

Thresholds

A distant image



Until light arrives



Of Other Days (Home)

Isabell Alexandra Meldner

Standstill is endless
And arises

Passing time becomes past time
In the experience of duration

A simultaneity

Of here and there

Far and close

Space has time within.

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Produced over the course of a three-week masterclass in documentary photography, Thresholds is an artistic reflection on beginnings and endings and the states that lie in between.

It's a visual meditation of wandering paradigms. Negotiating the space between the physical and the whimsical, it is both a mirror into our own subconscious borderlines as much as it is about our surroundings.

Laura El-Tantawy
Guest Professor, HfBK 2023.

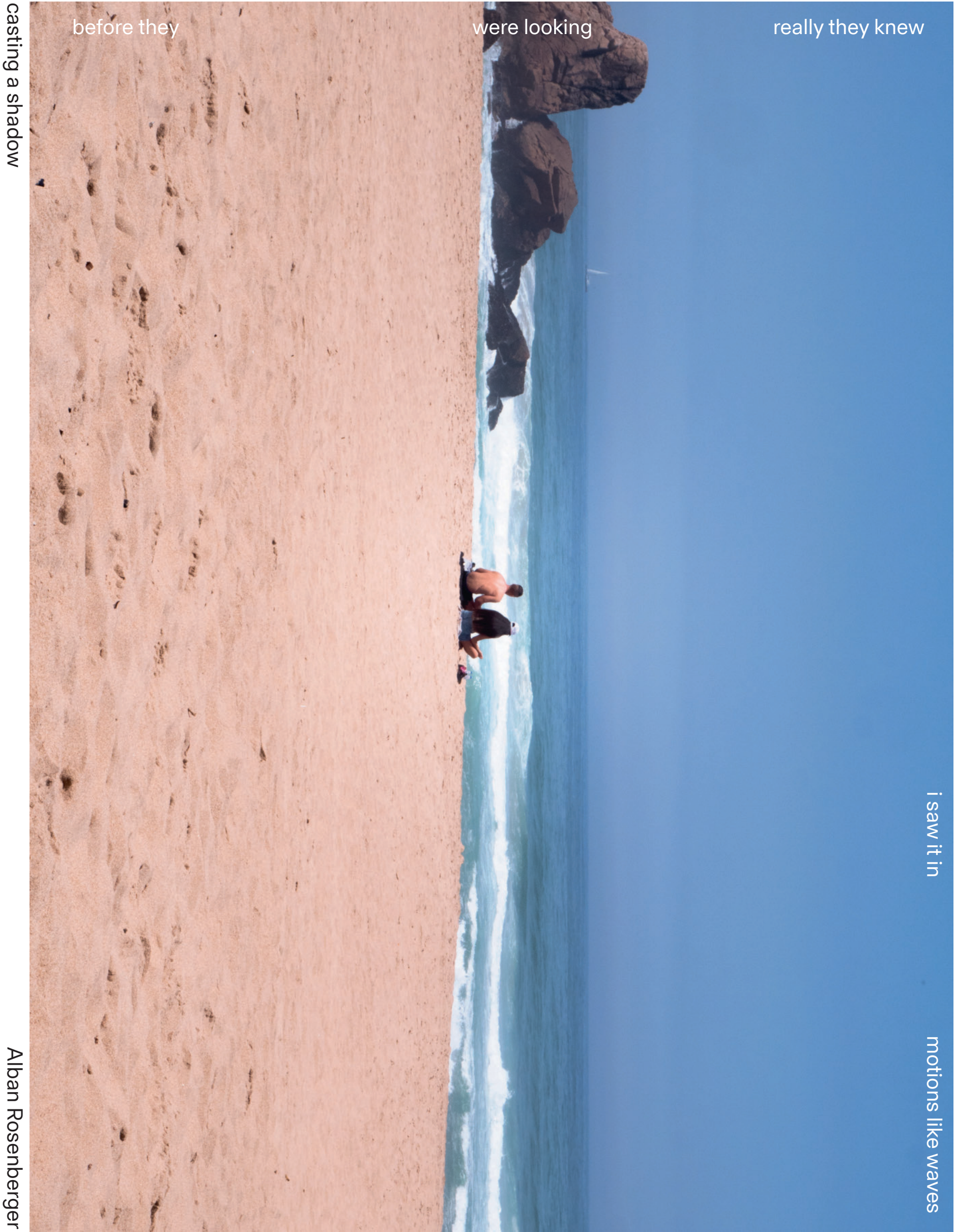


Day in the life

Elena Dratva

I am present day I am present night. Don't feel like the wobbly knees have deeper meaning than the white skies. I am empathetic with the things around me because this is who we are. This is who I am. Don't try to make me feel alone. The conscious stream of days feels like my conscious dream of life. I want you in my mind. Be invited and invade. Be invited I invade. Make space, this is my gift and I gift it to you: this is for me & this is for you. I won't be clearer than the freshly wiped screen, the superficial rash is my artistry. I have thought of this lately. The conscious stream of days feels like my conscious dream of life. I break out in language. The casualties feel casual now.

The image is the outcome of my walks around the city of Dresden.
My vision of the inner-outer world, inside and outside the photo-graphic lens, where the line between the two is disappearing. On some days the images portrayed are the mirror of our feelings and at other times it is an unexpected scene that changes our mood.



Where are we now
and how did we end
up here?

The world's in a rush. The ticking
of the clock is getting louder and
louder, moments are shorter and
feelings are getting mixed up. Mutual
relationships fade, encounters
becoming complicated. Days are
getting longer.

The fragility of beginnings and endings.
Bringing together the simplicity of
moments in capturing the interplay of
light and darkness.
Light takes center stage as shadows
change shape and form. Simplicity is
lost.

Where are we now and can we still
come closer as it disappears?

Can we come closer as it disappears
Clara Magdalena Brückmann



They are colourful ghosts, to whose shadows we cry hysterically, predators of our kind. In the skies, they lurk or hide in bushes. Flowers remain unvisited, their seeds longing for someone else's foot, a ghost's hindlimb. Ghosts that sing eerie songs, melodies forgotten. All that remains are lifeless negatives.

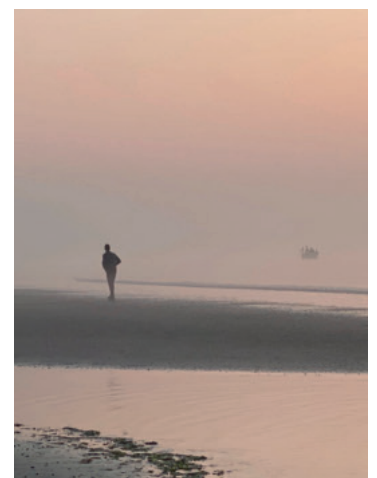
Hou Ching





Liminare

Daniela Aurora Echevarria



What is the limit and the start of a country?
 Liminare is an always unstable space ready to spill into something different.
 It is ambiguous not only because I can not really understand where it starts and it ends, but also because it is part of two.
 When I am in there I am in balance between two spaces.
 The island of Madonna del Monte, an abandoned island in Venice, is a liminal space.
 When I enter there I am exploring the place between water and soil.
 It is not really part of the city, a place without utility, it is just there, it exists for itself.
 This island represents for me the fact of being in between borders, between spaces, between countries. Living and staying in the liminal space, with all its potential of being always flowing and changing.



‘Endless is the duration of sleep’

Stefan Kovačević

how to tell

dirt dream
wide dust
butter fly
sugar lickin
warm tongue

errorroutine



lets call a heart a heart
" " a brain a brain
dont call ~~the~~ a mind insane



fall in love with each oth
~~each in love with each oth~~
blow/dry each others hair

help me
hurt me



feed me,
eat me

the music
i'm happy
say no more

easy
wild
light
dont pretend

1221 # pigeon eats cherry

c. sun

wild quinge
like bloo^d