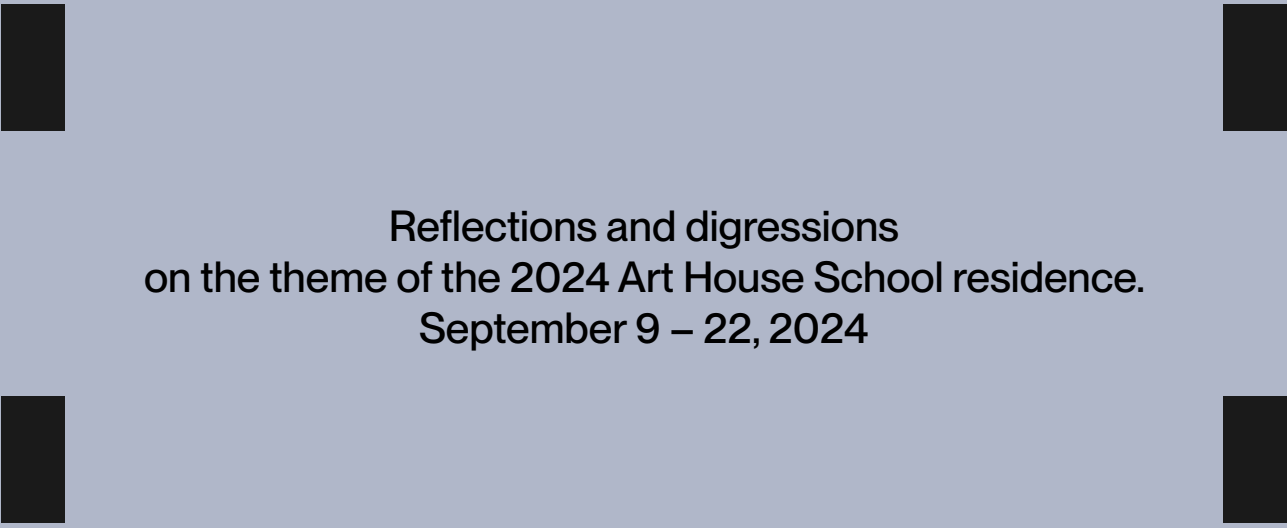


WHAT'S

LEFT?



Reflections and digressions
on the theme of the 2024 Art House School residence.
September 9 – 22, 2024

WHAT'S LEFT?

Reflections and digressions

on the theme of the 2024 Art House School residence

September 9 – 22, 2024

Artists and authors of the zine: Jona Krasniqi, Saša Tatić, Luka Cvetkovic, Samela Balazi, Laura Paja, Jozefina Vokrri, Nora Bzheta, Elsamina Musiq, Xhulian Millaj, Nazli Moripek.

Mentors of the residence: Tea Paci and Stefano Romano

Program coordinator: Tea Çuni

Design of the 2024 Art House School communication: Sindi Karaj

Design of the ZINE: uzinaliquida

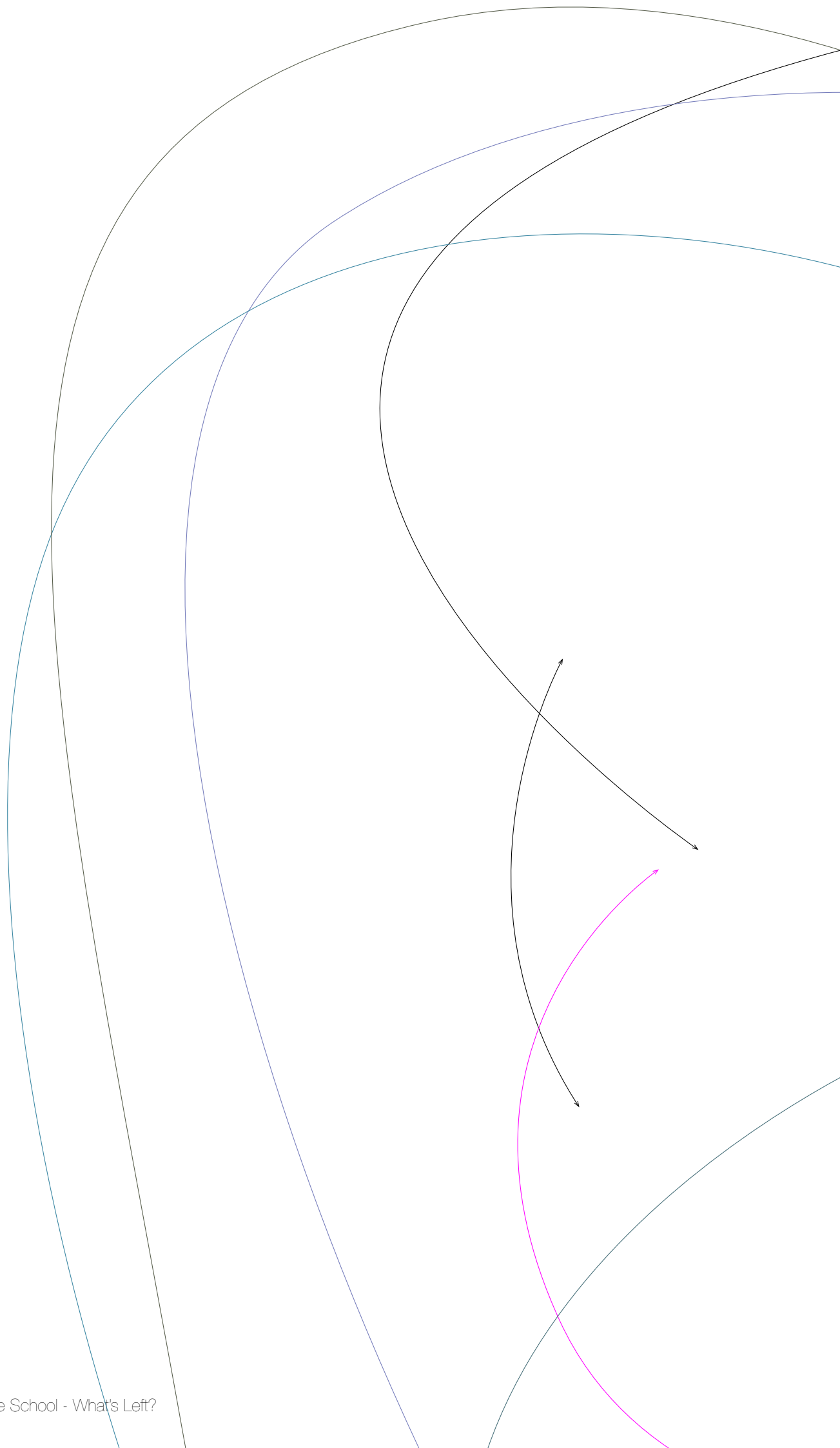
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www.arthouse.al

Email: arthouseshkoder@gmail.com

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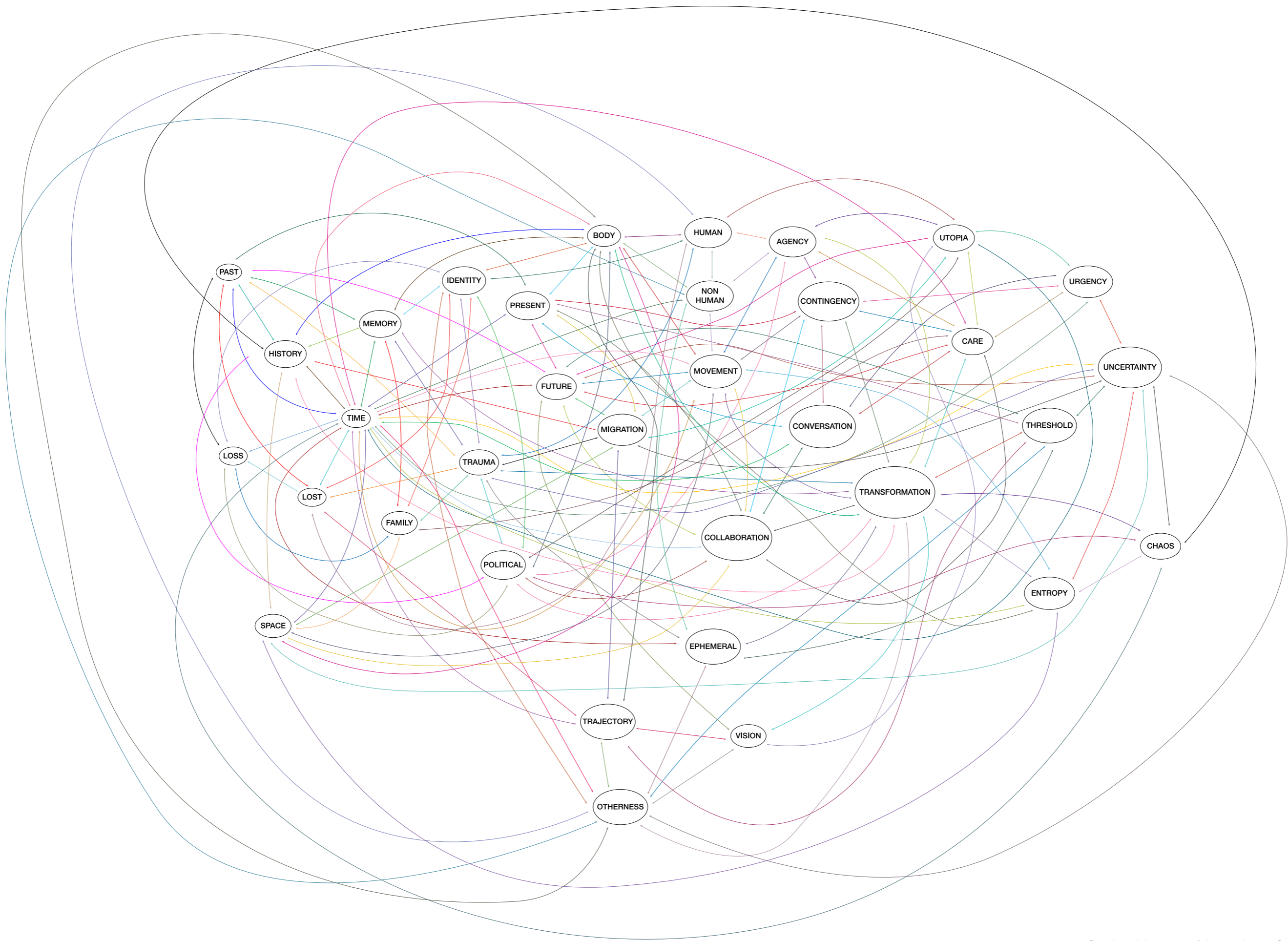
We started with a question, “What’s left?,” not with the expectation of finding exhaustive answers but with the need to create a space for reflection and listening, rooted in the conviction that temporary communities often sow seeds that bloom along unforeseen trajectories. We brought together ten young artists from the Balkans in Shkodra, a small town in northern Albania, inviting them to share time and space for two weeks, often allowing the conditions of daily life to foster spontaneous exchanges. Perhaps guided by an underlying sense of adventure, we decided to invent a map to orient ourselves with respect to the initial question - a map without a specific territory to anchor it, but one that could serve as a matrix for multiple territories, depending on how it is used.

After each session in which an artist shared their practice, we gathered to freely generate keywords inspired by what we had just seen and heard, always keeping the question, “What’s left?” in our sights. Rather than delving into the specifics of the words that emerged, it may be more meaningful to observe their density as relational concepts. Observing collectively the research of each artist who participated in Art House School 2024, we noticed certain keywords recurring almost constantly — sometimes consciously, other times more intimately — within each artist’s work. Time and Care kept resurfacing, in various forms and meanings, as if the new generations felt the need to reclaim these concepts and make them central to their exploration.

At its core, the concept around which the idea of Art House School revolves is precisely about finding time to be together and taking care of one’s own research as well as that of others, generating new perspectives and relationships to enrich one’s view of art. This ZINE aims to be a space where all the movements, relationships, discussions, perspectives, and everything that unfolded on both a conceptual and instinctive level during the two weeks of shared life and work in Shkodra, can be visualized. Each artist wrote a short text on their idea of What’s left and gathered five images, each symbolizing a word chosen from the collective keywords identified during the residency and visualized in the mind map.

What’s left, in both senses of what remains or what else is there to do, thus takes on the role of a starting point or a restart for one’s research. It points toward uncertain spaces and times which, precisely by virtue of their uncertainty, make the research stronger.

Tea Paci, Stefano Romano



Graphic elaboration of the mind map: Stefano Romano



ART HOUSE SCHOOL

ARTISTS' CONTRIBUTIONS

Jona Krasniqi
Saša Tatić
Luka Cvetkovic
Samela Balazi
Laura Paja
Jozefina Vokrri
Nora Bzheta
Elsamina Musiq
Xhulian Millaj
Nazli Moripek

Whilst physics claims that time moves in one direction, my experience felt otherwise.

As someone who has preferred to navigate life independently, I was surprised by the deep growth I experienced within a collective environment. I learned the true meaning of “strength in numbers.” Whether we consciously or subconsciously absorb it, there’s something undeniably powerful about being surrounded by others who view art not merely as a passion, but as a fundamental necessity.

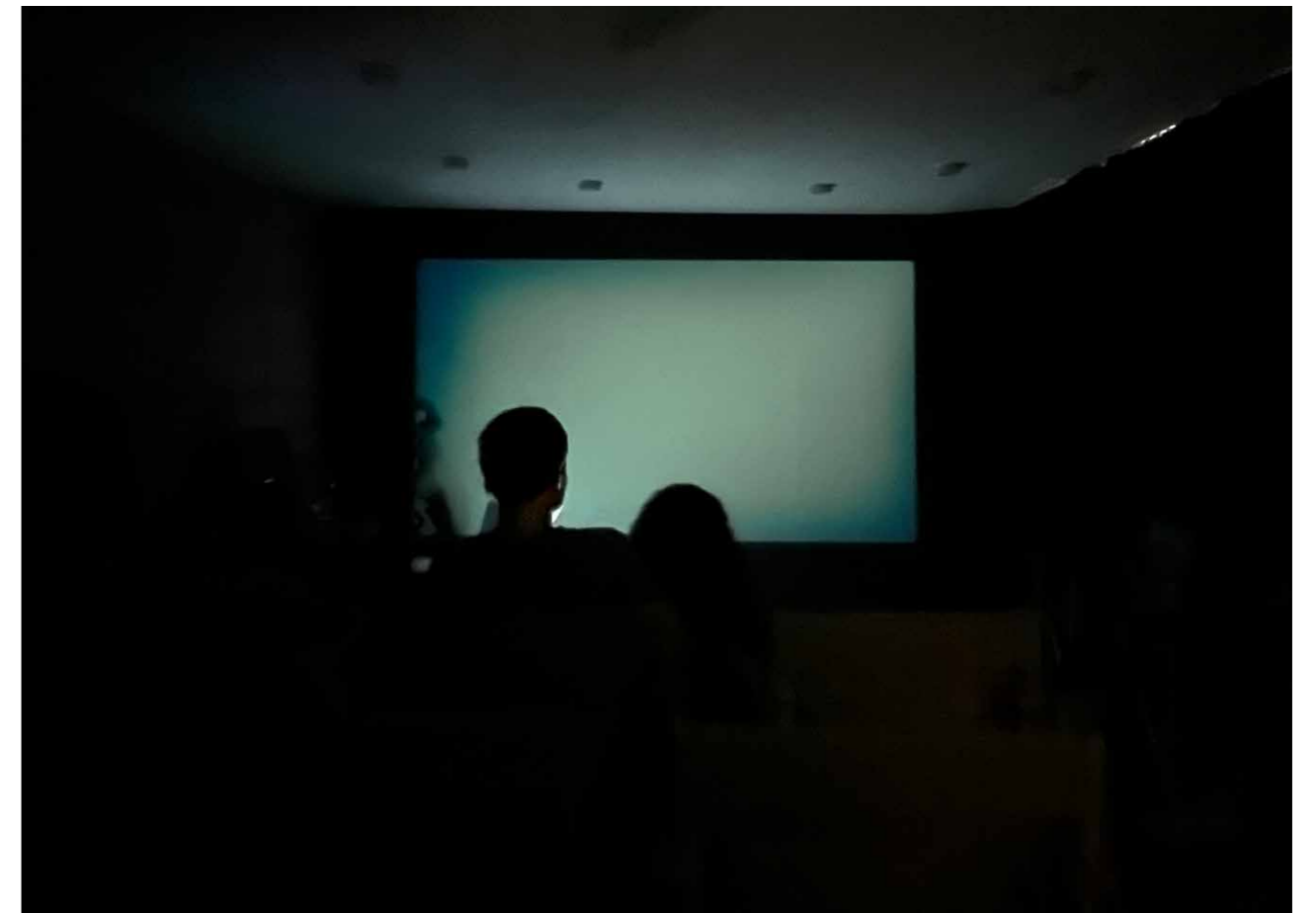
I arrived at the residency with ideas of preservation and the desire to protect spaces-or at least their remnants- before the unpredictability of the future potentially erased them. I’ve realised that abandoned or unfinished structures often go unnoticed, their pasts and potentials overlooked. Perhaps that’s why I’m so drawn to the concept of ghost houses, which I plan to further explore in my upcoming projects. These structures, untouched by glamour, remain as skeletal reminders of what could have been - progress frozen, their bones unmoved by the passing years. Similar themes were mirrored throughout my reflections during the residency and whilst I initially sought to preserve every moment, the experience has challenged my view of time’s arbitrariness. The future is constantly reshaping itself, and that’s part of its transformation – part of my transformation.

The linearity of time was disrupted through conversations and a lot of these unfolded naturally-whether at in-studio presentations or around the dinner table. We acknowledged, revisited and in some cases reinterpreted our paths. There was a shared sense of purpose among us, possibly unique to a Balkan upbringing, an unspoken dialogue rooted in a history that continues to impact what exists. It was all-consuming, but in the most fulfilling way.

Over the weeks there was an immersive blend of presenting, reflecting, and exploration. We shared our research and methodologies, gaining valuable insights from peers and mentors. Alongside this, there were artist talks and studio visits, learning how we can better communicate our concepts and find fuel in our practice. In the mix of it all, we explored the city of Shkodër. Being there, being present, enabled a clearer image of what’s next. We received portfolio reviews with established curators to deepen our discussions, and the next stages of our work. As a result, we collectively created a mind map, a power tool that amplified our shared themes and patterns. It showed us how our ideas evolved, intersected or even diverged as we worked through the notion of this question.

So, what is left? This question almost feels like dust falling and waiting to settle. Moving forward doesn’t mean abandoning the past; rather, it means recognising that ‘what’s left’ can still grow, shift, and breathe.





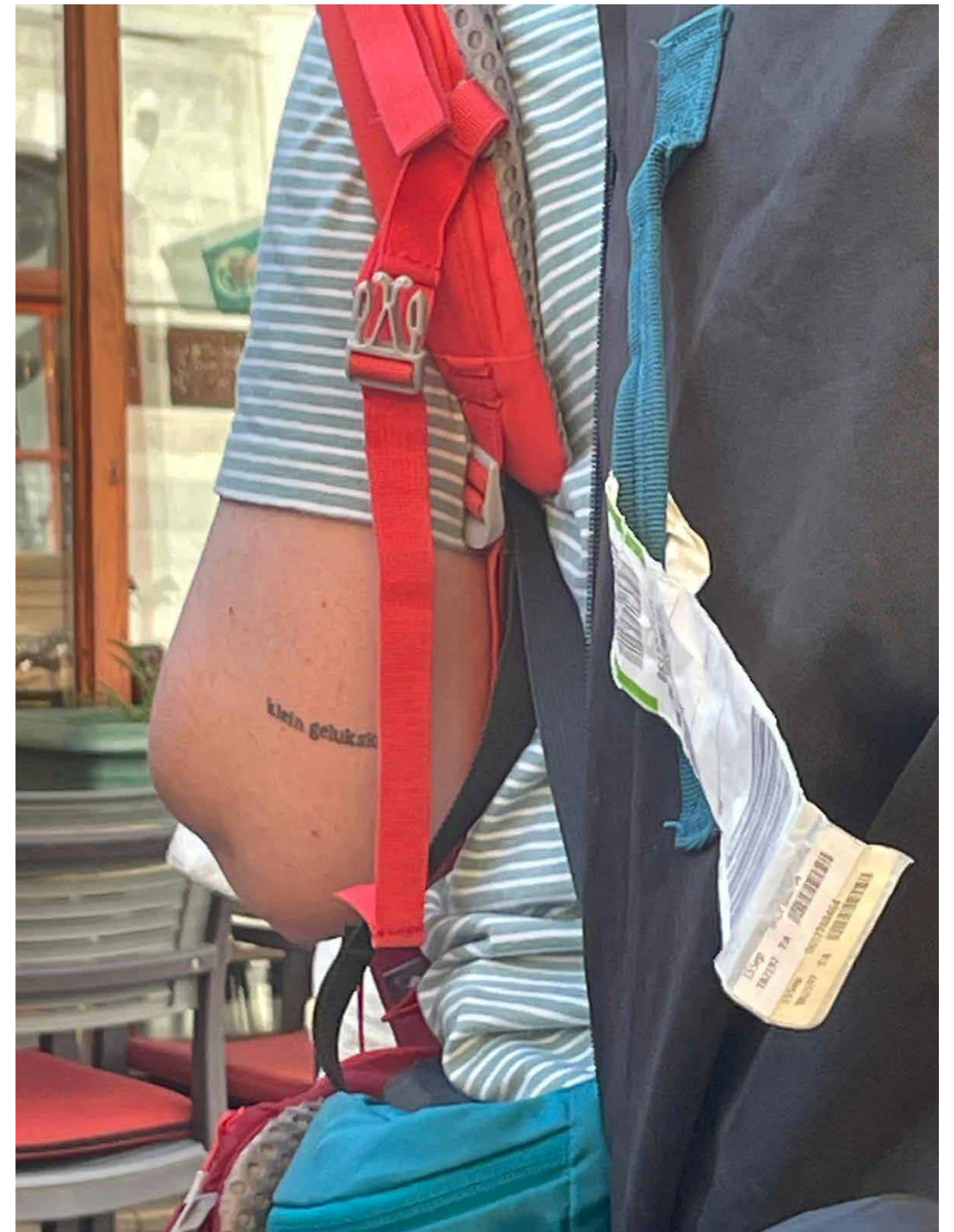


Before even attempting to search for a potential answer to the question, the first thought that comes to mind is the context it imposes: temporality—or to simplify it more radically, time. Leave; left; left within the framework of two-week practices during the Art House Residency serves as an indicator of residue, a product of previously performed activities. This points toward something that has been, something that once existed and now we find ourselves reflecting on that existence.

Interestingly enough, the durational part of discourses, space, and ideas that we constructed together have been linked with the thread of the word time as well.

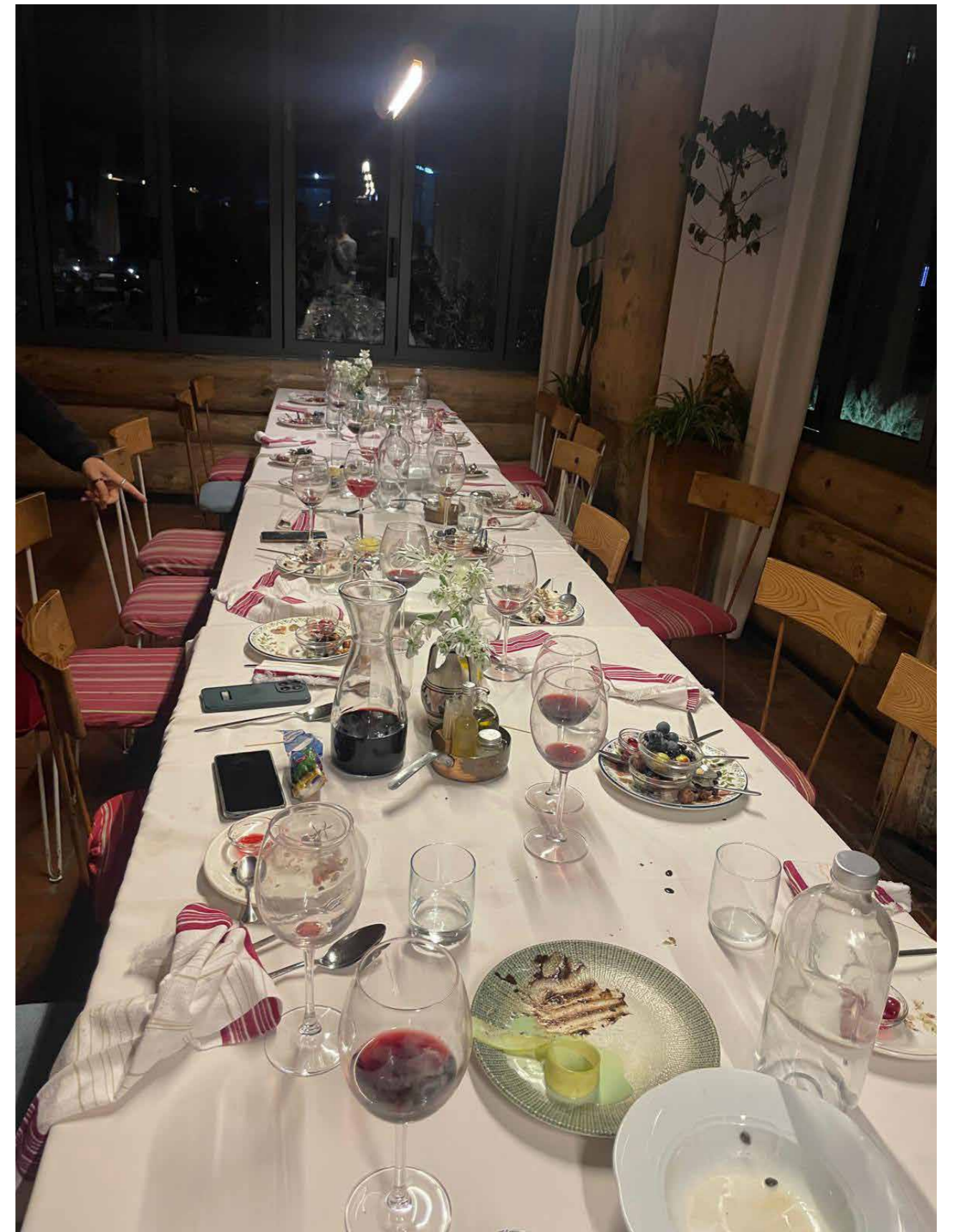
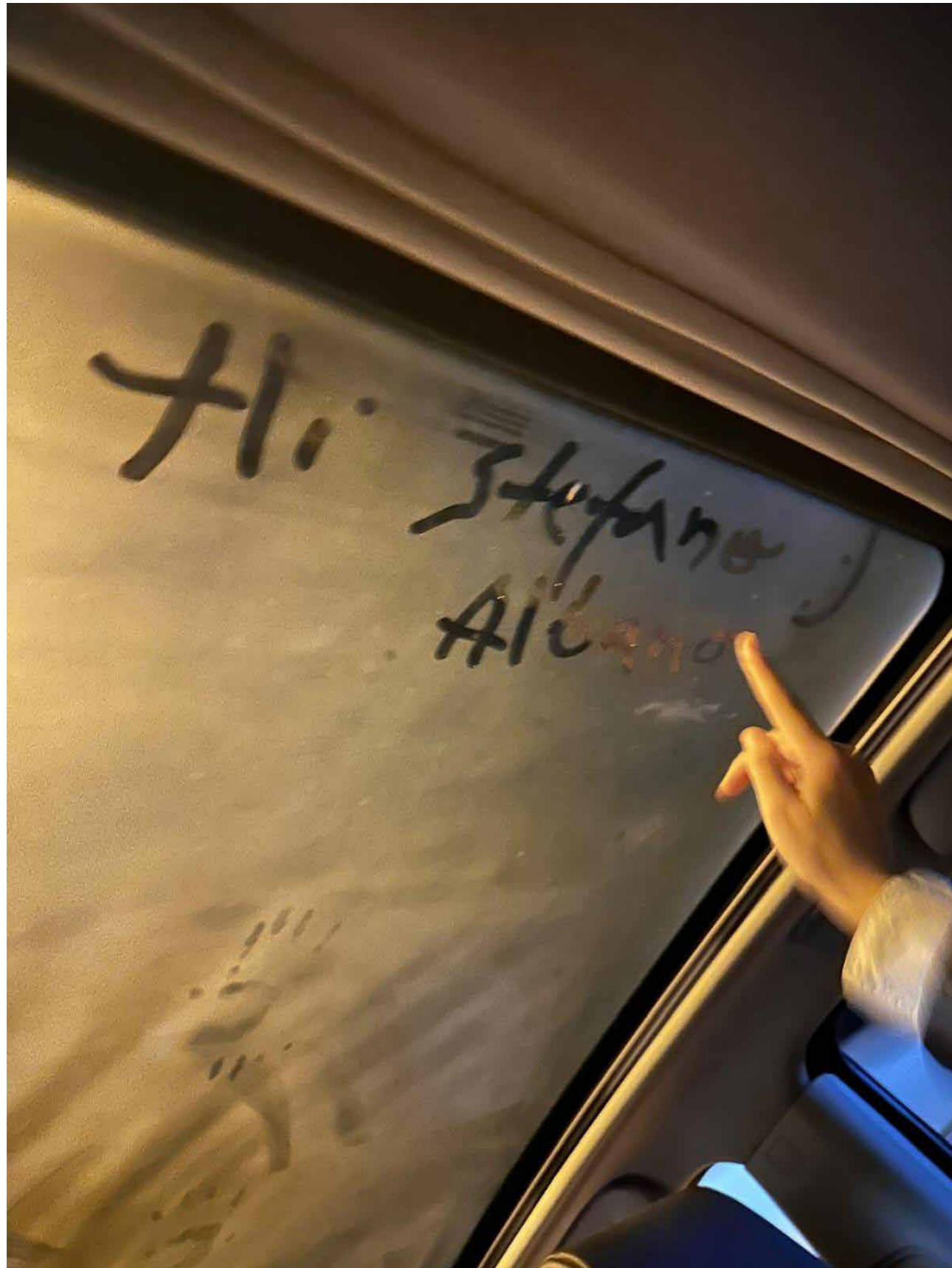
Are we magically connected to some invisible link of shared interests or is it inevitable to observe the reality without taking time into account? Both, or even some third proposal are all correct answers to what have taken place this September in Shkodra. Time has been an asset we spent together in the environment that encouraged us to share, exchange and bond over the practices we collected in the timeframe before this one. It allowed us to see, think, and react to stimuli differently—both individually and collectively.

But “what’s left?” remains a question that digs deeper. Beyond the residue of our actions, beyond the visible marks of our work, what’s left is the subtle, often intangible impact of being in each other’s presence. It’s the silent transformations that occur when we share space, exchange ideas, and challenge each other’s perspectives. Perhaps what’s left is the reconfiguration of how we now view our individual practices—altered, however slightly, by the collective experience. We return to our own workspaces, our own routines, but we carry with us the impressions, the echoes of what was shared. What’s left, then, is the ongoing process of negotiating that tension—between holding onto the past and embracing the potential of the future.



Future-little luck





The necessity of knowing and the task of non-knowing

In times of crisis, one does not know how to react. The state of crisis is defined through the inefficiency of the existing set of tools we possess in order to suppress or include the tensions that arise within, as well as the inability to produce enough new ones, to encounter what is outside the domain of everyday reality, or the lack of tools whatsoever to comprehend the intrusion of the real into the symbolic order. But what happens when the crisis becomes the reality of the everyday? How do we orient ourselves in a permanent state of powerlessness, collective anesthesia, and apathy? How does solidarity emerge from such bodies that encounter the suffering of the many indirectly, through the means of social media and news? What do all of the things shared on social media platforms containing the horrific imagery of violence against, for example, people of Palestine, or Ukraine mean in terms of solidarity, artist responsibility, and abjection of the objects within one own self? Those objects that are capable of identification with the victim, but those objects in individual and collective self that are capable of violence, destruction, and to simply put it - horror?

Could being shocked, not knowing how to react, being confused, spending time not navigated by a desire to, or knowing how to react, or without the desire to mark oneself immediately as belonging to the “good cause”, but being deeply worried, sometimes for hours or days, and without a clear answer, without a moral or ethical or any other compass to protect yourself with, also be understood as forms of empathy, and more importantly is it a fertile ground for solidarity to emerge? To react to atrocities, regardless if the manner of reaction is sharing the images on social media, or complete numbness, are both symptoms of a generic human potential. To negotiate and negate one’s own desire for the reaction is what could characterize

the actualised potential, the kind we know which makes a human being - human, presented with a choice and therefore- curious. As, after all, to negate is to actualize what potential is, to make certain things possible, and with them make choices for which one is held responsible.

It seems that artist think responsibility as action measured by quickness of response to towards horrors that are taking place. But, is that a good strategy to produce solidarity with those in pain? Or do artists at all think of themselves as people who possess or should have any responsibility whatsoever? Obviously, there is a risk of the accidental normalization of violence through the omnipresence of the violent imagery, a process of normalization or adjustment to the horrifying suffering that takes place, again, always outside of the limits of your responsibility and power. How quickly are we to be less and less surprised when encountering the violence committed via representation on social media platforms such as Instagram, Facebook, Twitter (X), etc? Are we, by posting every day on social media (as artists) doing justice to the victims, are we identifying with their pain, or are we always (because of the structure of these social media platforms) identifying only with ourselves? With those parts of ourselves we want to protect, our own fears of the lack of control, our own self-image, etc. Are we in the process of constant denial of death and aggressive tendencies within us by revoking the image of suffering? Besides this obvious narcissistic play that is inscribed in such media technology, are we as artists undermining our own responsibility, are we crossing the boundaries of our power and even worse - simply practicing our own powerlessness?

It is a known fact that the news emerged as a consequence of the Second World War, to represent our longing for togetherness, our desire to feel that “we are all here” and “alive”, but most importantly: they stand as our inability to comprehend the atrocities and horrors and emotionally process the trauma, hence the news produce the sense of experience of the protocol of time. The math is simple - More information equals more events equals more time that passed by since trauma occurred which would imply more time for trauma to be processed. But since these are not true events we participating in but are more a silent observer to, and news are weightless information ready to be succeeded by a following one that arrives the next day, next hour, or second, the news are pseudo-events. A nothing more than a decorated mask, hiding the inability for the trauma to be resolved, anesthetizing the individual and collective body which desires to experience a true cut in time, a desire for a contingent event, by passivizing it and satisfying its urges with a sense of participating in the image, or even idea, of change.

But is art any different?

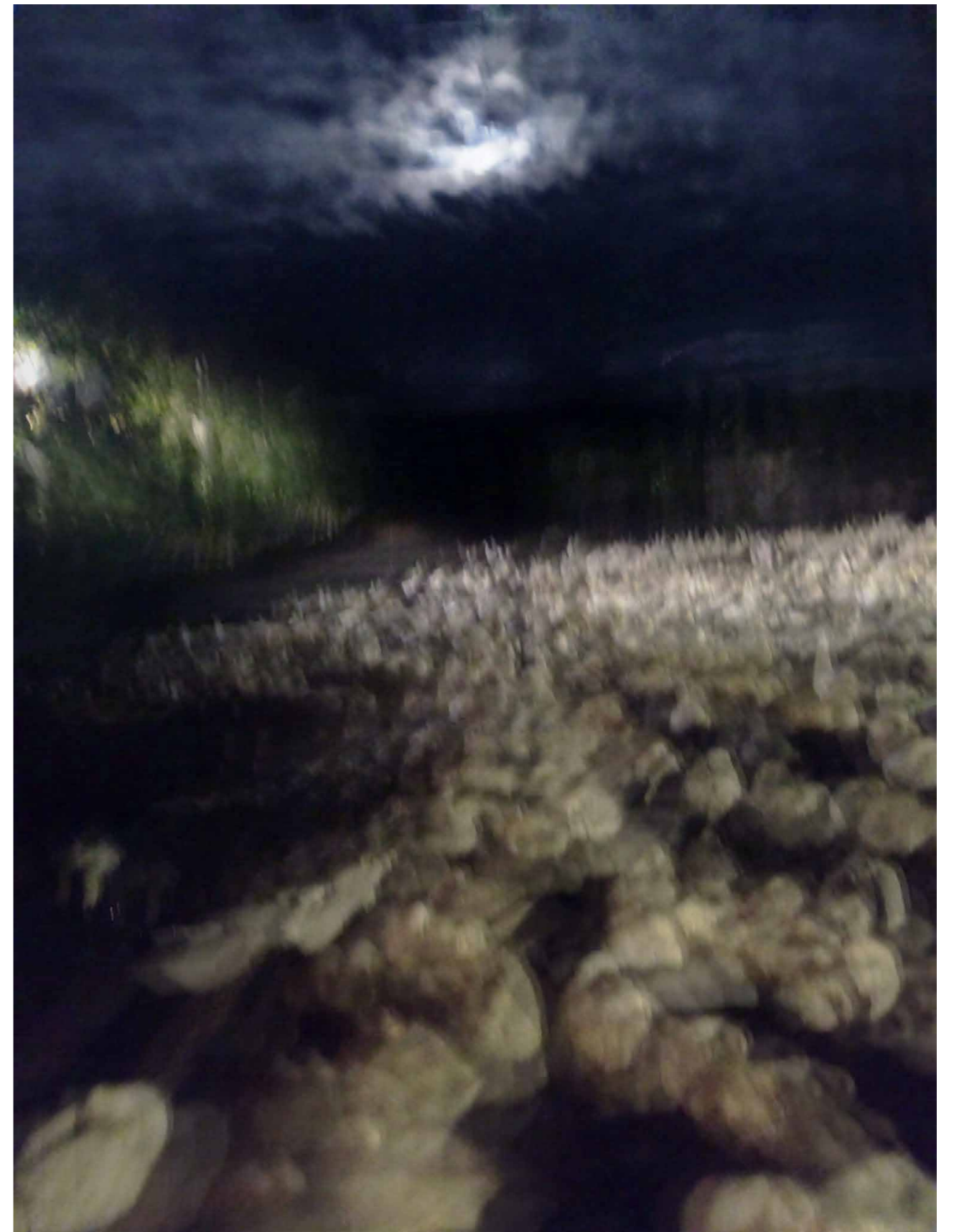
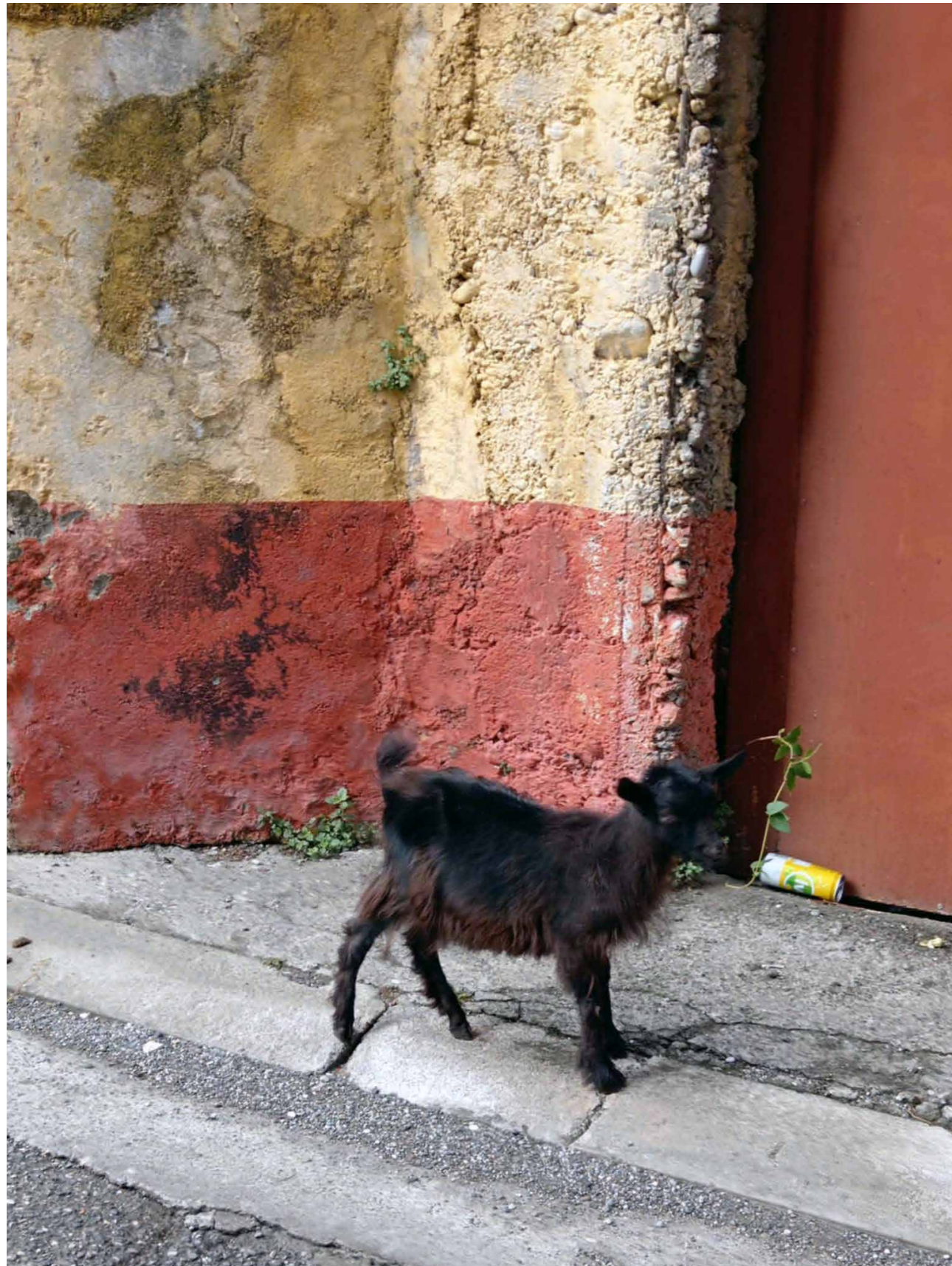
If one enters today’s art space and looks closely at the research-based, information, and technology-oriented artworks, behind the lines of text and graphics we could see an artist demanded to stop producing magic but asked to be a news anchor in a gallery space instead. Art forgot to be magic, an allure towards what is behind the object, but a simple reproduction of the immediate reality we are a part of. Reacting from such a reality is a well-known method appreciated by those power structures artworks are trying to undermine in the first place, not just because by attacking patriarchy or by informing the world of art about the melting of the glaciers you are strengthening the dominant power discourse and potentially presenting yourself as the affected hero, but because you are producing a perspective through which it is only possible to negotiate towards the properties of things which formulate the immediate reality we are a part of.

In other words, these types of information-driven artworks undermine the possibility of contingent change in the aesthetic experience and practice powerlessness and irresponsibility by going to the fields outside of their primary artist-responsibility.

This could sound harsh, as art can and should be about everything, and addressing the current issues is a task of art, right? Well, not really. The idea that the task of art should be to address the issues within societies, minorities, climate change, global warming, patriarchy, capitalism, dying

ecosystems, etc. came with the socio-political-ecological and other engaged artistic practices. And is a reminiscent of the avant-gardist “artist should be a reflection of his own time”. But with these practices, besides the information we were not aware of (unless we were experts in the field) came a danger of authority of knowledge of the artworks in the face of their audience, which were left just to be shocked, bored or simply nodding their head in disapproval, or: with these kinds of practices came disappointment as the promise of change was never fulfilled. Again, art is not obliged to inform anyone of anything, and being in possession of certain knowledge doesn't make you a better person, or, an even, better artist or not. Knowledge is always in the domain of power, control, authority, and hierarchy. Art is precisely in that moment in the break with the dominant discourse of power but not because it is necessary to do so, or because of their dominance, or because of the repression of the subjects, or because we desperately need and await a change to come, but simply because it is possible. It, at certain moments, becomes possible to de-attach from the realm of language, of knowledge, of the right-wrong, good-evil, moral and ethical binaries and be, without the pressure to name or be named. These moments and perspectives do not know of the language, of the signifier, or master-slave dialectics, they know of the difference in singular experiences and because they are without interest in accumulating power over the other subject, they in-directionally generate power. They allow for a moment of silence, a moment of non-navigated contemplation, of not known ways of relating to the other, being confused, without words in mind, and as such offer a ground for a practice of indifferent solidarity, forms of empathy and care.







■ ■
Samela Balazi
■ ■

Echoes of a past truth. of what has been, of the buried things, abandoned places, landscapes, houses and their ruins.

They are the memory of things and the memory of beings in all their fragility. In the remains there is the presence of a mystery. Of what there is left? and what image are they a sign of? If everything cannot be explained and if all cannot be achieved, what should we look for?

Most often i still see myself trying to consolidate my own memories and the traces of what's left, but as we seek to consolidate these memories, we confront their ephemeral nature. They shift and change, colored by our emotions and perspectives. This subjectivity can be disorienting, leading us to question the reliability of what we hold onto. Yet, within this uncertainty lies an invitation to explore, to embrace the ambiguity and the beauty of what's left.

The answer is not so easy to figure out. Everything is so connected and at the same time disconnected. It feels like trying to find the right wire to cut the bomb, which is it? The red or the green? Image now, if there were infinite other colors, what would be the answer?

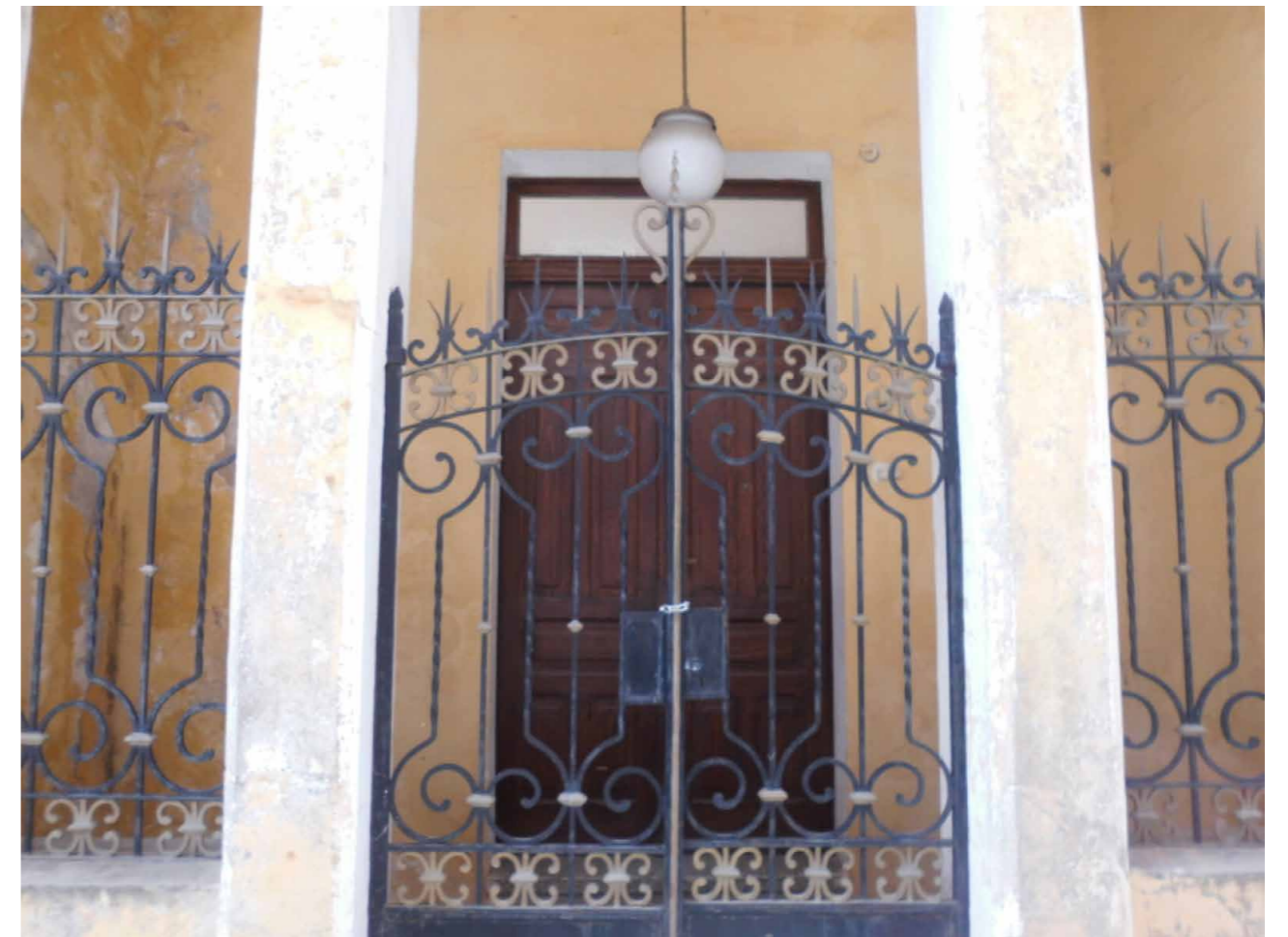
The problem is: having so many connections and disconnections intertwining with each other in this two dimensional form. Is it space-body-memory-trauma. Or is it a memory-trauma-identity-otherness. I see it as an invisible whole that extends over a duration of it's own and determines it's very own being.

What we find may not always fit neatly into our maps. It may elude our attempts to categorize or define it. Instead, it asks us to engage with the fluidity of life, to appreciate the connections that emerge from the chaos.

What's left is not just a matter of what remains in the physical world but also what endures within us, the people around us, the places we visit, the events we witness- it is the spatial and temporal relations these have with each other that have a meaning, and the tension that is formed between them.



The remains-Traces





Memory - Trauma - Identity - Body - Urgency

Speaking, I wonder what a word is. A word is a sound, a sound that comes out of the mouth and is produced by the tongue and breath.

When I was a child, I used to make soups with dirt and water for my toys: I would put in tiny pebbles and chopped herbs. I stirred everything with a dry twig in a little cup.

Once, I saved an ant from a puddle. I thought the puddle was the ants' lake.

I watched the wasps eat grapes. Surely, that grape must have been like a giant watermelon for the little wasps.

I ran barefoot in the meadows, but I felt sorry stepping on the flowers. I thought I might be killing them, but I discovered that they only bent down, and once I had run away, they would rise back up.

One day, I found a dead fly. I took it to the garden and buried it. On top of the small grave, I placed a pebble as a tombstone. Now grass has grown over it.

I wrote these words during the pandemic, in a notebook I've just found. Rereading them, I feel the same emotions as back then. They are sincere, simple, obvious. Yet they hide within them similarities and complexities that only now I can grasp.

What's left of the child I was, of the vitality and the castles in the air?

I set out thinking it would be hard to return home after so many years, with just one question tormenting me: "What's left?"

As soon as I landed, my first thought was to run away, again. I didn't feel at home—what was I doing there? But I had arrived. Somehow, I had returned to the place I once called home, and now, after ten years, I don't know what to call it anymore.

I searched for words and gestures that could remind me of who I was and where I came from, and in doing so, I discovered a reality unchanged by time, made of unaltered, constant rituals that I consciously embraced. I found similarities, affection, understanding, and empathy in others. Everyone had lost and found something; everyone had left their own traces along the way. When I think of what I left behind, my thoughts immediately go to the games of my childhood, and a nostalgic resentment washes over me. Not because I want to relive the past, but because I feel the injustice of not having played enough. And that's how my desire for redemption was born.

This story may not be everyone's, but surely it's the story of many. Stories of things lost and found that push us in different directions but ultimately converge at the same point.

When the world ends, and the pillars collapse, the only way to rebuild it is by mixing the remaining rubble in a little cup, hoping you've made a good soup.





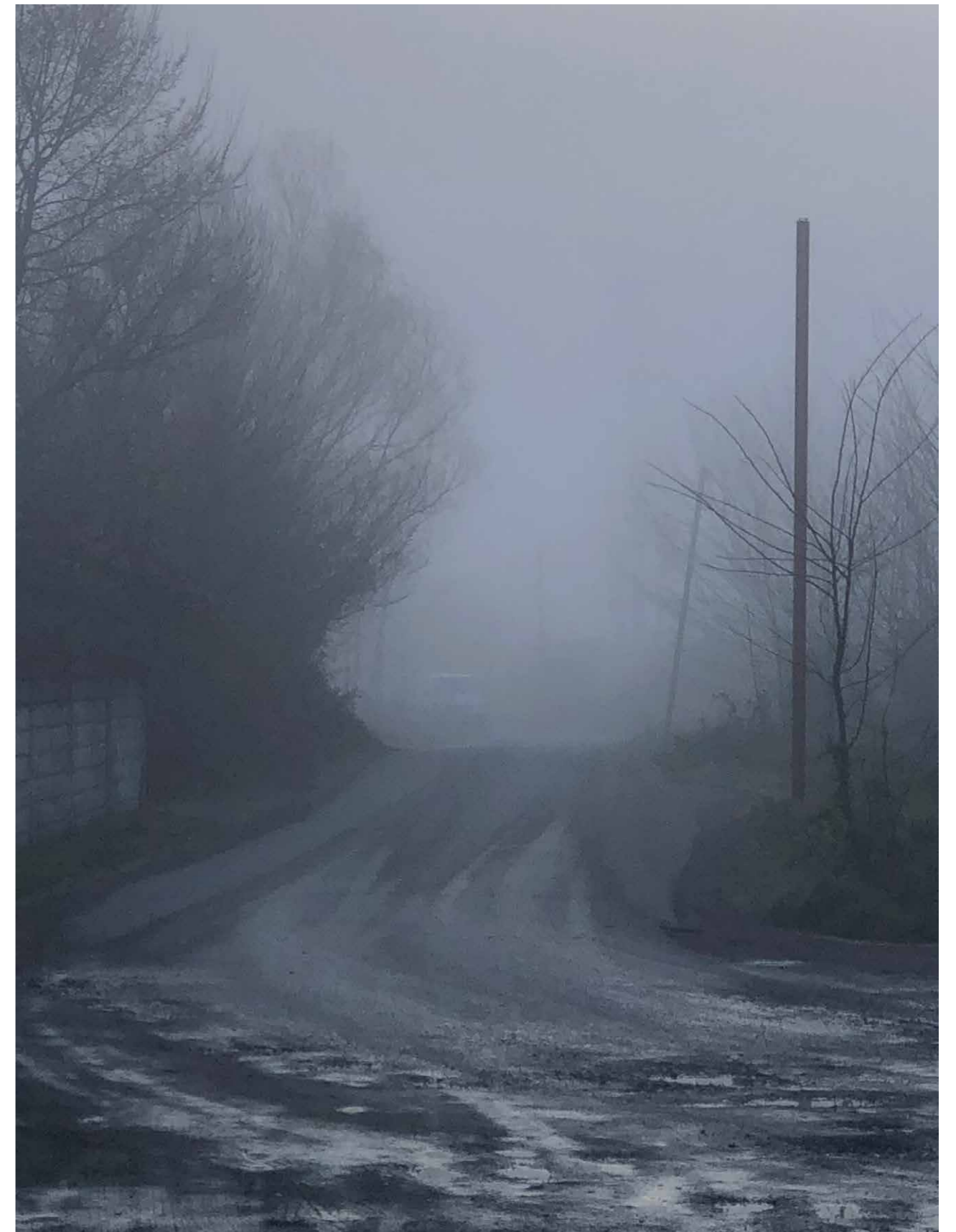


■ ■
Jozefina Vokrri
■ ■

My experience at Art House School was really meaningful and inspiring. It left me with more questions than answers, sparking new ideas about my work. It was beautiful to see how, despite coming from different places, we shared certain commonalities in our experiences and perspectives.

In my selection of words - Threshold, Uncertainty, Movement, Family, Space - I've begun to explore the idea of transition and what remains in the face of change. We often find ourselves standing between the past and future, always moving, but unsure of what's ahead. The spaces we inhabit, whether physical or emotional, shift and change over time, just like we do. Sometimes they feel big, full of hope and possibilities, other times they feel small and limiting. Family is what keeps us grounded, offering comfort and support when things are unclear.

Yet, as we move forward, I keep wondering: What's left of the places, people, and moments we leave behind? What do we carry with us, and what do we lose along the way? In a world that's always evolving and moving at such a fast pace, it's easy for things to be left behind or overlooked. But these questions of what stays and what fades, continue to guide me as I think about my own journey.



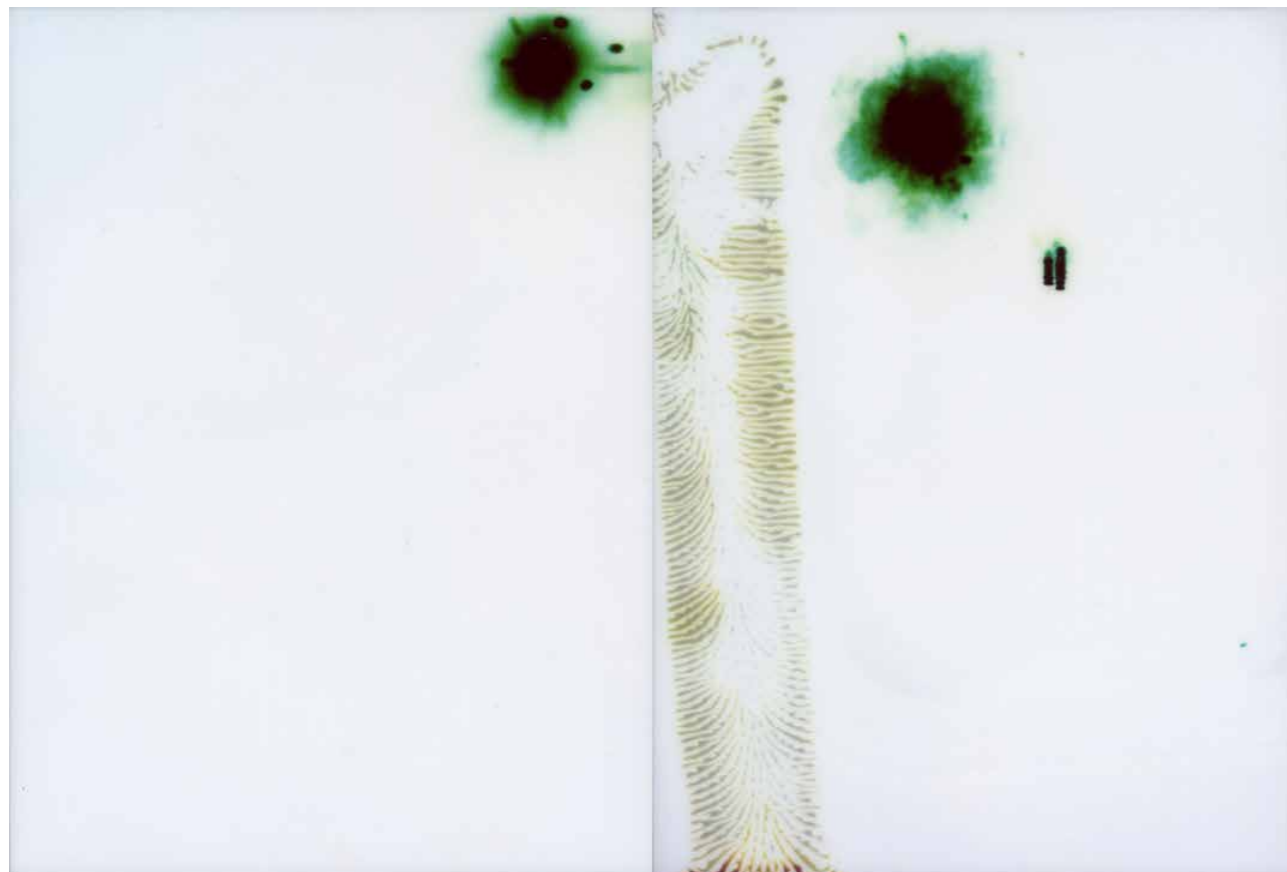
Threshold





■
■
Nora Bzheta
■
■

Otherness



Dark green is the sun
Window view of flight to Albania.



A space within a space
Art House wall.

Space



**Movement within
Directional waters on the coast of Albania.**



**First sighting of 'water caltrop'.
Found by the lake in Shiroka, shown to me by Xhulian.**

***** all images are representations of original prints on instax Fuji film *****
and original scans of objects



Open scratch
Resurfacing chemicals from a hidden image. From an attempt to document water.

To answer that question, I would reflect on the residency experience as a transformative process, both creatively and personal. Pushed me to confront both the external world's ongoing crises and my own internal responses to them. On a personal level, the intense focus on the residue of catastrophe made me reconsider how I approach my practice. Before the residency, I may have been more focused on the immediate - responding to events, creating art in reaction to current situations. But during those two weeks, I began to think more about the aftermath - not just the trauma or devastation, but what lies beyond it, what quietly remains and endures. This shift in thinking shaped my practice in new ways. I started to explore more subtle, quiet forms of endurance in my work. It became less about responding to a catastrophe with urgency, and more about capturing the lingering traces of those experiences - both the seen and unseen. This allowed me to embrace a slower, more speculative approach. On a collective level, the shared experience with other artists during the residency revealed how interconnected we are in our responses to crisis, even when our individual experiences differ. Their perspectives influenced my own, showing me that what's left is not just a personal reckoning, but also a collective, shared process of making meaning out of chaos.

I found that what's left is the process itself - a continuous negotiation between memory, emotion and traces. It's the slow rebuilding of new ways to navigate the world, to carry both the heaviness and the hope that comes after devastation. The residue is not static; it's dynamic, shaping how we move forward as individuals and as a community. I understand how it can feel overwhelming to reflect on something as deep and personal as the theme of "What's left." It's natural to feel like you're stuck in a loop, where you're trying to answer questions that only seem to lead to more uncertainty. It feels like you're putting in effort but not really moving forward.

In a way, the very feeling of not knowing (understanding), of questioning yourself and your work, - because "what's left" isn't always something you can define clearly. Sometimes, it's the confusion, the in-between state, that's part of the answer.

Sometimes the hardest part is recognizing that uncertainty and feeling stuck are as valid as producing something tangible. Maybe that's part of what's really left, means - acknowledging that the residue of an experience can be unreachable and hard to understand, but it's still there, shaping you even if you don't always feel it.



Tom Na H-iu by Mariko Mori is a fascinating blend of art, technology, and spiritual symbolism. It captures the connection between the ancient and the cosmic, representing a kind of modern sacred object. The sculpture is a sleek monolith made of glass, illuminated from within by LED lights that respond to data from a nearby neutrino observatory, which detects particles emitted by supernovas. This scientific aspect grounds the work in a futuristic exploration of life and death, but it also references an ancient Japanese spiritual tradition. In Japanese folklore, Tom Na H-iu refers to a space where souls rest between life and death, making this sculpture a bridge between realms - both cosmic and metaphysical.

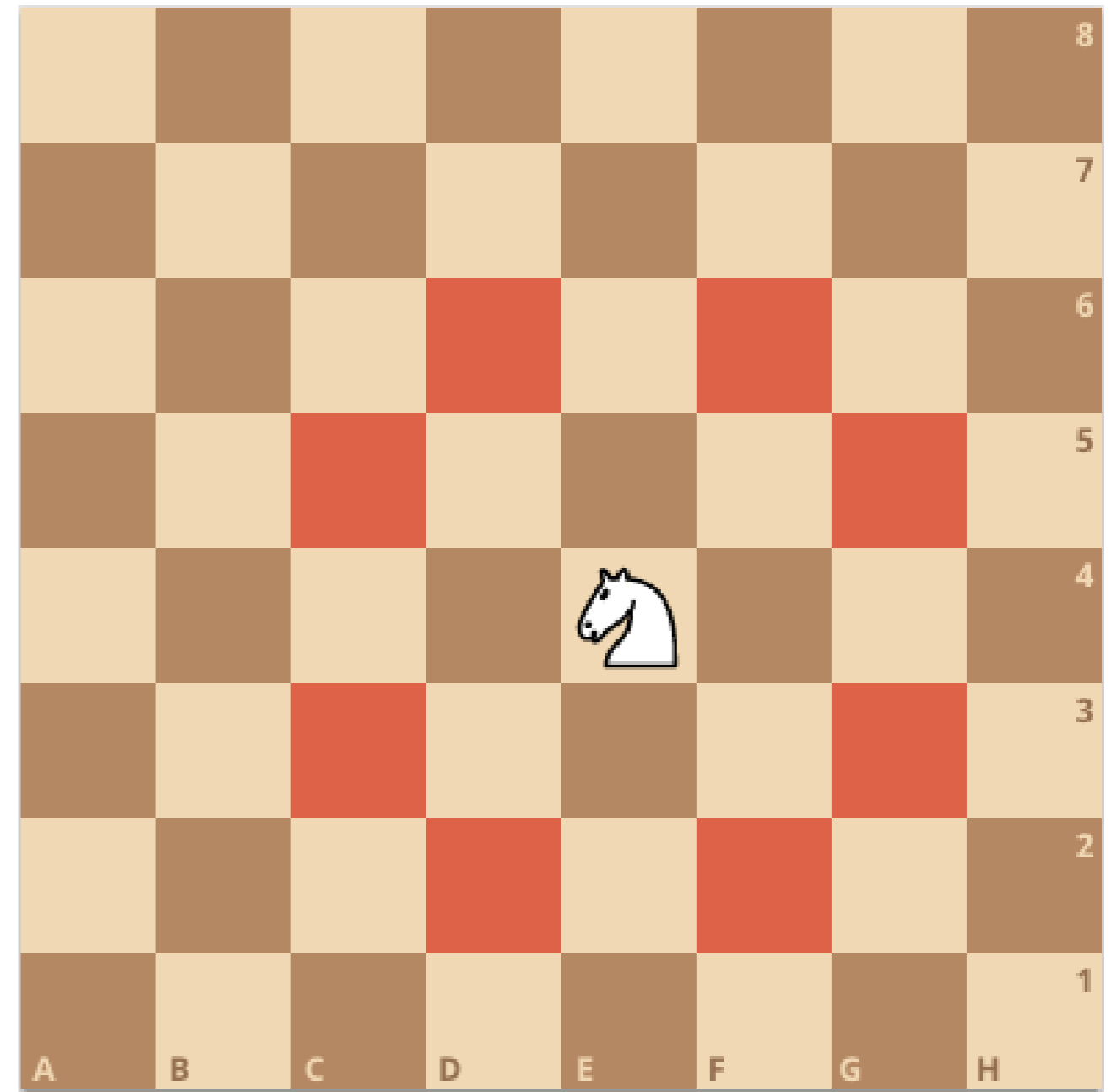
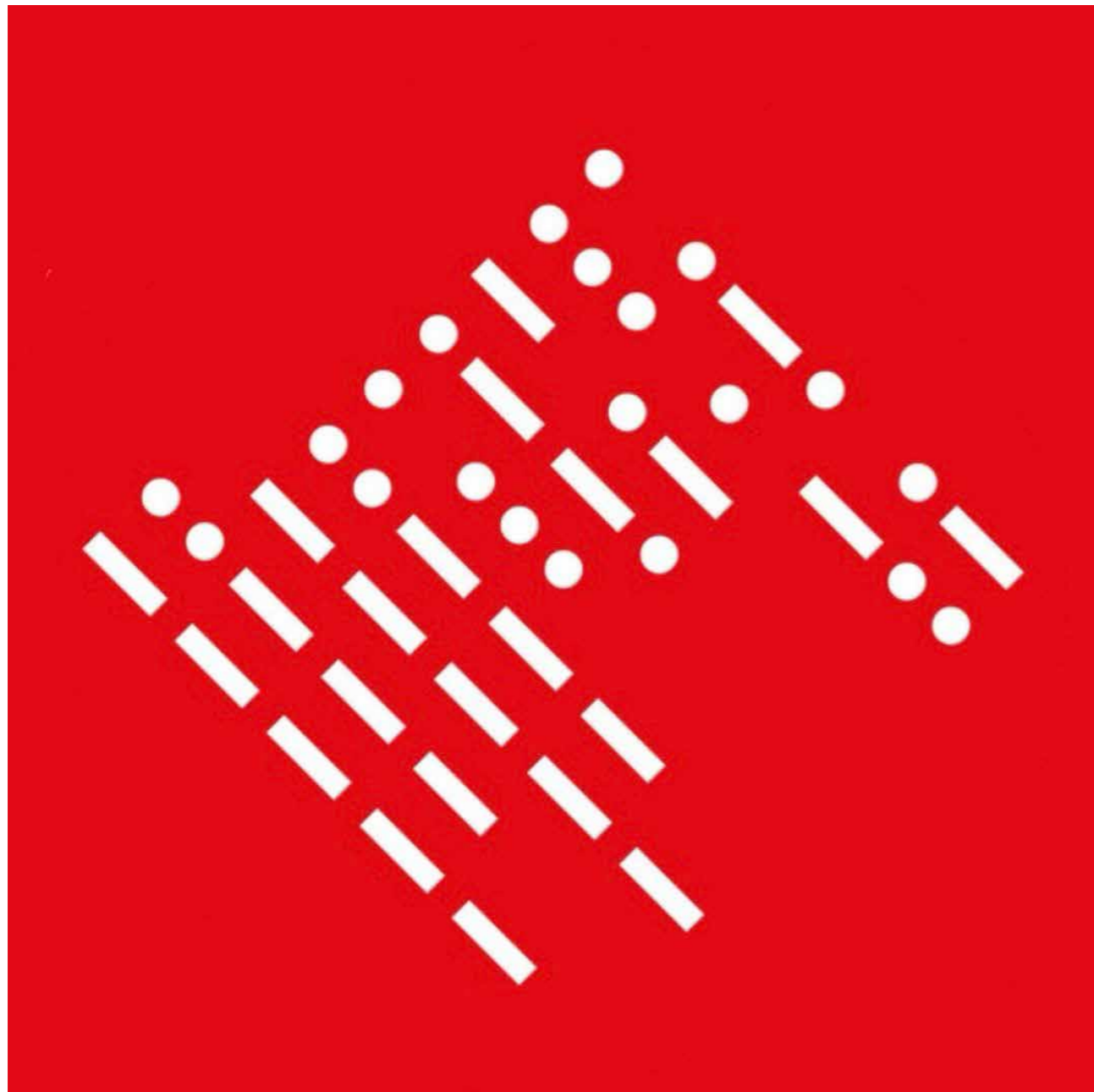
I find the work compelling because it makes these invisible, cosmic phenomena perceptible and imbues them with a sense of sacredness. It blends tradition with cutting-edge science, making the ephemeral tangible and drawing attention to the delicate interplay between life and the universe. The work offers a calm and meditative experience but also invites viewers to contemplate the vastness of the cosmos.

“Erased Tapes 2020” is a unique compilation that brings together various artists, showcasing their distinctive styles while fostering a sense of unity and collaboration. Released during a year filled with global challenges, the album reflects themes of introspection, resilience and creativity. (The title is played as Morse code signal before each track).

The label is known for its avant-garde, experimental approach to music, featuring a blend of contemporary classical, electronic, and ambient sounds. The music often evokes feelings of nostalgia, hope, and contemplation, resonating with listeners navigating their own experiences.

The tracks give this atmosphere of not wanting to be found, or listened to. Discarded thoughts, ideas, memories and to understand the power of music to connect people and express complex emotions during challenging times.

<https://open.spotify.com/album/17Whk4TOI2NxOTVcrIkIQn?si=tCCFS0PSQxir84dTAq1WSA&nd=1&dlsi=d40c4bd2e543489b>



The knight's movement in chess is one of the most unique and strategic aspects of the game. Unlike other pieces, which move in straight lines, the knight moves in an “L” shape: two squares in one direction and then one square perpendicular, or vice versa.

In my mind the knight's movement in chess can symbolize non-linearity, unpredictability, and creative problem-solving. The “L” shape represents an unconventional path, breaking away from direct or obvious routes. And might see the knight as embodying the idea of taking detours, finding solutions in unexpected ways, or thinking outside of traditional frameworks.

If you think of an artwork as a chessboard, the knight's ability to “leap” over obstacles could represent artistic intuition - finding ways to overcome challenges not by force but by ingenuity.

CGI offers new ways to engage with concepts of space, form, and interaction, allowing everyone to experiment. It's especially interesting in works that question the nature of reality and representation. Green is commonly used as a background color in CGI, is a bright color that cameras can easily capture and most of the cameras are sensitive to green.

While CGI offers incredible possibilities for transformation and visualization, it can also raise complex questions about authenticity and reality.

(The Matrix, 1999)



Geometrically perfect, to me it evokes ideal form - a shape without beginning or end, without edges, where every point on its surface is equidistant from its center. A perfect aesthetic harmony, perhaps something unattainable but endlessly fascinating in its perfection. Evoking balance, protection, isolation or boundary between an inside and outside world.

Uncertainty - Sphere

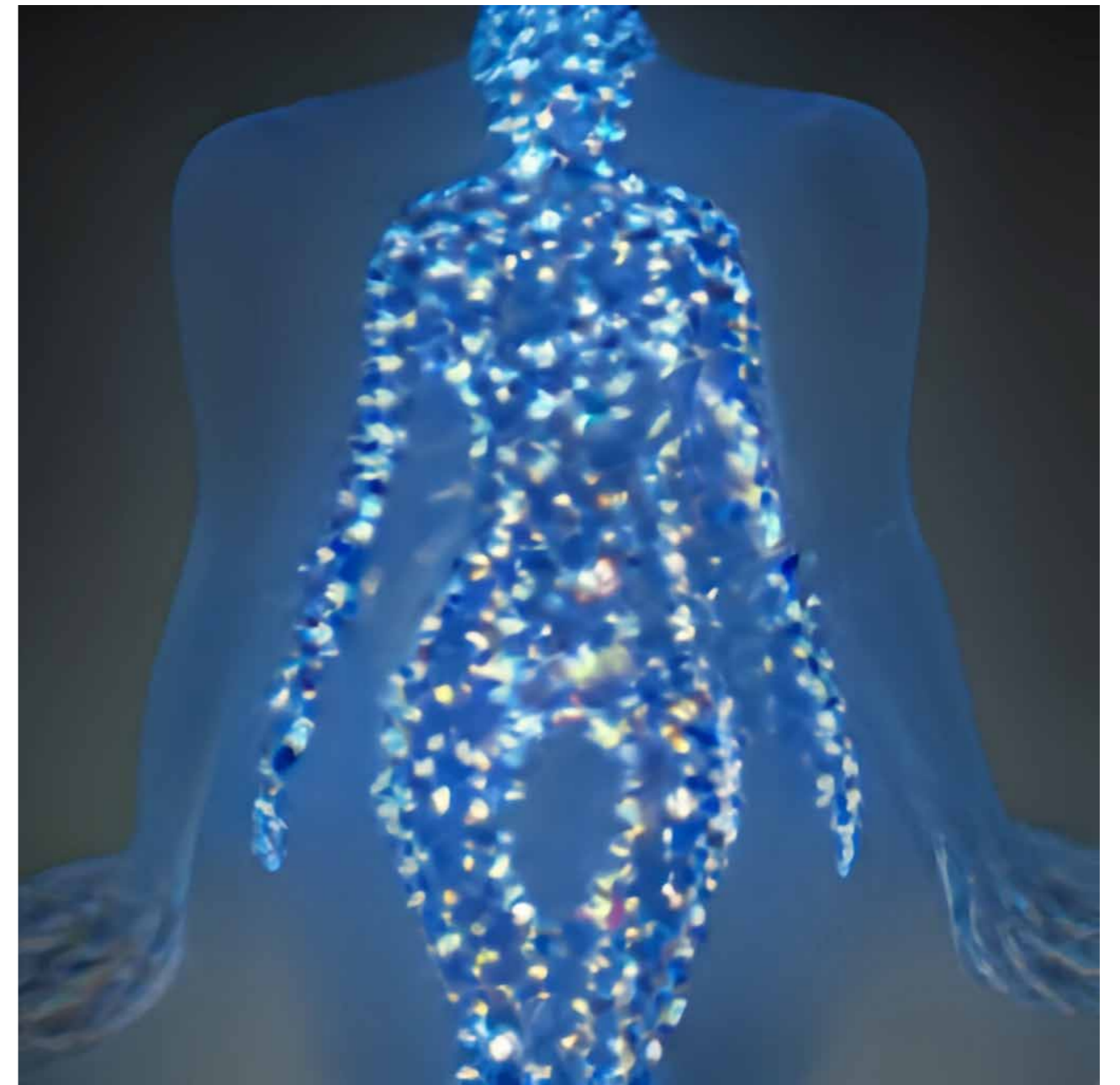
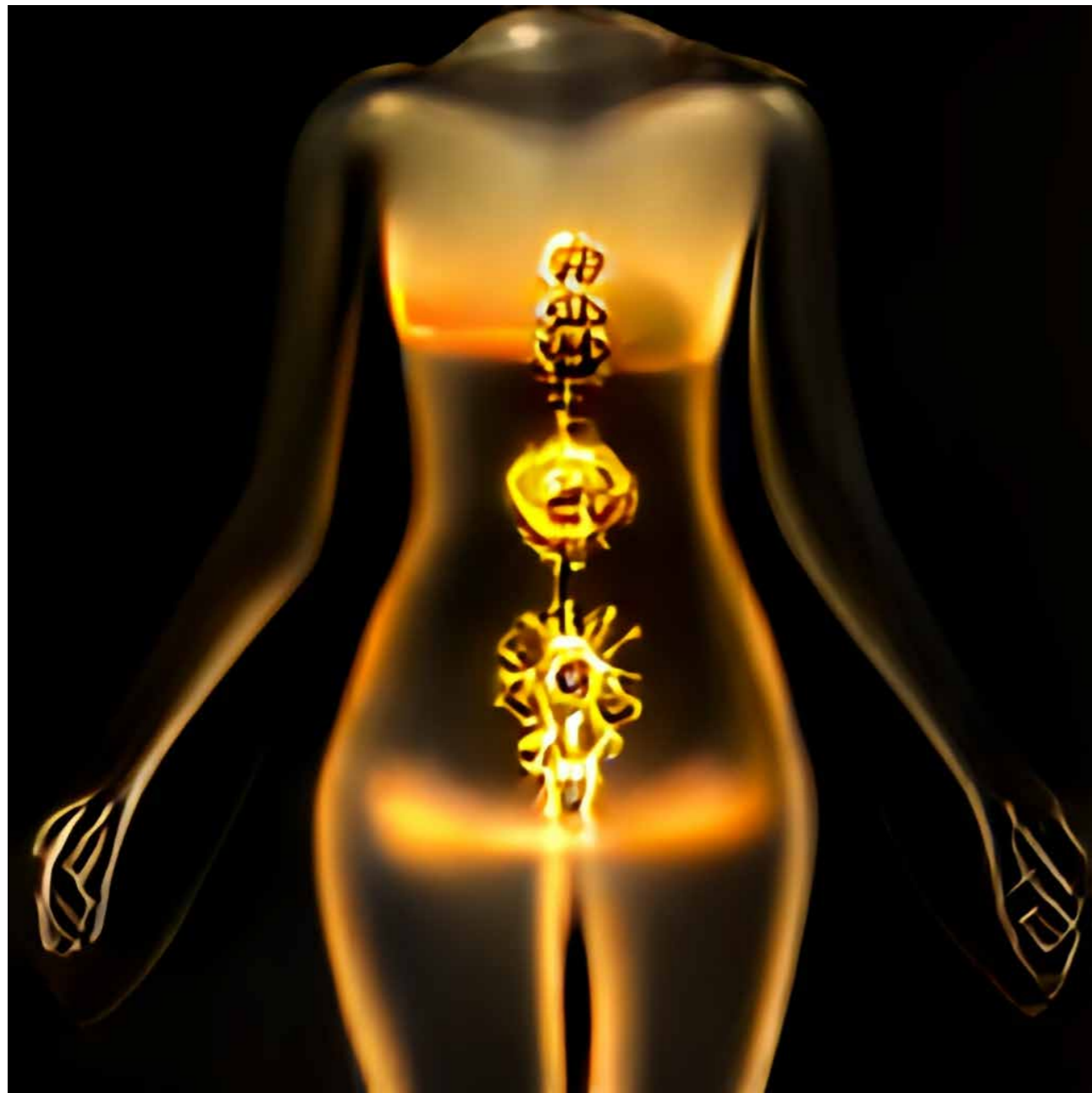


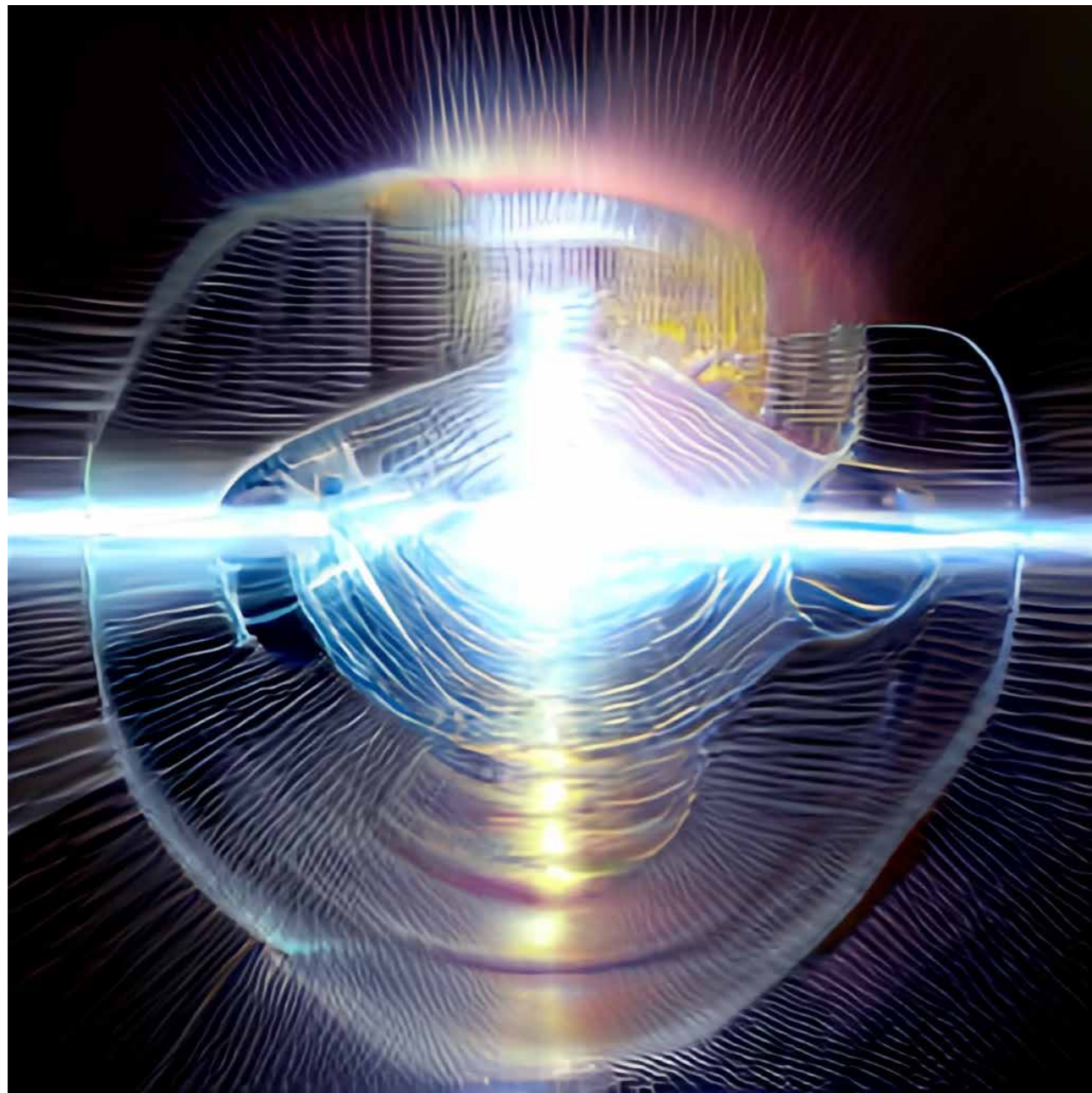
When faced with the question, “What’s left?”, you can’t help but realize that the question is either incomplete or that it lacks more context in order to answer. Without the context answers will be uncertain and will spiral until the last answer would be nothing, from that point on you can only question the actions that lead there.

From that juncture, the focus shifts from what remains to a deeper examination of the choices and actions that led us there. Each decision, each moment of inaction, becomes a point of reflection, inviting us to explore the motivations and circumstances that contributed to this state. It’s a journey into the past, scrutinizing the threads of experience that shaped our current reality, and it compels us to ask not only what is left, but what could have been, and what we might still salvage from the remnants of our previous choices.

In essence, the question morphs from a mere evaluation of what remains into a profound exploration of existence itself—an examination of loss, the value of what we once had, and the potential for renewal or transformation. Ultimately, the question “What’s left?” can serve as a catalyst for deeper understanding and insight, prompting us to reflect on the significance of our journey and the possibility of moving forward despite the void.

Human





Nazli Moripek

Loss ————— Legacy —————
Traces ————— Absence —————
Silence ————— Ideas —————
Q u e s t i o n s —————
Imprint ————— Abyss —————
Symbols ————— Entropy —————
Residual ————— Memories —————
C o n t i n u i t y —————
Resilience ————— Emptiness —————
I m p e r m a n e n c e —————
Transience ————— Erosion —————
F l e e t i n g n e s s —————
Endurance ————— Hope —————
————— Reflections —————
F r a g m e n t a t i o n —————
T r a n s i t i o n —————
D i s p l a c e m e n t —————
A w a r e n e s s —————
R e c o l l e c t i o n —————
U n c e r t a i n t y —————
Potential ————— Solitude —————
T r a n s f o r m a t i o n —————
Persistence ————— Discovery —————
P e r c e p t i o n —————
C o n t i n u u m —————
I n c e p t i o n —————
Whispers ————— Resonance —————
Visions ————— Fading —————
Apathy ————— Paradox —————
Narrative ————— Illusions —————
R e a l i t y —————
F u t i l i t y —————
I m a g i n a t i o n —————
E x i s t e n t i a l i s m —————
E t e r n i t y —————
A w a k e n i n g —————
C o n s c i o u s n e s s —————
M e t a m o r p h o s i s —————
B e l o n g i n g —————
Fragment ————— Ephemeral —————
Ambiguity ————— Connection —————

Cyclical ————— Dissonance —————
L o n g i n g —————
A b s o r p t i o n —————
Echos ————— Substance —————
R e c o g n i t i o n —————
Cognition ————— Disruption —————
Crisis ————— Transcendence —————
Doubt ————— Emotions —————
H e r i t a g e —————
A b a n d o n m e n t —————
Authenticity ————— Sorrow —————
C o n t r a d i c t i o n s —————
E l u s i v e n e s s —————
Possibilities ————— Echo —————
Reverberation ————— Flux

It is both a challenge and a choice. It is a reflection on absence and presence, not just physically but conceptually. When layers of a place or a history are stripped away, what remains? What lingers beyond what we notice?

“What’s left” may not be the tangible remnants of past stories or physical materials, but the subtle traces, ideas, symbols, or feelings that persist in our memory and consciousness. It is the tension between what disappears and what endures, the invisible threads that connect us to histories we can’t fully see or touch.

The spaces between lines, the emotions behind forms, the meanings behind words and symbols. Each piece of work we create, like a fragment of memory, speaks to more than its visible parts. The symbols we choose, the colors, the shapes, they are carriers of narratives, some lost and some imagined, that continue to evolve long after the piece itself is complete.

In the end, what’s left is both a question and an answer, a reminder that even in absence, meaning finds a way to remain. It may be reshaped, reduced, or transformed, but something always lingers, waiting to be seen.



