

Louis Reed

Andreia Santana & Edin Zenun
“Slip of Tongue”

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Edin Zenun
Sylvester Anfang 02

oil on canvas
26 x 21 cm
2024



Edin Zenun
Black is the Color of my True Love's Hair

oil on canvas
26 x 21 cm
2024



Edin Zenun
Leipzig 03

oil on canvas
26 x 21 cm
2024



Edin Zenun
Sylvester Anfang 01

oil on canvas
26 x 21 cm
2024



Edin Zenun
Two Snails Happening to
Cross at a Single Point

oil on canvas
26 x 21 cm
2024



Andreia Santana
Bag Lady (UES)

hand blown glass, aluminium,
chainmail, leather
20 x 45 x 120 cm
2024



Andreia Santana
There is no Dreams Underneath
My Pillow (4th District)

hand Blown Glass, aluminium,
chainmail, socks
30 x 70 x 50 cm
2024

‘ Slip of Tongue ’

Edin Zenun (b. Skopje, 1987)
Andreia Santana (b. 1991 Lisbon)

I met Edin 7 years ago, after he had taken a two-year hiatus from painting to draw. This break resulted in a wealth of small (26 x 21 cm.) abstract canvases. Zenun’s considered strokes, muted colors, and romantic dedication to his process seduced me.

I have watched variations on this theme develop since, with inspiration drawn from north-German expressionist brick architecture, jazz, and ancient Greek sexuality.

Edin is coming off a second hiatus from painting and jolting out of the gate with a series which borrows from Coca Cola logos, silver paint (popular among graffiti-kids in his newly adopted city of Berlin), and Jugendstil design which found its way onto record covers of the hippie era.

This series is contained in Edin’s tried and true format, yet expands his vocabulary of convincing and accessible abstraction, nodding to his influences but never becoming subservient to them.

Andrea has a practice which draws from a range of aesthetics departure points; the urban landscape, medieval textiles, paraphernalia, and souvenirs.

Rather than a standardized format to explore her interests, she chooses the container of large keychains.

What exactly is attached to each keyring remains unclear. However the viewer is drawn into the meticulously blown glass, intricately woven chainmail, leather and socks. The combination of forms and materials hint at violence, pleasure, and the thrill of figuring out how to use something that is not quite meant for everyone; a bong, a sex toy, a high-end handbag, or a piece of armor. Upon closer inspection, the viewer realizes that what is being looked at can’t be pinned down as anything more than well-crafted pieces of glass, metal, cotton, and animal skin. Anything a viewer thinks they may see, save a key, reveals their own predilections, perversions, and visions.

What someone thinks they see in each artist’s work, is nothing more than their own slip of the tongue (even if only voiced in their head). Simultaneously, Zenun and Santana in refusing to serve up clear narratives in their work, get to stick their tongue out at the viewer who wants an easy answer. We all get to smirk.

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