

URBANOLEPTIC Little Treatise
Topics, tips, trivia...

Daily paragraph

Daily photos for 60 days. A personal carnival. I simply gather documentary material for two months without planning any definite number of images a day or any particular corner of the city or other places. I dream the image of those days that guide our interior steps and try not to fix any condition anymore. I scan the time flow and its daily happenings. I write some paragraphs every day about my quotidian experiences, when they exist or when they deserve to be recorded. No 'croquies dramatiques', I simply put in some images the roads that I take, intricately linked, of course, to the city I live in experiencing this never-ending winter.

All these make up rather some sort of a scrapbook than a diary. And all of them are placed under the particular sign of 'pictorial prêt a porter', 'ready made' artifacts...

>>

Without sunlight the walls seem dead and bitter. It's so sad when you can't find the shadow of things or of all living creatures. Without shadow anything is lacking light and can't get any glittering, the moments themselves are all the same, estranged in their turn. The streets and walls lose their marks and get paralyzed in the dark. So everything is bathing within this uselessness, banality, having the monochrome aura of anthologized mediocrity. In this bathroom made up of identical signs the tub is stuck with recurring images, with typified examples and notions of certain „specific-site” wearing the costume of traditional folklore. Chronic banality (or all the habits and creeds) must be put into the abyss.

>>

He threw away all the weight of these images into the abyss and, in order to be able to move on with a clear mind without any danger of losing direction, he found his refuge in the imagination. So he made his way among many kinds of dream-like images and felt at ease. Then he skipped „picture-esque” detail for the „genuine images” and felt even better.

>>

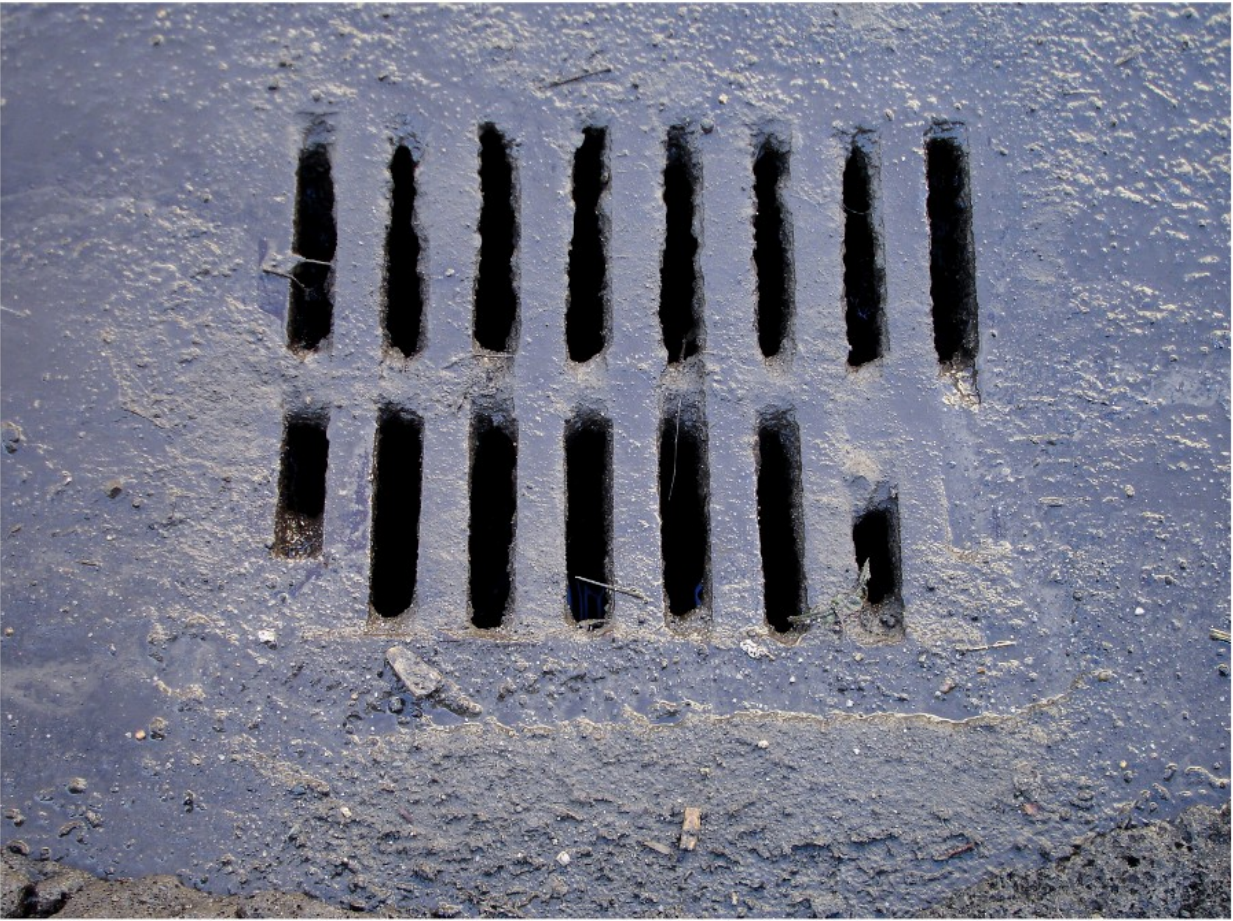
UrbanoKraft. When you go by the city streets with a camera you get to know yourself pretty well. Naturally, all the reactions gather spontaneously and one after the other especially when you use to pass several times by the same places. This way the crust of the offended real comes into being. The images that get through you use to consummate you little by little, so slowly. They destroy all your energy, destroying then all the details. And the mutual action is true, too. All aberrations offered to your sense of sight and the aggressiveness of bad taste organized by the poverty market make you feel depressed. FACTOMATS! - 'Acts from Facts.'

'The banners' of reality are ridiculous in a perfectly organized way. International Festival of Pork Stew, the first fair of weddings and gastronomy / Simba-Horeca... *You play and win, man!*

There's not too much to be done now.

I sort images rather cynically and in cold blood. I build them using 'Kodak moments & Icy Snapshuts', in a personal and schizoid selection.

And yet reality is not a Photoshop application!





VERGISS
MEIN