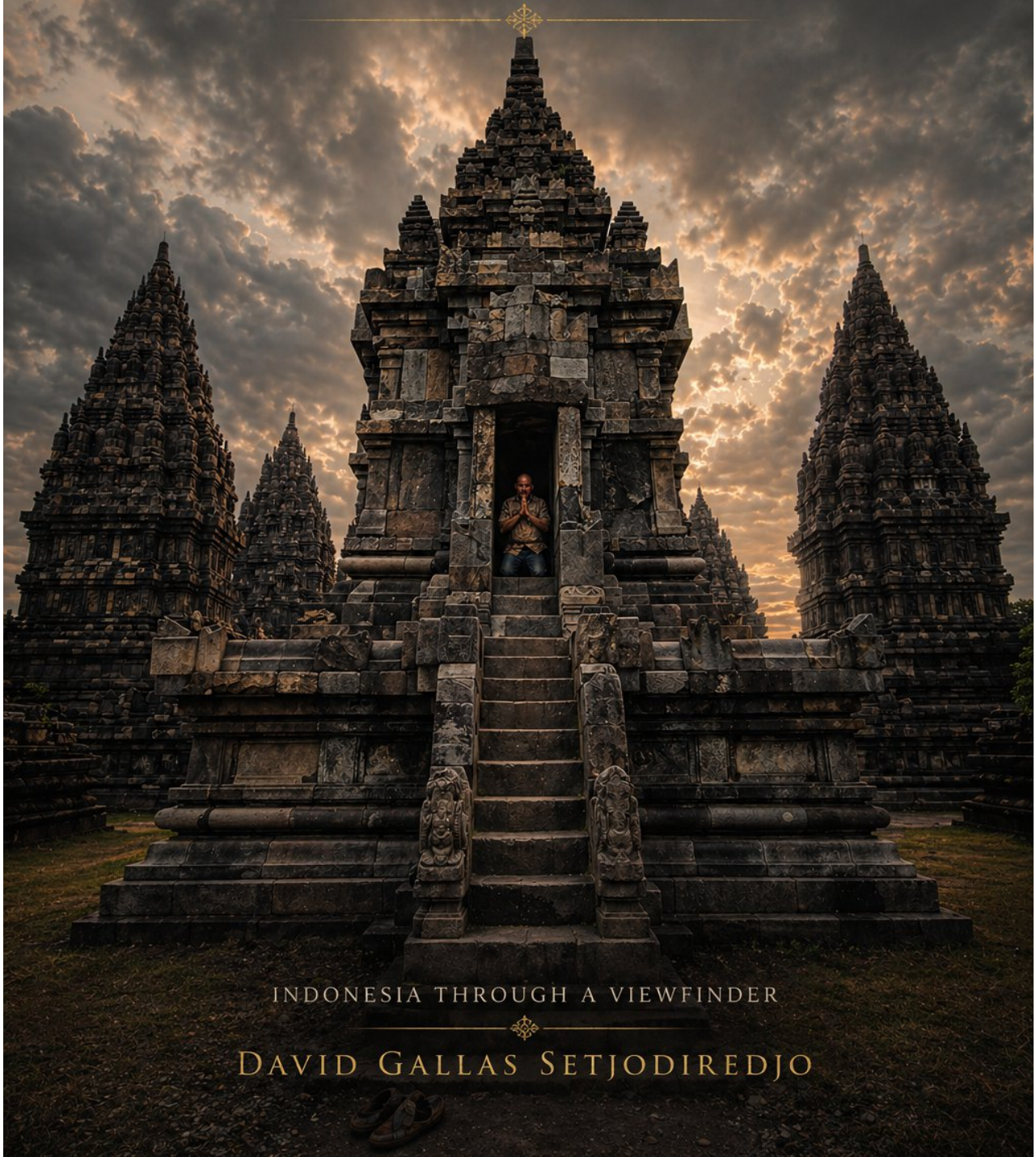


JAVA

HOUSE OF MEMORY



INDONESIA THROUGH A VIEWFINDER

DAVID GALLAS SETJODIREDJO

Java, House of Memory



Not everything we seek lies ahead of us

Sometimes it has been waiting for centuries
in stone,
in silence,
in a shape the hands of time could not erase.

we call it a journey.
But the road remembers us.

*Between temples and narrow alleyways,
beneath lantern light and morning air,
something ancient begins to stir again.*

*Not loudly.
Not all at once.*

*But in quiet recognitions:
a shadow that lingers,
a scent that needs no name,
a glance that feels like coming home.*

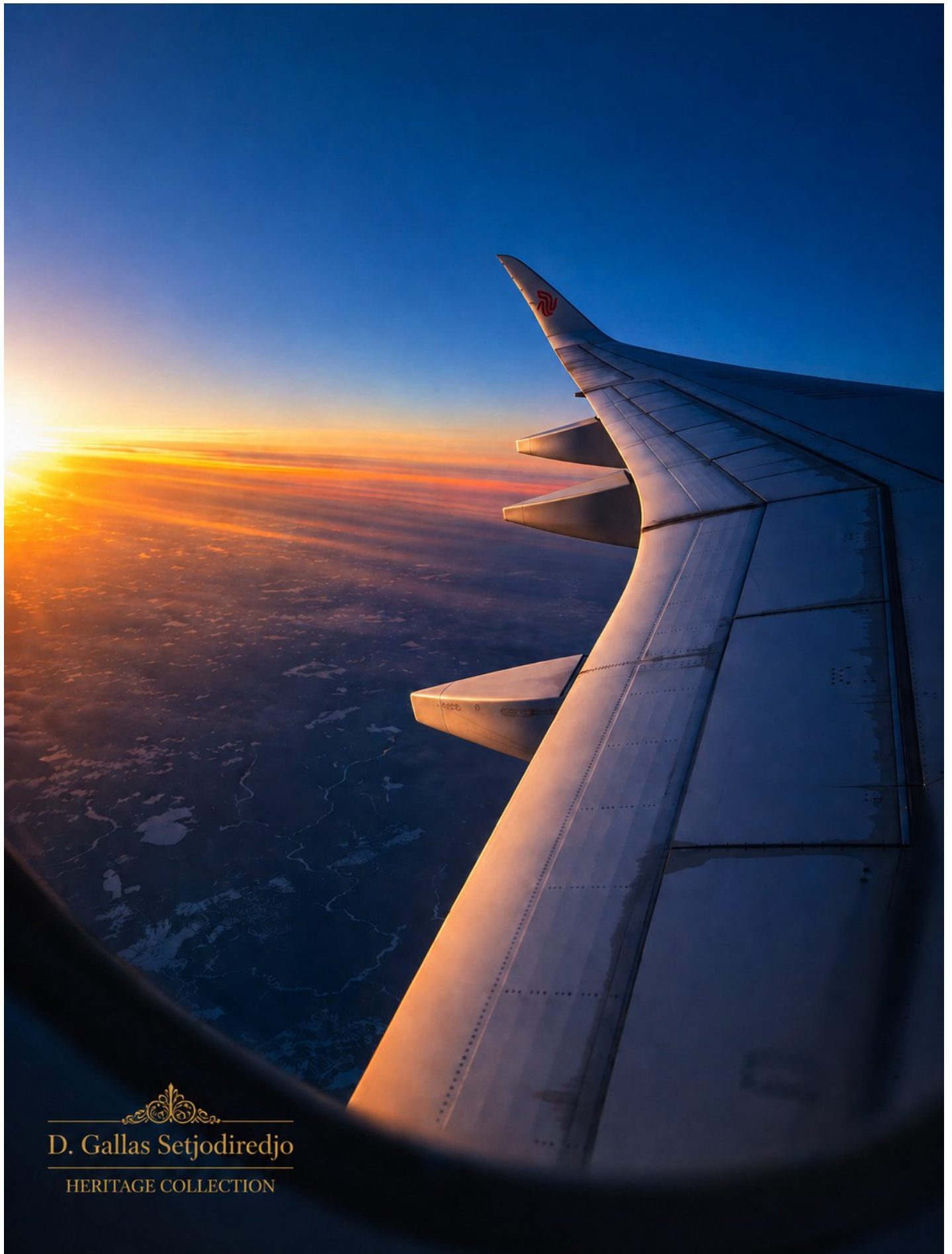
Perhaps that is what memory truly is:

not the return of what once was,
but the revealing of what never truly left.

And so we keep looking.

*Through a lens,
through ourselves,
through everything that shaped us
without our knowing.*

**Until the moment
we are no longer searching
but remembering.**




D. Gallas Setjodiredjo
HERITAGE COLLECTION

Taipei