

Emir Šehanović (b. 1981, Tuzla, Bosnia and Herzegovina) is an artist based in Belgrade, Serbia.

His practice focuses on sculpture and installation, exploring speculative futures shaped by the Anthropocene. Through hybrid, pseudo-organic forms and synthetic materials, his works evoke fossil-like remnants and posthuman artifacts, reflecting on transformation, ecological fragility, and the unstable boundary between the organic and artificial.

Šehanović has exhibited in solo and group shows internationally including eastcontemporary, Milan; Space O+A, Tokyo; Vienna Contemporary; Liste Art Fair Basel; Kunstraum Riehen; Jeune Création at Beaux-Arts de Paris; AQB Project Space, Budapest; Ultrastudio, Los Angeles; Gallery Weekend Berlin; and Athens Video Art Festival.

Šehanović, in collaboration with Ivan Šuković and Dejan Todorović, represented Montenegro at the 19th International Architecture Exhibition - Biennale Architettura 2025, in Venice. He has participated in major art fairs such as Liste, Parallel Vienna, and Art Genève, and was recently included in 100 Sculptors of Tomorrow (Thames & Hudson).

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THE THIRD SPACE

Emir Šehanović
June 4 - August 22

Opening hours:
Wednesday-Saturday, 2-6 PM

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Text: Ivan Šuković
Sound: Miloš Hadžić

It began seven summers ago, exactly seven rain cycles back. At the edge of the swamp, a radiation phenomenon was observed. The underground network of roots extended toward that anomaly to investigate. What followed is unknown. Changes came. From the earth, one could feel moisture and the flow of pollen. Mosses, fungal threads, and lichen colonies spread, covering places where human traces still persisted in the soil. But it did not last long. Within a few seasons, it will spread to stone structures, and then further through metal, concrete, and cracks. Buildings whose lights could once be seen glowing for kilometers at night now appear empty. In that transformation, certain new organisms made their home. They had a different form of communication within nature. They whispered, they called out to one another, they found reason to speak.

Look! Have you noticed them?

Who?

The people... they're standing not far from us.

What about them?

They're walking by the swamp again, spreading without order, moving past everything that grows, they are noisy.

I'd rather not notice them.

One male voice can be heard.

What is he saying?

He's saying that in life, moderation matters as much as proteins, nutrients, fiber. He says it's his duty to teach them that. He sounds like their father.

Perhaps he simply wants to draw attention for his own interest, for love, or perhaps he has good intentions?

I'd sooner think he is worn out. I'd say he has... has some strange pain in his legs. Perhaps it's the weight of some serious experience?

How did you recognize that?

By the way he speaks. I've noticed that in people, the burden of the past often settles into the body.

But you can see he keeps talking anyway.

Yes, yes... The heavier the burden, the more they try to explain the world.

Listen to him...

Yes, he says the temperature will keep rising. That the stock market has fallen. That everything must be responded to in time.

That sounds important.

Perhaps, but he hasn't mentioned the swamp he's standing beside. Not once.

Maybe he doesn't see it.

Look.

What?

He's stepped one foot into the swamp.

Why would he do that?

He didn't notice. Yet another poor human judgment. A clear example of what it looks like when the mud of old beliefs drains down your leg into a world of untouchable interests. The first time you try to feel what it's like not to calculate, you slip into the swamp.

*** short pause ***

Do you feel how the flow of water is shifting beneath us.

Where?

Toward the northern edge of the swamp.

You think it's because of the rain?

Yes. Here they are, the first channels have opened.

Come, come, we're late. Too much time has been wasted here on trivial talk.

You mean talk about...

Irrelevant, are you still thinking about them?

What follows is unknown.