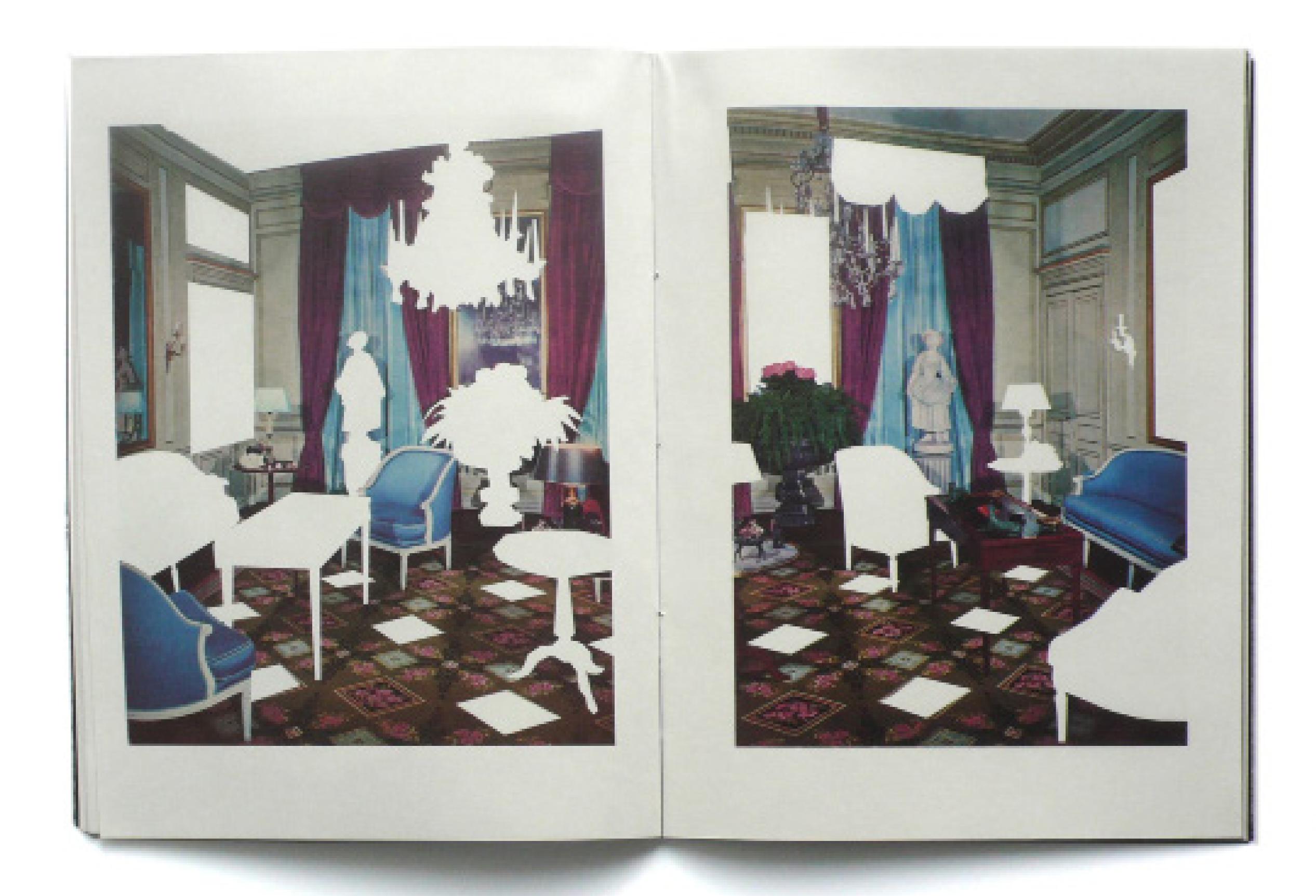










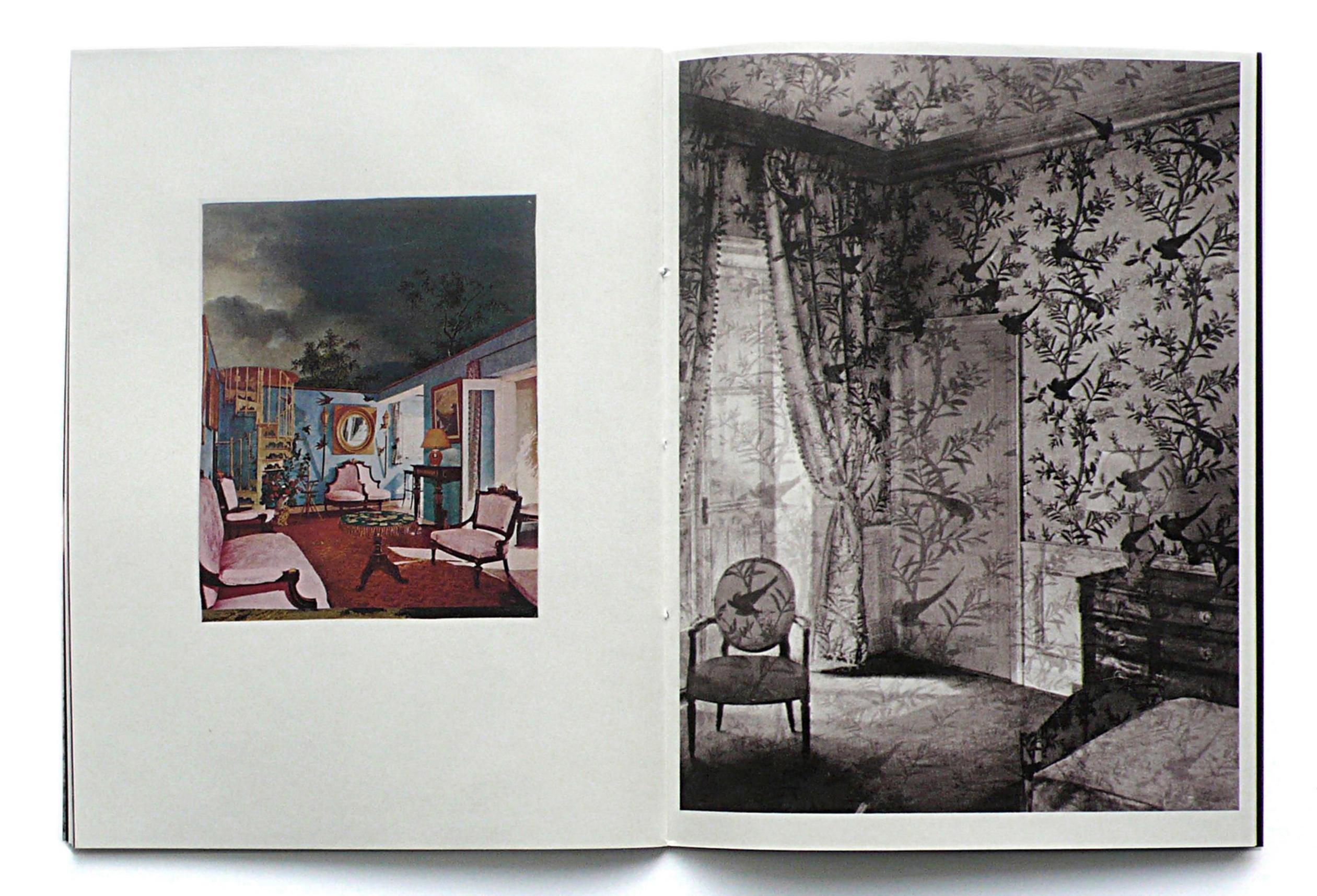


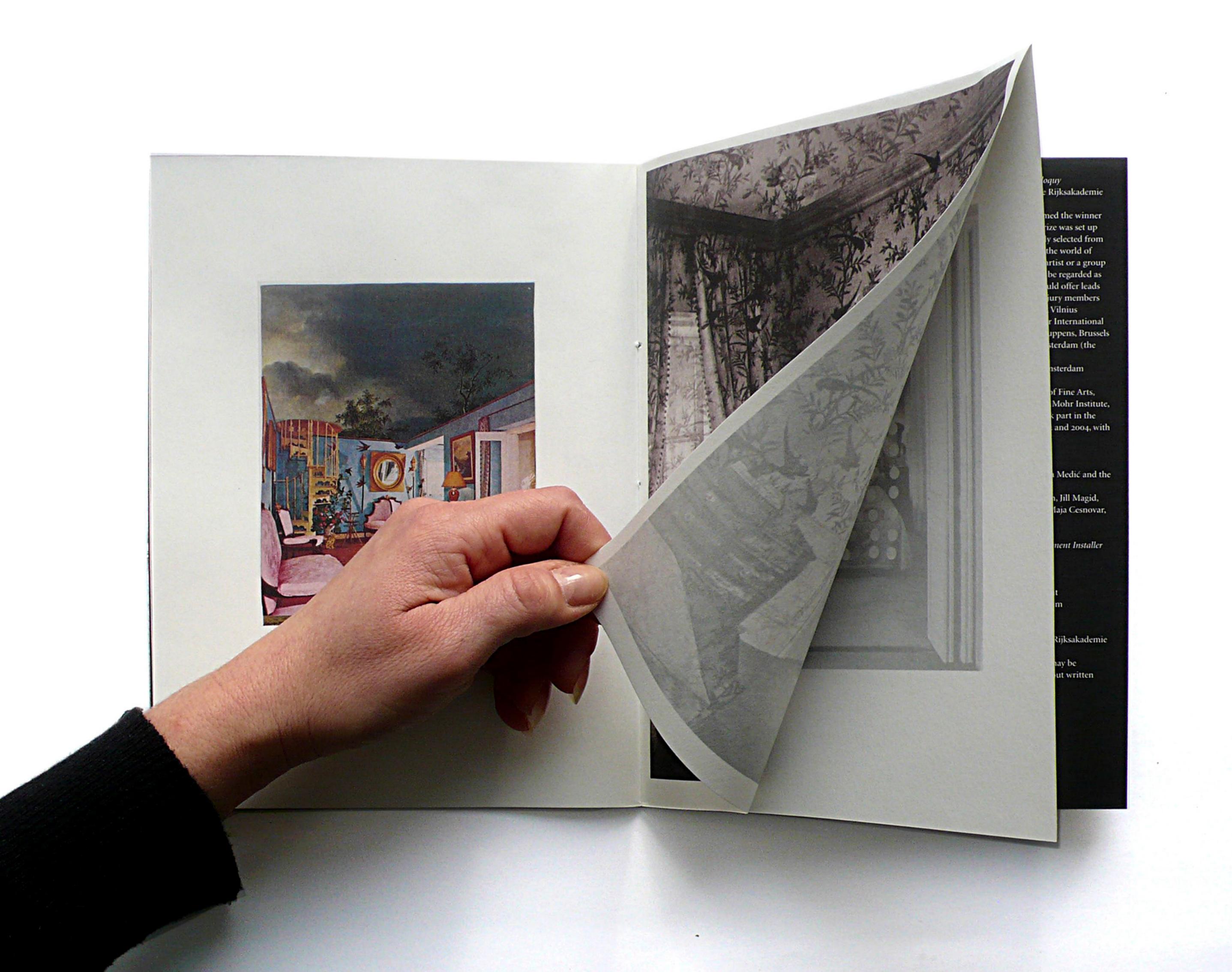




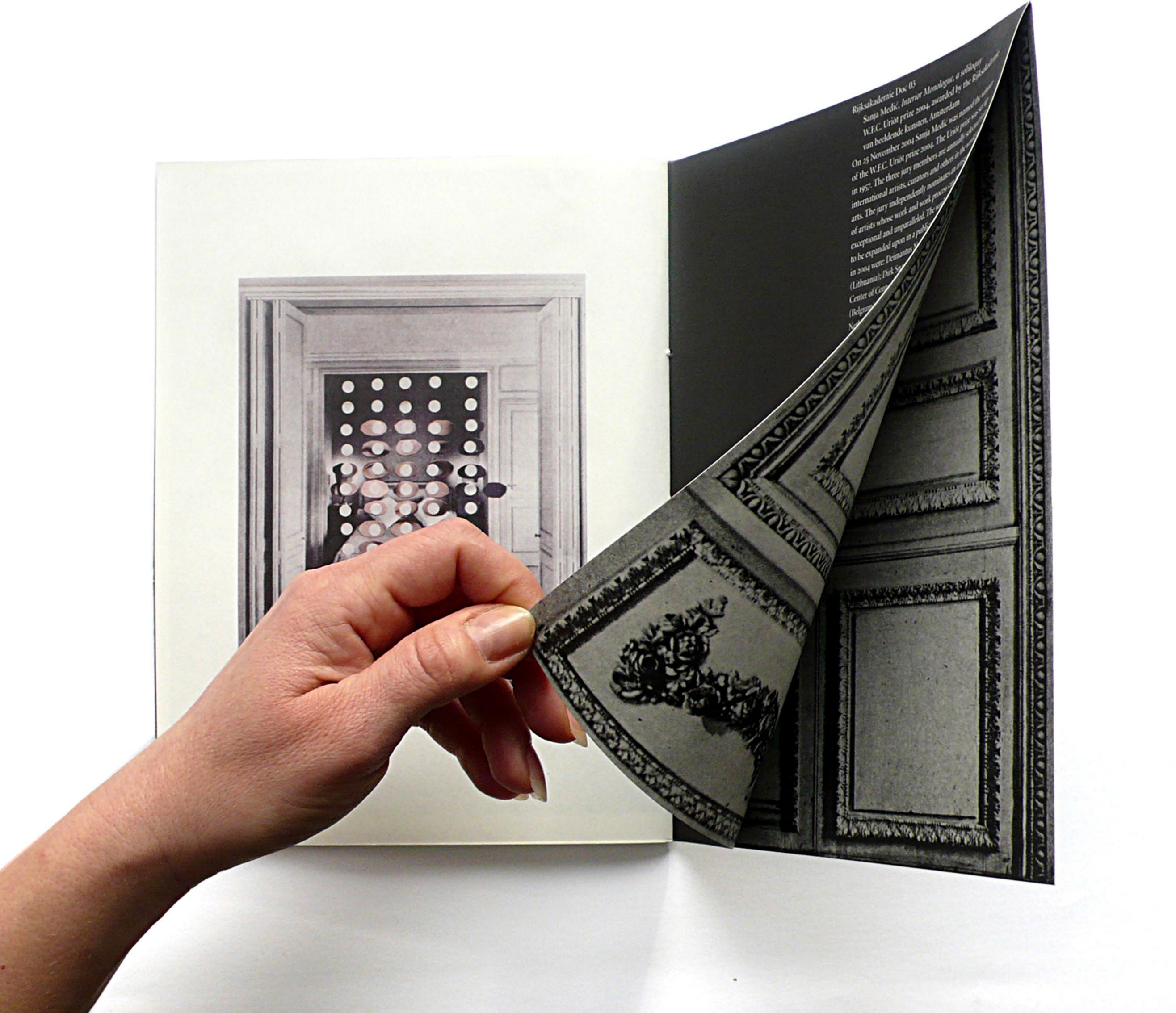


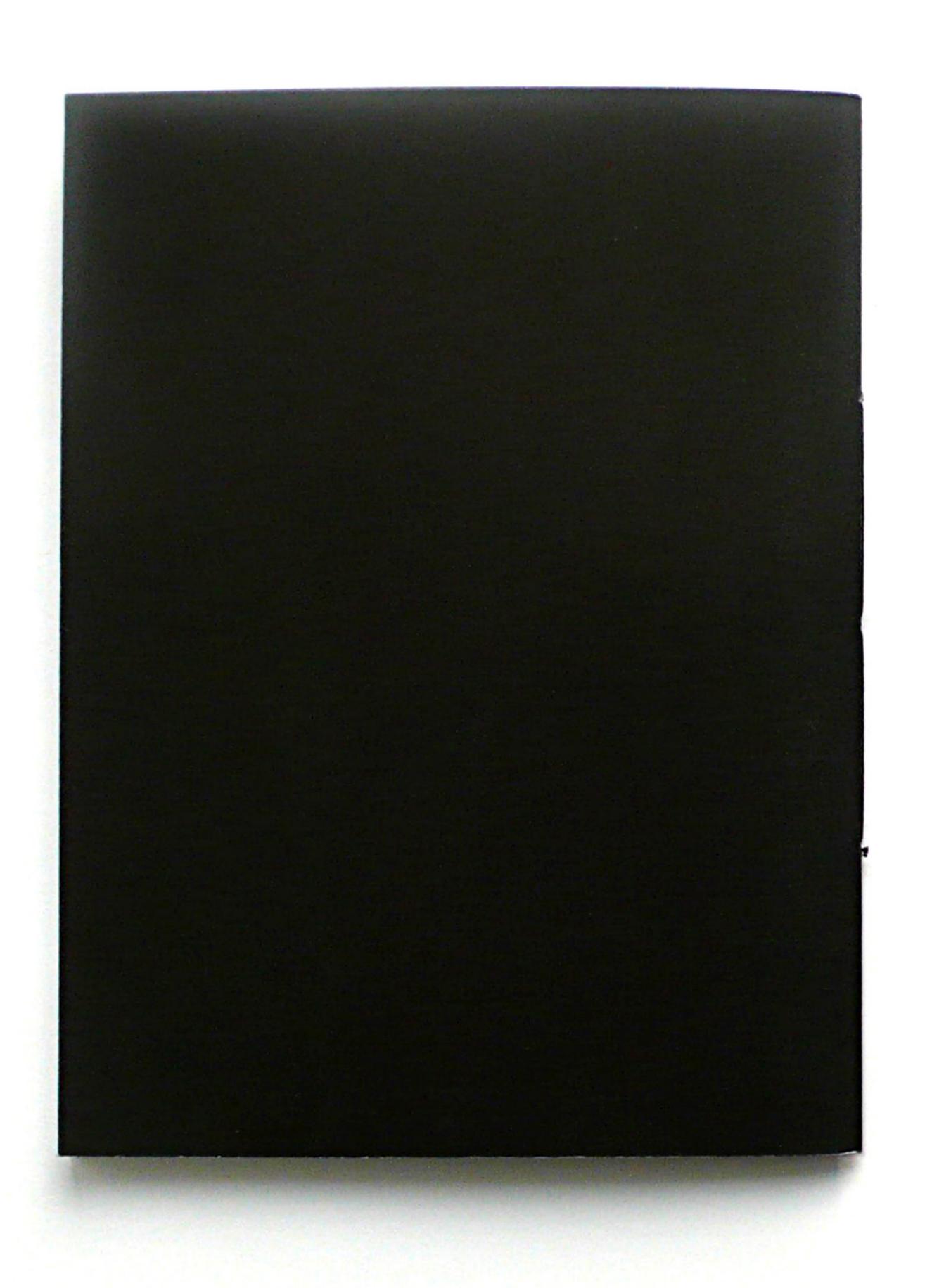












~