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The Maps.

I thought about pouring ink into the ocean.

I started to cover maps with ink, turning countries in the middle of continents into islands. Recreating the world, not with ethnic, religious or political view, but form and color. Taking nothing for granted.

The drawings with Liquid paper followed, like a safety blanket, ice or cotton, separated one country from another. Making its form noticeable, outstanding, isolated.

The country I come from is an island, so I can always look at it separated, it's form very clear. I wanted to see the form of other countries, their shape a part from the whole, apart from their usual surroundings.

I am interested in the reality versus the possibility of a place, and its possibility for change-rearranged, given new context.

What is the reality of this place?