

The ancient notion of a pleasant place where harmony of man and nature has been realized – the *Locus Amoenus* – stroke deep roots in the imagination of the West. In a French allegorical romance from the 13th century, "The Romance of the Rose" (Fr. *Le Roman de la Rose*) by Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meun, it is the place of a pleasant garden in which protagonists meet, unburdened with everyday life that is left outside the walls that surround the garden. When an unknown illuminator, known as the Master of the Prayer Books, illuminated the manuscript of "The Romance of the Rose" around 1500 for Engelbert II of Nassau and Vianden (now in the British Museum), he depicted it in the same manner this pleasant place entered the catalogue of shared notions and remained there, with three obligatory elements: tree, grass, and water. Although the Christian notion of "the Heaven on Earth" appears to be similar, the essential element of a pleasant place is nevertheless missing: corporeal presence of the beloved person who gives full sense to the pleasantness of natural surroundings. Along with the Christian "Heaven on Earth" (Lat. *Paradisus Terrestris*), tranquillity and contemplated solitude in a closed garden (Lat. *Hortus Conclusus*) are more similar. There, a man realizes a different level of fullness than people in love do, who always find nature (as well as their beloved) tender, leaves light green, water sweet-sounding, and shadows soft and airy. Besides, "the Heaven on Earth," in distinction from the ancient *Locus Amoenus*, does not include the tension (unless you are Adam or Eve) that it will silently turn into something entirely different. Namely, soon after the cultural reference *Locus Amoenus* was formed, this pleasant place used to transform into the mirror-like opposite, a horrid place (Lat. *Locus Horridus*), still in ancient times. Tranquil, safe and pleasant in this case reveals itself as an illusion; it actually becomes a place of dangerous encounters: for example, in the Ovid's tale when the shy and solitary Narcissus, a crude revenge by despised nymphs, meets himself and falls in love with his own reflection in the water mirror of a forest pool, which later on becomes his grave since he is not able to quench his love thirst. Or, in the comedy "Midnight Summer Dream" by William Shakespeare in which a place outside city walls becomes the *Locus Amoenus* (and, metaphorically, a place outside rules imposed by country and family), a small forest in which – according to the knot of dramaturgy entangled by the great writer – things twist and turn in love encounters, and these are not always desired ones, but eventually they nevertheless end in dance and singing. The contemporary *conchetto* of living expects fast transition from the chaos of aggressive quotidianity into the order of safe place, from noise into silence, from exhausting concern over details into ensured logistics of life which enables a fruitful and pleasant (non)work and nowadays, hotels have become the first association for the *Loci Amoeni*.

The artist Silvio Vujičić exhibited installation "In the Hanging Garden No One Speaks" (2011)¹ on two levels of the Rovinj's Hotel Lone lobby, which are marked as "0" and "1" in the hotel's elevation. He titled it after the lyrics: "Creatures kissing in the rain / Shapeless in the dark again / In the hanging garden / Please don't speak [Change the past] / In the hanging garden / No one sleeps" from the song "The Hanging Garden" (1982) by the British band The Cure.

* * *

The conversation is friendly, therefore we are on a first name basis here, and is – I hope – informed enough in order to help understanding. True, this is how things should be after many hours spent in conversation not on this particular occasion, but also in the course of years; nevertheless, human

¹ Combined technique, plants *Adiantum raddianum*, *Asplenium nidus*, soil, wooden vessels (oak), water, metal, lighting fixtures, 730 x 480 x approximately 150 cm.

communication is full of traps, noises and unpredictable directions. Guaranteed safety in the meaning and interpretation of works of art does not exist. The most adequate conversation would be the one that is possible but unrealized, in silence in front of the artwork, in an imaginary game of table tennis in which each and every thought could, like a ball that flies from the mind, be checked on the artwork and then in the mind of a collocutor after which it would return home processed. The closest to this desired form of exchange of thoughts is this written conversation with the artist.

S.C.: Let us begin... from the beginning, from the title and personal experience of a garden. Could you explain to me the choices?

S.V.: In the title of the work, I tried to hide / insert this idea of fear, because when you are afraid you are silent, most frequently. "In the Hanging Garden No One Speaks" in the Hotel Lone in Rovinj reveals the experience of a garden that is closer to the notion of the place of dangerous encounters, unusual (incomprehensible) energy, the *Locus Horridus*, as you mentioned in your introduction. Garden is for me a habitat of mysterious creatures among which some make noises, exchange hidden glances, and plants there record incessant changes of growth and decay. I do not relate notions of peace and pleasantness to garden.

S.C.: Do you find possible to observe the work "In the Hanging Garden No One Speaks" analytically, not as the author, but as its critical observer?

S.V.: To some extent. I would rather say that I am painfully aware of expectations. People would like the garden in a hotel to be beautiful, even in harmony with the rest of equipment, like furniture and parquet floors, and this garden is attractive only from a distance. It is reflection of my experience of garden that I have described in short to you and which can be felt by an observer when he or she approaches the installation: scent of wet wood, view of the system of water supply, sudden exposure to the shroud made of drops. Situation of this garden is not natural at all; it does not imitate nature, on the contrary. This already begins with the setting that develops vertically to such an extent that the installation is not possible to be seen entirely if a person is standing in its bottom. In the same way it towers above spectators, plants that are on higher positions blot out light to those below and force them to fight for survival, like the dying Goethe who yearns for more light on his deathbed. Each floor of the installation has its own "situation" and each and every vessel with a plant one of their own and, in accordance with possibilities they change in the course of time: each one is its own small system. Shape of the baskets from which plants grow is otherwise used for breeding and keeping epiphytic plants, like orchids. When I started my search for a plant I began exactly with them, with orchids, which – like fungi – like to grow in decaying and humid environment and can grow all over carrions or corpses with their aerial roots thus creating an amazing image of flowers feeding on decaying bodies. Nevertheless, I "discarded" orchids as plant material for the installation because they require more light than I was able to ensure. I was looking for another plant for a long time. I was attracted by fern, two species to be more precise with black stipes and green fronds: the Maidenhair Fern (Lat. *Adiantum Raddianum*), which presents most of the biological material – a delicate and sensitive plant growing in nature out of rocks in seepage zones, and the Bird's Nest Fern (Lat. *Asplenium Nidus*) on the top of the work which branches out into a rich hanging bush.

S.C.: The following question demands reference to several assumptions. With the artistic entrance into a defined space which is not exhibition space but is intended for the function of temporary stay, relaxation and comfort, it seems to me that you develop the idea of visual art in two directions. The first can be understood by means of analysis of the work. The work is site specific, in other words, intended for a defined location. It is fully understandable in this place and is in permanent dialogue with it, therefore creating a closed world together. Like a rolled-up sleeve, you roll up the hanging garden in the interior of the hotel building. The support, grid, is at the same time a complex system of water supply: water passes through its hollows and branches in a delta, reinforced with metal. On the

tops of little pipes, water is dispersed into a cloud of drops – water gossamer – that nourishes dense falls of the Maidenhair Fern’s tiny leaves. From this space, visitors–travellers move to rented spaces, and on their way to do so, they have opportunity to observe a bio-machine (I can imagine unusual gallery audience how they drag plump turtles on wheels, “full suitcases of life,” like walking emblems which, exactly with the symbol of a turtle, explain the term “the best home” or *Domus Optima*). The other direction, initiated with the work “In the Hanging Garden No One Speaks” refers to what is happening when artistic threads become entangled in life, and life itself takes a break, like the hotel intermezzo with prefix “congress, wellness, or spa.” It seems to me that the work cannot be understood without awareness of the origin of the idea and your experience of space (not this one in particular, but a hotel space in general) into which you enter with your work.

S.V.: I had parallel thoughts about space and about audience in this space. I primarily mean an imaginary audience, from characters from novels and films to people I know, who are of kindred spiritual and intellectual structure. An especially perceptive observer will notice features of the work, like the “garden-that-cannot-be-tread-on,” and feel a kind of life-oriented uneasiness, existential anxiety which can follow (and can even be intensified) a traveller in spaces outside home in which life temporarily nests, like the Annabelle from the novel “Atomised” (*Les Particules élémentaires*) by Michel Houellebecq. Temporary life in a hotel probably brings feeling of momentary lightness to people because, actually, you disappear from everyday life once you enter a hotel. Rooms with numbers and without names on their doors provide pleasantness of being anonymous; shared rooms are crowded with people whose names you do not know and you are not concerned about their stories, as well as they are not concerned about yours. I presume that comfort and impression of privileged leisure in which somebody else cleans after you and puts things in the right place every day means something to people because they like the fact that the little soap is always-in-the-correct-place. Personally, I feel uneasiness when hotels are concerned, and I always see people who live and die in hotels – and such people were recorded in history, from Oscar Wilde to Coco Chanel or Nikola Tesla – as persons who gave up on life. I was thinking about that life decision and I am not sure if it is worse to die in a hotel or just drop dead during shopping in a shopping mall. Perhaps it would be different if hotels had a form attractive to another kind of audience: cafes where people smoke and are full of books, bottles, wild animals, and beautiful naked people who run around, similar to the beginning of the film “Prospero’s Books” by Peter Greenaway or to scenes from the film “Satyricon” by Federico Fellini... If life there was filled with a labyrinth in which these people show you where to go. However, this is not what hotel audience wants: hotels are successes when they are a kind of sanatorium providing its patients with “beautiful images,” “pleasant ambient music,” and “light meals.” In this case, I am a virus in the sanatorium and the existential anxiety determines the idea of the work.

S.C.: In opposition to installations by the Scottish artist Anya Gallaccio, “Preserve Beauty” (1991)² or “Red on Green” (1992),³ in which biological material, hundreds of red Transvaal daisies in the first and hundreds of red roses in the second work, is provocatively exposed to gradual rotting, like guillotined heads, the installation “In the Hanging Garden No One Speaks” in Rovinj is a green bio-curtain of the wall, in other words, it is a garden installed and maintained vertically. It is exposed to view, but not to be walked through as well; it is maintained “to be alive” in a tense situation. The topic of shifting substances and fragile balances of matters is frequently the underlying concept in your works. They appear as the result of chemical compounds produced by parts of installation when it comes into contact with the atmosphere, like the installation “Crystal Chamber” (2007),⁴ “*Caput Mortuum*” (2010),⁵ or “Curtain” (2008).⁶ Is there less of bloody tragedy in decay, and more concealed (al)chemistry in the structure of work?

² Karsten Schubert Gallery, London.

³ ICA, London.

⁴ Exhibited in Croatia, Sweden, and Germany; at the moment in People and Art House Lauba in Zagreb.

⁵ Gallery SC, Zagreb; Platform 3, Munich.

⁶ Studio Silvio Vujčić, Zagreb; Platform 3, Munich (2010).

S.V.: There is no tragedy. Alchemy is actually means with which I achieve certain things: sometimes it is secondary means and sometimes much more than that. After I completed “In the Hanging Garden No One Speaks,” I investigated possibilities for another work and I needed a certain substance for its execution. One component of the substance I required was resin of a mimosa tree from Africa. As it is the case with the ferns included in the work for the Hotel Lone in Rovinj, this is also a tropical flora. For the new work, I was dissolving the hard resin of the mimosa in water for two days in order to obtain paste which can later on be combined with other solutions and used. Parts of wood bark and insects fell out of the resin which I then filtered. This entire process was recorded as part of the work, but in the procedure I executed, yes, much more has remained concealed, like a secret of an alchemic (creative) formula. Who to could I evoke or explain or show this transformation and who could feel that exactly this resin is particularly responsible for the creation of this work and that it is entirely invisible part of the work? I nevertheless do not use formulas in the final appearance of a work, nor do I deal with aestheticization of natural sciences, but with works based on art and for their full understanding, it is necessary to be acquainted with the procedure. True, they have their manifestation, but it is preceded by many things invisible, but necessary. I am left with questions of the ways in which the work can communicate: who can perceive the spirit of the resin in the work? I cannot expect an observer to know at all what the resin of a mimosa tree is and what the African mimosa is like. And yet, these are moments in procedures and parts of works that I find most exciting. People have plastic flowers in their homes and put plastic flowers on graves, they live from kitsch to eternity, as Vesna Horvat Pintarić said a long time ago.⁷

S.C.: Interest for natural and technical sciences in the contemporary artistic practice was a feature in the works of artists like Hamad Butt († 1994) or Helen Chadwick († 1996), who both deceased untimely as victims of a virus, infected with life and artistic experiment. In your group performance art “Exposed to Virus and Fashion” (2006)⁸ there were no dead victims, merely perhaps deadly infected with the area of art, body, fashion, and technologies. Namely, this period of time is the beginning of you participation in research-exhibition projects of the bureau of contemporary art praxis “Kontejner” from Zagreb “Touch Me” and “Device-art,” like the laboratory work “Perfume: Body Perfume Laboratory” (2006), installation “Sublimation” (2008), and “Cloud” (2010).⁹ These works met with unusually powerful response and were a great success among critics as well as audience. Do you explain this interest as the power of art to drive fear of science away; is this science being fashionable like in the time of Enlightenment, or is it merely curiosity? What is that in artistic poetics that guides you and makes science attractive for you?

S.V.: Different things: sometimes certain achievements in technical sciences impose themselves as solution to an artistic “problem,” in other words, as path that will take me to a desired situation. For example, in the works titled “Ruff” (2008)¹⁰ I wanted at the same time to have motif hover in space in some way, as well as to give it certain weight. In order to achieve this, I had to dilute all the fibres of cellulose around the motif, but not the fibres of polyester and elastin, because the motif on them was supposed to stay “hanging.” And therefore technology imposed itself, since I did not want to add things, meaning I did not want to stretch the motif to some other medium, but I wanted to have the redundant removed. I realized that lately I have been removing more and more, putting away a matter in order to reveal another and use its role, possibilities, among others. Similar technique was used in the medieval China to create kimonos. In order to achieve certain fall of textile and its gloss, certain protein was removed from the silk fibre. I like this complexity, inventiveness, intelligence in

⁷ Vera Horvat Pintarić: „From Kitsch to Eternity,” Centre for Social Activities of the Socialist Youth League of Croatia, Zagreb (1979).

⁸ TKZ Factory, Zagreb.

⁹ The Museum of Contemporary Art, Zagreb; “Translife,” the International Triennial of New Media Art, Beijing, China (2011).

¹⁰ “Ruff,” 196 x 134 x 4 cm, serigraphy, *burn-out* textile (2008).

production, and even the fact that this entire effort (and sometimes its results as well) remained unnoticed to an uninformed observer.

Science is always part of what I do: I am interested in some new things. I am interested in the contemporary science and in spaces it opens up, but also in technological archaeology, some “lost” methods, procedures, and techniques which can provide results that are interesting in artistic procedures as well. I am interested in technology because it enables me realization of an idea.

S.C.: The installation “In the Hanging Garden No One Speaks” awaits visitors in the lobby of the Hotel Lone in Rovinj and follows them when they pass by or invite them for a short visual break with the green colour of the fern curtain. Nevertheless, all the hotel rooms welcome their guests (from the one in the hotel numeration marked with the number 101 to the concluding one numbered 560), in other words, each and every visitor / guest is welcomed by an intimate experience, print of one among fifteen graphics from the series “M.”¹¹ Have you thought about appropriation of the hotel space by entering into almost every room: has there been developing a silent and subversive artistic appropriation or is it again an alchemic transformation of a hotel space into exhibition, gallery space?

S.V.: Perhaps, it is more about conquering the atmosphere of a space. Regardless of the fact that motif and concept are in principle concealed, I think that part of energy / message of the work are still emitted in space and that some individuals are able to read them.

S.C.: If we take into consideration the grey print on white canvass, the graphics become more contrasting and therefore more visible when they are illuminated by a source of light, set behind them. Reserved ornamentation of stylized flower pattern on the motif of textile and folds that are falling will reveal to a meticulous (and very informed) observer that this graphic sequence with drapes flying or swinging is rooted in research of Croatian, to be more precise, local, Istrian heritage: you took it over from wall paintings in Beram. Was this choice of connection agreed as part of identity of space or personal artistic choice?

S.V.: The motif becomes more visible when the light behind is turned on. By turning off the light, the work “disappears” or, better to say, becomes something else: it can be perceived as a large uneven and incomprehensible surface that occupies large portion of the wall in the room. And vice versa, turning on the light “turns on” the work. I wanted to achieve this “transfiguration”: somewhere in my memory, a prototype, suggestive light transformation on the Raphael’s “Transfiguration”¹² came back to me. I was thinking about each and every graphic in spatial terms; I included light and ambience in the work therefore it may seem that the graphics, if we talk about purist interpretation of graphical techniques, include elements of other forms of artistic works. Nevertheless, I was primarily thinking about prints, and the rest is part of their “exhibition” related setting. Concerning the choice, it was made as the reaction to a communication with architects and other associates. Architects designed the solution for the edifice (Hotel Lone) as a kind of dialogue with a very famous hotel, built in the

¹¹ The series of graphics “M1-M15,” serigraphy with expanding colour on fabrics, illuminated by a source of light set behind. Dimensions of the works vary, depending on rooms and floors. Each motif has a different dimension.

¹² It was made just before the end of his life (1518-1520). It is housed in the Pinacoteca in the Vatican City. The Florentine painter and writer of “The Lives of Famous Painters, Sculptors, and Architects” (1550, 1568), Giorgio Vasari, described it as “the most beautiful and most divine” work. It was finished by Giulio Romano after Raphael’s death. A New Testament text described it: “...There he was transfigured before them. His face shone like the sun, and his clothes became as white as the light.” (Matthew 17:2).

vicinity around 1970, therefore it occurred to me as well to resort to the local history, but six hundred years back. And since I have had experience with studying clothes on figures in paintings (“Alchemic Polyptych”), I indulged in a small research of the local heritage, more precisely, of the Late Gothic Istrian wall paintings in the vicinity of Dvigrad, Kanfanar and in Beram.

Another thing I found interesting and motivating was the name of the Hotel Lone and its meaning: uniqueness and at the same time loneliness, isolation. By connecting all these motivations into a sort of mental map, Lone has become a unique isolated place right next to Eden. All these pieces of information were important for my choice, transformation of the observed and of visual experience, in short, for creation of the work.

S.C.: You graduated in History of Art Study and Graphic Arts Study from the Faculty of Philosophy and the Academy of Fine Arts in Zagreb, as well as in Textile and Fashion Design Study from the Faculty of Textile Technology. Apart from the mentioned “Alchemic Polyptych” (2009) – in which part of the work was related to the history of painting; it starts from there and takes paths of technological-conceptual experiment – have you used works of old masters as triggers somewhere else in your artistic work? Or do they come about later on, and you start from research of material?

S.V.: What I studied is actually my interest today as well; I chose my studies according to the field of interest and it has still remained the field of interest, of work. I observe problems that emerge in artistic work from different disciplines, professions, materials, sometimes through the angle of various media. What is promoted in science as interdisciplinary approach mutates in my case into some sort of hybrid which acquires new shape – a work is being created.

Concerning History of Art, actually I do not know; I am not certain whether works of art from the past have ever been triggers directly. If there is a connection with some work of art, it most frequently does not cross the boundaries of quotability of a motif or some of its formative part, and it is never related to an integral work. I do not problematize works of old masters: this is what historians of art do. True, sometimes contemporary artists indulge in dialogue; nevertheless, I am not interested in this kind of dialogue because it is most often oriented to the aura of famous works and to visual notions as constructs of our ideas, experiences, identities... Sometimes I observe works of old masters on the level of their experience as recipes, some records of procedures or as information that is possible to be twisted, deformed, used for some purposes, but in my system they mutate really quickly.

S.C.: The graphics from the series “M” show motifs of fabrics. Photographs of a veil, curtain or merely drape falling are actually transferred to the base by means of print, and ornament there is quotation from wall paintings in Beram from 1474. For example, you use motif of “embroidery” on the robe of Archangel Gabriel from Annunciation in the Church of Saint Mary at Škrilinah for graphics in the Hotel Lone. You use this as connection with the local heritage, but also as “information that can be twisted, deformed,” as you say. However, the famous “Dance of Death” is also in this church so it occurred to me: why is the name of the series “M”? Since you are a filmophile, I thought whether perhaps this was also subversively offered title of the film “M” by Fritz Lang (*M – Eine Stadt sucht einen Mörder*)?

S.V.: All the motifs / stylized flowers I use as models, I found on the robes of the saints, Mary, and angels depicted on Istrian frescoes.¹³ The most depicted Early Christian saint are martyrs, killed, therefore “M” is here for Murder / Mörder, but also as monogram for Melancholia. In any case, I think that “M” is something that has already been here for some time now. I like to communicate with other works, for example, with Andy’s [Warhol] “Flowers” (1964), Lang’s “M,” and through this with

¹³ Patterns on the drapes are taken over from wall paintings in three churches: the Church of Saint Catherine in Lindar (1409), the Church of Saint Mary in Dvigrad (around 1470-1484), and the Church of Saint Mary at Škrilinah in Beram (1474).

Faktor's "M" as well. In this communication I am not interested at all in direct reference making, but in that more or less impossible and significantly more profound intellectual curiosity and exchange of experiences, ideas: I and the Unknown Istrian master talk about patterns he uses for the wall paintings, but also about textile pattern making in general; I and Andy talk about flowers, I talk with Faktor about Lang during his retrospective in Zagreb (2010). Only in this dialogue, in this communication, ideas and works come into being. My inner imaginary conversation does not echo with work, and my work does not publicly rely on it, nevertheless, I leave some trace for intellectual forensic scientists, a homage to imaginary collocutors, like this "M" is.

S.C.: Does the unstable motif of the moved drape, curtain, or veil on the graphics have some desired communicational information passed on to the observer / visitor who enters a room?

S.V.: The first is merely an appearance, apparition. In other words, an enlightened motif which "appears" by entering a room (sensor turns on the light behind the print). The second is recognition of a certain state, "frozen" frame of flight. Depending on whether it falls or plunges, hovers, flutters... all these states directly "transfer" to some level of something seen, and then to feeling of one's own body. The third is the feeling that is closer to undefined desires / absence of desires, than it is to pleasure itself.

S.C.: What were the procedures in realization of this motif? Were there technological issues that required solving, need for research or performative inventiveness?

S.V.: My everyday life means solving technical problems and production. First, I visited all the localities in Istria where frescoes are housed, sepulchral churches. I photographed them and, on the basis of these photographs, I reconstructed some of the "flowers," motifs, that have been lost during time, naturally, with the idea of showing respect for all the spaces and relations within stylized forms. Then I made patterns by means of computer and applied them to the screen. I printed the patterns on different fabrics (cotton, wool, silk, hemp...) and after printing, each and every textile pattern underwent a process of draping (whether I made simple folds, or pleats, or wrinkles...). The idea was exactly to achieve that feeling I indicated earlier, undefined possibilities, with the process of draping (and therefore with the appearance of patterns in folds). I photographed every pattern and then chose a photograph which I used as model for screen printing film. I applied the film on the screens and printed it on textile. I executed prints in expanding colour which provided relief quality when exposed to heat. I decided on this particular colour because it reminds me most of plaster, mortar. This at the same time evokes the *intonaco*, plaster on which frescoes are painted; nevertheless – in the case of Istrian frescoes (and not only the Istrian ones) – great number of frescoes were covered with mortar in the Baroque period, in some places even painted over, therefore an idea occurred to me that the works could have some of that plastered state when not illuminated and actually look like "uneven surface" with something concealed behind. However, here it is sufficient to enter a room and this "covering" disperses when the light is turned on.

S.C.: Have you also developed some relation to the historical manner of experiencing and interpreting motifs you transfer through quotability of ornaments from the Late Gothic Istrian wall paintings? Or, did you stop on the choice and ended your relation to the "model" there?

S.V.: In the beginning, I was interested in ornament as such, but in the analysis I developed instant interest for the manner in which a fresco painter experiences ornament. Namely, he applies it mono dimensionally by means of schematic pattern over a drape (which attempts to manifest volume) and this moment is very interesting because we can experience this with contemporary sensitiveness of visual arts almost like a "pop" moment, application of a "logotype" over an entirely non-related, other situation. Since (on my part) this is a kind of reconstruction of a pattern and its bringing back to life (renewed application of a fabric), I actually provided the pattern with the possibility / state it has never

had after all, and this is the fact that it “has obtained” perspective, in other words, that it changed in accordance with spatial placement, depending on folds on the textile. I feel that I have brought it to life not so much with the quotation, but with depth-wise position, reductions and overlaps, all that happens with a body when we watch it in space, in other words, in a situation it did not have on the wall painting. There, the painter treated it as ornament related to the surface, without depth, and it has obtained spatial illusion on the graphics.

S.C.: If we observe the hotel building as a closed system, then the bio-machine “In the Hanging Garden No One Speaks” becomes a public installation in the hotel lobby, an exhibited work, and open to everyone’s view and the graphics are intended for communication with a solitary observer or two, three of them in the intimacy of a room. Were the bio-machine and graphic series “M” connected in any of the creative steps? Did you think about the difference in communication in the “public” lobby and “private” room?

S.V.: Of course they are related. The work “In the Hanging Garden No One Speaks” is exposed to dissection by sight, accessible to everyone to comment it offhandedly while passing by (but not everybody sees it). The thing is that this work is a self-sufficient machine which actually does not need observers; it is perfectly well on its own; it develops its live community of plants, microclimate, and insects and anyway, it is a vertical formation that does not “welcome” certain mammals.

The works in the rooms are primarily unimposing, ambience-related. Due to their specific position (next to the bed) and relation to the body (clothed, naked, tired, relaxed body in bed, body in sexual intercourse, sad, sleepy...) works in the series “M” actually communicate in the moment when a visitor’s consciousness weakens, when he or she goes to bed and whether they want / do not want this communication subconsciously, I do not know. This question could be answered on a quite another kind of bed, for example, Freud’s couch.

The children’s story “Palle Alone in the World” by the Danish psychologist Jens Sigsgaard was a visionary prose, prophecy. In the meantime, the Western society replaced the real loneliness of Palle from the story with another, even more real solitude. The *Locus Amoenus*, in the awareness of Westerners, is not a space of harmony of two people in love surrounded with nature, but a place where the cloak of solitude can be discarded for a moment. In the Hotel Lone, lonely Palle is welcomed by the bio-machine “In the Hanging Garden No One Speaks” and graphics from the series “M” by Silvio Vujičić. Perhaps, unexpectedly, he finds in them a collocutor as well, after long period of spiritual anchoritism, and the first time he will wake up in the room, perhaps in a clear, bright, and rather cold morning feeling a hint of a warmer day ahead.