Kamila J Gruss

Psychedelia

As a little girl, I had a night light that my mother and I brought back from a trip to Ukraine. The light, adorned with painted fish, would spin around its own axis. So when it was the only source of light in the room, the fish would swim across the dark walls, transforming the bedroom into an ocean. I imagine that if I had taken more pictures, I could have created a series to be displayed on such a lamp. Photography would come to life, and girls would run across the walls of the room.

Picture this: one girl dancing, another entering, pushing her, and both running out of the bathroom. Or perhaps the girl is alone, and everything is happening solely in her mind. She supports herself into the closet, propelling herself forward. Over and over again, in an endless cycle.

Kamila J Gruss Słupsk 25/10/2021







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