



Drawn to subjects who feel like “family”, she looks for islands of familiarity in these unfamiliar lands, a combination of connected/disconnectedness to strangers, a desire to embrace and explore the fear of instability, adventure and passing through.

I feel akin to Arja's vision. I see within it searching and questioning, desire for and rejecting of boundaries and security. Our shared need to record moments, similar to the way a child captures butterflies in a jar, in order to study them as a silent witness; the need to capture an “evidence” of our life, as proof to ourselves that we exist.

The unnoticeable and bland becomes seductive: a crude building situated behind endless tyre-tracks in the snow, turns into a moody monolith, the blurred face of a man photographed through the window of a night bus in Moldova is both intimate and menacing, monochromatic landscapes become stoic. The silence of a recent snowstorm, the cacophony of late night drinking sessions, the rattling of a night train... Within these images lies a soundtrack within silence translated through the simplicity of black and white.

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