







Running in waves

In the darkroom, half listening to the radio, voices on the air make strange poetry. Loosed from their meanings, a race call or foreign language broadcast become a sequence of images, eccentric and ordinary, exquisite corpse drawn from the aural flow. In the rest between perception and interpretation, I like not knowing what's being said, only the feel of it.

Colour darkroom prints by Elena Misso, 2025

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