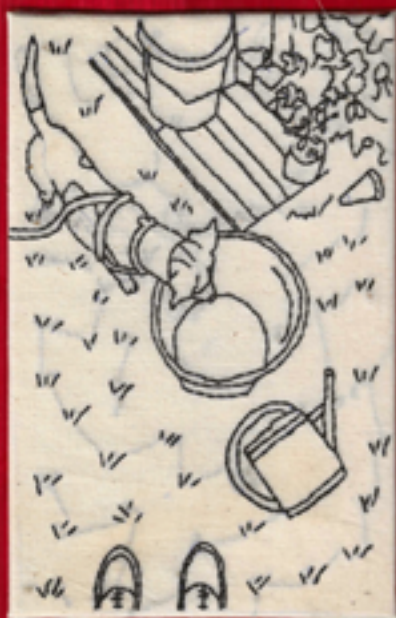


BIBLIOTHÈQUE INTÉRIEURE



THOMAS RENWART



THE INNER LIBRARY

ELISA MOSCH

There are places within us that are silent. Places where memories rest like books. Some are heavy, others delicate; some carry the dust of years, others still smell of the moment they were written. Books about the companions on our journey. Books about symbols we associate with moments that hurt us, helped us, shaped us, wounded, held, and healed us.

And if our lives were to write our stories — what would they look like? What would it feel like to wander through our memories, the good and the painful, as though walking along the shelves of a library?

In this *bibliothèque intérieure* — the inner library — past and present meet.

For artist Thomas Renwart, the *bibliothèque intérieure* is such a place. He weaves his experiences, stitching them into fabric with his hands, just like the moments that have burned themselves into his memory and heart. He invites us to wander through it, feeling his way along shelves of remembrance, love, loss, and rediscovery. He allows us to feel what it is like to search for belonging — to feel different, to hope for a place in the world, and then to give that place to oneself by knitting an inner home. His work is the weaving of these fragments.

A poetic process in which threads become sentences and fabrics become pages.

The woven pieces speak of origin, of familial and cultural heritage, of that greater story that carries us all. The embroidered works, in contrast, turn inward: they tell of vulnerability, intimacy, and the urge to reassemble oneself in fine lines.

Here, weaving is not merely craft — it is writing by other means. A textile orthography of memory. Each stitch is a word, each thread a thought, etched into the surface and carried into its depths. These textures are not just surfaces. They are sediments: layers of emotion, trauma, tenderness, and hope.



Because we are as much as the content that makes us. Our library is within. It is our lived experience, our understanding, our secret hiding place, the place we retreat to when the outside world becomes too much, or when we encounter things that bring memories back. Then, we have the chance to look — to look at the shelves, to write or reread the books that hurt. But with the reward that what we write into them has found a safe place.

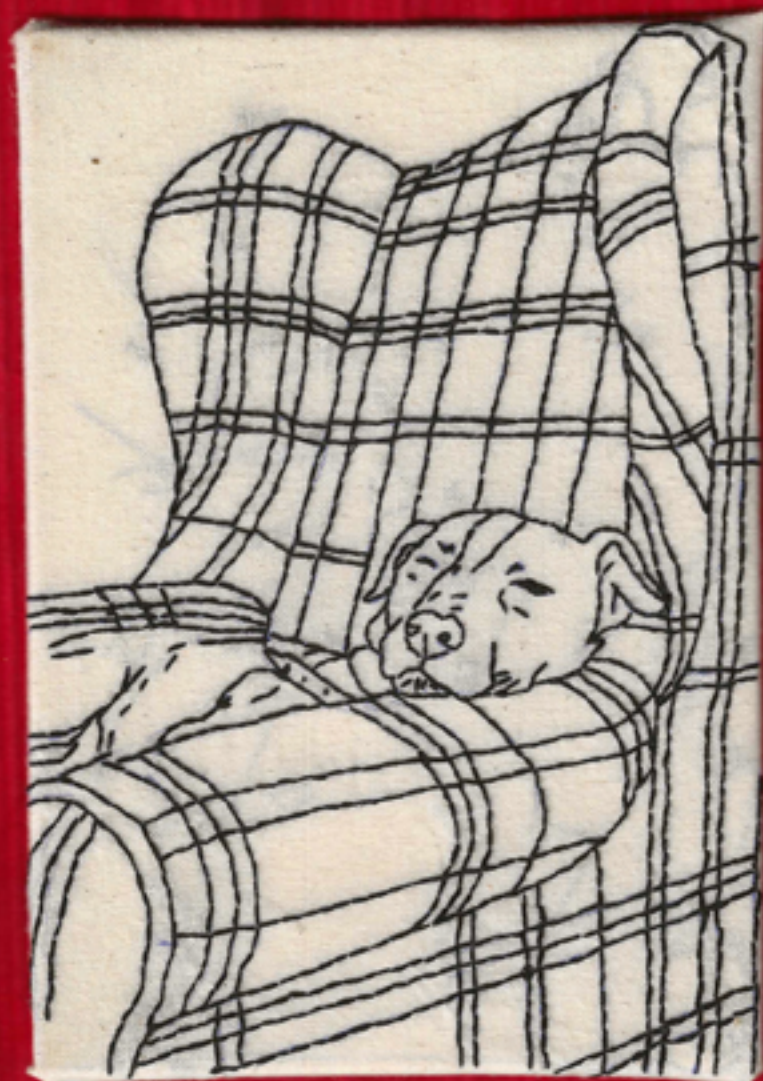
A place we can name.
A place with a title and a plot, and an ending.
Perhaps even a lesson.

Our inner library gives us understanding, of this world, of ourselves. It is the wisdom we have written ourselves, simply by being and by living. Renwart's works in *bibliothèque intérieure* are spaces of reconciliation. They extend an invitation to descend into our own libraries, to touch what has been suppressed, to recognize what is healing. He reminds us that we do not only read the stories that make us — we continue writing them. And that every thread, every scar, every gesture is part of a greater fabric: life itself, which continuously spins itself from pain and gentleness.

Perhaps, in the end, what remains is nothing more than a gesture of tenderness. A quiet flicker between past and present. A moment of inner peace, as delicate as the fabric memory is made of.











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This book is one of thirty.
A small inner library of memories,
threads of a life, woven into paper.

It reminds us that life itself is bound in stories,
and that you are written into your own
bibliothèque intérieure.

As you write and rewrite, each page mirrors the
flicker of a lifetime.
Take it as a love letter to your inner library —
for you are its author, too.