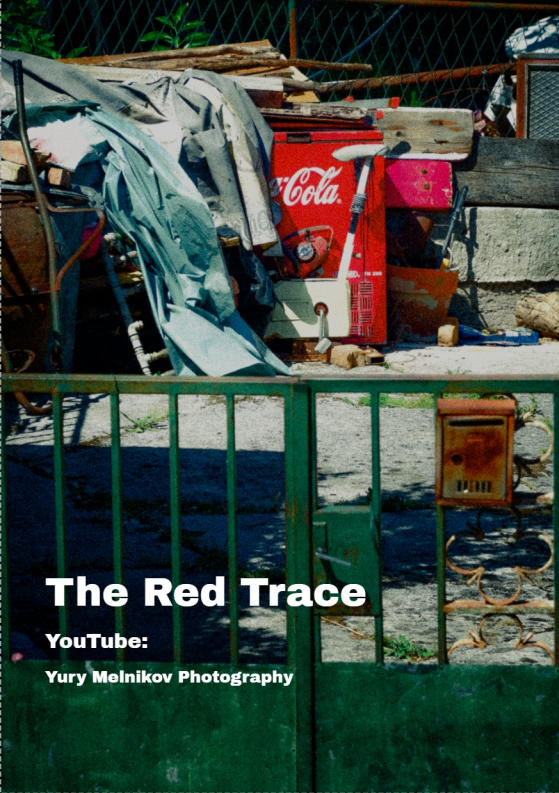


The red trace changes scale,
shrinking to the size of a metal
lid.
The global brand is present even
where a person tries to hide from
it—in a moment of absolute
peace.

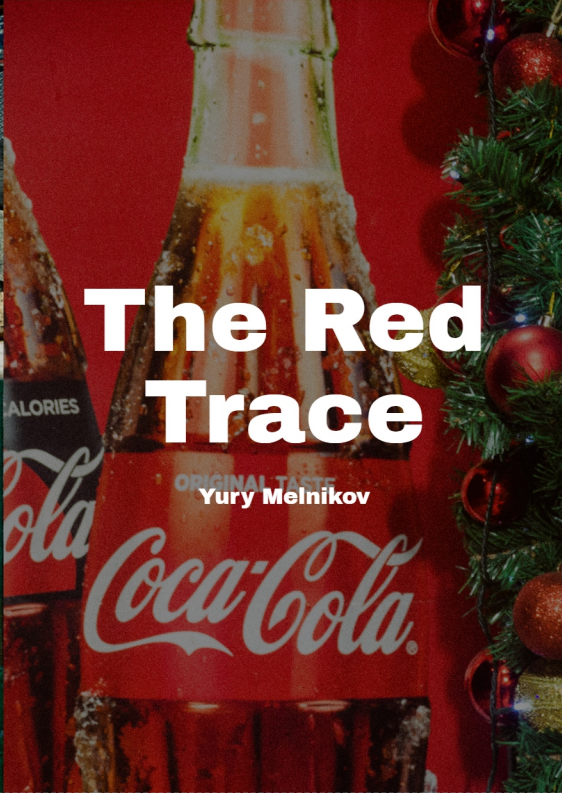


The panel brutalism of the
Balkans is a manifesto of
functionality, where there is no
room for superfluous decoration.
But the color red found a weak
spot—it occupied the first floor,
promising magic.



The Red Trace

YouTube:
Yury Melnikov Photography



An old stone, a dead vine, and an
empty café terrace, frozen in
anticipation of a human. And
amidst this texture of time, an
indelible, garish marker that
refuses to age.

