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Baraklianou, Stella

Picture from window

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This issue is the first to have a theme (Nothing). It is also the first time that visual artists - along with photographers - contribute their work, following an invitation by this issue’s editor Areti Leopoulou, a curator at the Thessaloniki Center of Contemporary Art.

The next issue (wip9) will be edited by photographer and curator Stergios Karavatos.

The following issue (wip10) will be edited by photographer John Stathatos on the subject of landscape in all its aspects. Those interested can find some references in the blog Dry Light stathatos.blogspot.com. Deadline for this issue: September 15th, 2010.

Simos Saltiel
June 2010

Αυτό το τεύχος είναι το πρώτο που έχει κεντρικό θέμα (Τί ή ναι). Επίσης είναι η πρώτη φορά που συμμετέχουν -έκτος από φωτογράφους- καλλιτέχνες από τον ευρύτερο χώρο των εικαστικών τεχνών μετά από πρόσκληση της επιμελήτριας του τεύχους Αρετής Λεοπούλου, επιμελήτριας του Κέντρου Σύγχρονης Τέχνης Θεσσαλονίκης.

Το επόμενο τεύχος (wip9) θα επιμεληθεί ο φωτογράφος και επιμελητής Στέργιος Καράβατος.

Το μεθεπόμενο τεύχος (wip10) θα επιμεληθεί ο φωτογράφος Γιάννης Σταθάτος με θέμα το Το πή σε όλες τους εκφάνσεις. Κάποιες από αυτές (όχι φυσικά όλες) μπορούν οι ενδιαφερόμενοι να δουν στο blog Dry Light stathatos.blogspot.com. Υλικό για αυτό το τεύχος μπορεί να αποσταλεί μέχρι 15 Σεπτεμβρίου 2010.

Σίμος Σαλτιέλ
Ιούνιος 2010
Decades have passed since John Cage let the sound of absolutely nothing become his well-known composition* 4’33”. Over time the idea of “nothing,” of the vacuum or similar absolute concepts, meant a promise of unlimited freedom or created fear of an impenetrable emptiness. It is inevitable: the idea of nothing perplexes us greatly. And this feeling does not change despite our familiarity with abstract art or minimalism. Furthermore this perplexity makes for a perfectly reasonable thought: how can one deal with something indefinable, but existent? And especially the photographer’s camera, how can it capture nothing? It is accepted: “nothing” is an overpowering, flattening notion. Perhaps because we cannot cope with the idea of unlimited freedom.

Within this context, and by examining the ongoing projects of artists and photographers, we worked with Simos Saltiel on the concept of wip8, entitled “Nothing”.

In this issue the projects create series, or dipoles, of thoughts and images. Maybe they do not mean anything to certain people, while others may perceive them as treasures. Those individual components of each “nothing” led us to select specific images for this issue. And through the works emerged small units, small virtual dialogues on common or different conundrums.

Sometimes the images deconstruct history and its findings (Giabouldaki, Makri). Sometimes they are personal stories of happiness (Casco) or loneliness (Baraklianou).
Άλλοτε πρόκειται για εικόνες που αποδομούν την ιστορία -και τα ευρήματά που αφήνει πίσω της- και συμπληρώνουν το παζλ της ζωής (Γιαμπουλντάκη, Μακρή). Άλλοτε πρόκειται για προσωπικές ιστορίες ευτυχίας (Casco) ή μοναξιάς (Μπαρακλιάνου), που ο φωτογραφικός φακός τις «καίει» σε μία λυτρωτική διαδικασία συναισθηματικής αποσυμπίεσης. Παρακολουθούμε το αστικό τοπίο και τα αρχιτεκτονικά κενά της καθημερινότητας (Ράκκας, Κάντας, Waissa, Παρθενάκη). Αντικρίζουμε το μηδενιστικό lifestyle, το κοινωνικό τίποτα που επιβάλλει συγκεκριμένες φόρμες επιβίωσης, διαβίωσης και αντιμετώπισης της ζωής (Ripps, Kalos & Klio), αλλά αντικρίζουμε και τις εικόνες της ανθρώπινης ανάγκης να αφεθείς στο τίποτα (Molterer) ή να το κοιτάξεις κατάματα (Μπίσυλλα). Βλέπουμε μεγεθυμένα τα απομεινάρια μας, ένα ακόμη στάδιο του τίποτα (Μούχα, Πασχαλίδου). Και τελικά, συναντούμε το φόβο ή και την ανάγκη -μεταφυσική, αλλά και τόσο ανθρώπινη- να αντιμετωπίσουμε ό,τι παραμένει άγνωστο και ανερμήνευτο (Σβορώνου, Λάμπρου).

Ελπίζω αυτές οι εκδοχές του κενού να αφήνουν χώρο για το καινό και να μας βοηθήσουν να αντιληφθούμε το σημαντικότερο: το συμπέρασμα ότι για όλους μας, ακόμη και το τίποτα, σημαίνει κάτι.

I hope these observations of emptiness may leave room for innovation. After all, in the Greek language the words empty (κενός) and innovative (καινός) sound exactly the same. I also hope this linguistic coincidence could help us acknowledge what is most important: that even nothing means something.

I would like to thank all the artists and photographers who sent material for the issue of wip8, whether or not it was published, and last but not least Simos Saltiel for his trust and for the excellent collaboration.

Areti Leopoulou

* 4’33”: Composition of 1952 by John Cage (1912-1992), for any kind of musical instrument (or combination of instruments), in which the performers play nothing over the course of the piece [see en.wikipedia.org/wiki/4’33», and www.youtube.com/watch?v=hUJagb7hL0E]
Findings Ευρήματα
With this on going photo-collage series, I am trying to build a political and historical stratigraphy. In the passage of time the images of history that remain become monuments of political flattening.

In these collages, I’m playing by putting "patches" on old photos, which can be found easily in flea markets; Who could imagine that these photos could turn into a cheap consumer product!

With my intervention, these photos become preys in order to reflect the irony, the comedy as well as the tragedy and the abasement of historical facts that people try to forget.
Mr. Delacroix greets Mrs. Haro and asks her to prepare for him six containers of blanc de plomb, 6 of jaune de Naples, 2 of ocre jaune, 2 of cobalt, 2 of noir de pêche, all of them more fluid than usually. He’ll certainly come by to get them tomorrow morning at seven.

Eugène Delacroix, October 29, 1827

Teta Makri, an artist of the canvas, a supporter of Western painting, having spent many years in order to understand the difference in the trace left by a round from a flat brush, the difference between noir de bougie and noir d’ivoire, admits that she succumbed to the use of other media, that imply images and promise the joy of their fast realization because the need for dialogue-communication, or even for a monologue-whisper, becomes increasingly urgent. However, she still remains a prisoner of her own fascination for Painting, to whose ingratitude she perpetually returns.

Teta Makri, April 29, 2010

The Τέτα Μακρή, για τη δυτικοευρωπαϊκή ζωγραφική, έχοντας αναλώσει χρόνια για να κατανοήσει τη διαφορά του ίχνους που αφήνει ένα στρογγυλό από ένα πλακέ πινέλο, τη διαφορά ανάμεσα στο noir de bougie και το noir d’ivoire, ομολογεί ότι ενέδωσε στη χρήση άλλων μέσων, που υπογραφούνται εικόνες και υπόσχονται τη χαρά της γρήγορης πραγματοποίησης, διότι η ανάγκη για διάλογο-επικοινωνία, ή, έστω, μονόλογο-ψίθυρο, γίνεται όλο και πιο ανυπόμονη, παραμένοντας, ωστόσο, αιχμάλωτη της γοητείας που ασκεί πάνω της η ζωγραφική, στης οποίας την αχαριστία, διαρκώς επιστρέφει.

Τέτα Μακρή, 29 Απριλίου 2010
Feeling nothing Συναισθηματικό τίποτα
Happiness

Happiness is a state of mind or feeling characterized by contentment, love, satisfaction, pleasure, or joy.
From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Old pictures from a lost - and found - family album as the remains of a mysterious deflagration. In these pictures - without doubts - my mother and I were immensely happy. But that “photographic happiness” always appears under threat of entire disintegration for the blinding light that seems to go out of my little body.

Ευτυχία

Η ευτυχία είναι μια κατάσταση του νου ή ένα συναισθήμα, που χαρακτηρίζεται από την αίσθηση πληρότητας, αγάπης, ικανοποίησης, ευχαρίστησης, ή χαράς.
Από τη Βικιπαίδεια, την ελεύθερη εγκυκλοπαίδεια

Παλιές φωτογραφίες από ένα χαμένο οικογενειακό άλμπουμ που ξαναβρέθηκε, σαν τα απομεινάρια μιας μυστηριώδους ανάφλεξης. Στις φωτογραφίες αυτές – χωρίς αμφιβολία- η μητέρα μου κι εγώ ήμαστε πάρα πολύ ευτυχισμένοι. Ωστόσο αυτή η «φωτογραφική ευτυχία» φαίνεται να είναι υπό την απειλή ολοκληρωτικής διάλυσης εξαιτίας του εκτυφλωτικού φωτός που θαύμαι από το παιδικό μου σώμα.
This series of images were taken at 1845 Canyon Drive, address of the apartment I lived in Los Angeles, CA in 2009. Outside my window stood this tree. It intrigued me so much that I decided to photograph it over a length of time, that amounted to roughly six months. It was a need I had at the time, to follow the tree in a journalistic style of almost daily entry and log. Day after day the basic structure remained the same, and I was following a set of rules: maintain the same framing, maintain same aperture and capture the tree throughout the day time, from early morning until sunset. From the outset, this artistic activity seemed a banal, boring and repetitive recording, with no interesting outcome. It underlined my mood at the time, where I would spend long hours in my apartment, having no desire to go out or find a more adventurous subject matter. Some days, my role would be to simply maintain the mechanical recording of the set-up. However detached I could become in the process, a strange relationship developed between the camera, myself and this tree. The activity of experimenting with various speeds (over-exposures, under-exposures) lead to some aesthetically interesting results. On windy days, movement was captured with the rustle of the leaves, other days the film barely recorded anything, leaving a trace or ghost of an image, hardly visible, next to nothing. The tree stood there, as a silent witness, to my solitude during a time of recovery. It was an exercise intended to lead me out of my “writer’s block” and find a way to start working again. Then, as quietly as this activity came about, it altogether disappeared for me. All it has left are these photographs of exposure after exposure of just one tree, like a notebook or rough draft. It has no intention of becoming anything else.
Urban vacuum  Αστικό κενό
The "nothing" project came at a strange time and it was a challenge to express something new.

I like to photograph faces. Either real people or faces of toys specifically Playmobil characters which have been my obsession lately.

I believe in the case of these photographed signs, words and letters gave me the ability to create something new for me in the portrait theme which I love so...

*N.O.T.H.I.N.G.*
I frequently photograph intending to tactfully hide "something" that matters to me, in an image seemingly speaking for "nothing" in particular.
These images were taken during my last visit in Europe. It was hard for me to be alone in unknown places, far away from home. I found myself going to empty places where I could daydream about home. Places that could be everywhere. Emptiness, loneliness, alienation and longing were my inspiration for this series that try to fill this nothing... something that words can’t express.
The Boy - fountain of Navarinou square in Thessaloniki is located at a nodal point of the city, centre of attraction of daily routes of its residents. It overlooks the history of the city, in depth of time, with pride. Its function is well known. He urinated his fate, an ultimate action of protesting and defining the space. It does not function anymore. The baton passes to men and those set the border of the square again, the insignificance of frontiers.

Thanasis Hondros and Alexandra Katsiani’s action to reinstate Marcel Duchamp’s urinal, was the starting point that made me understand that irony and sarcasm in art and in life, is a matter of very serious concern.
Social vacuum Κοινωνικό κενό
What is nothing? One man’s nothing is another’s everything. Perhaps it is truly impossible to record nothing, as there is no such thing as nothing?

At first glance, nothing of interest may be apparent, but sometimes if my eye lingers longer, for a reason not clear to me initially, something clicks in my brain- a detail, a pattern, a streak of light, an incongruous element that brings it all together and for me, makes it an interesting scene worthy of capturing. Nothing then becomes something to me.

You may still see nothing, or you may see everything, or you may see something I didn’t see- that is something that I can’t predict, nor would I want to.

— Robert A. Ripp's

Τι είναι το τίποτα; Το τίποτα του ενός είναι τα πάντα του άλλου. Ίσως να είναι πραγματικά αδύνατο να καταγραφεί το τίποτα, μιας και δεν υπάρχει;

Με μια πρώτη ματιά, τίποτα το ενδιαφέρον δεν φαίνεται να υπάρχει, αλλά μερικές φορές αν η ματιά μου σκαλώσει κάπου, για λόγους που δεν κατανοώ αρχικά, κάτι πυροδοτεί τη σκέψη μου - μια λεπτομέρεια, ένα μοτίβο, μια δέσμη φωτός, ένα ξεχωριστό στοιχείο που μεταμορφώνουν το σκηνικό σε κάτι που αξίζει να καταγραφεί. Τότε το τίποτα γίνεται κάτι για μένα.

Μπορεί να εξακολουθείτε να μη βλέπετε τίποτα ή μπορεί να βλέπετε τα πάντα ή μπορεί να βλέπετε κάτι που δεν βλέπω εγώ - αυτό είναι κάτι που δεν μπορώ και δεν θα ήθελα να προβλέψω.

— Robert A. Ripp's
Others in Wonderland is a series of digitally manipulated photographs that merge documentation and fiction.

The outsiders, the homeless, bums and wanderers that roam the city streets transformed into the main characters of a fairy tale world that comes to haunt the idealized desktop wallpaper landscapes commonly found on the web.

Our work in progress addresses notions of displacement in times of uncertainty and conflict through compelling depictions of the nameless almost invisible to our casual gaze Others, visualized as significant protagonists rather than figures of repulsion.

The idealized landscapes create a non-place territory that acts like the enchanting, reassuring, familiar space of protection through the provoking presence, ambiguity and threat projected by the Others.

Others In Wonderland, is an ongoing project planned for an open space public view exhibition at places usually subjugated by advertisement such as bus stops, metro stations and parking lots or any other open space that usually people come across commercial ads.
Remains Απομεινάρια
Is there any value to the things we passing by? The easiness of rejection is an attribute of our times or a command given by our nature? Looking towards the ugliness what a person can discover for oneself? Seeking a contact with what that does not deserve to be photographed, emerges a dialogue with a neglected world that within its eloquent silence awaiting to be heard. Nowadays in the society of abundance, confronted with the beautification, the photograph of “the ugliness”, more present than ever before, attempts to reconcile the modern world Dynamics with her insufficiency towards the Dynamics of time and builds bridges with memento mori (remember that you will die) artistic tradition, developing the modern means, in order to explore exceedingly the well hidden from our eyes world that we reject, the world of abject. Without grandiloquences and intentions of didaktism, having ally the silence, the light, the query, the waiting, the photograph gives the kiss of life in the abject, offering to it one second chance to exist, to be appreciated. Through the present photographic work, are sought the bonds of waste with the human being, his semiotic dimension into the framework of art and his importance in the admission of finite existence.
Photographically, I find myself in the position of the imagemaker and visual storyteller.

I construct ephemeral environments using everyday materials and small-scale objects, which I blow them up through photographic close-ups to convey a sense of an ambiguous, fictitiously “real” environment with its own connotations, tensions and meanings. The materials selected for each one of my series function as models for visual narratives and metaphors.

Maria Paschalidou
Ephemera
Staring at nothing Βλέμμα στο τίποτα
“Artistic deadlock”, or “creativity block” are terms that artists usually use in order to explain the feeling of emptiness. This particular topic is what project Uncore begins to negotiate. It consists of a series of self portraits that refer to commercial artists’ imagery, and iconography of cliché female role playing. A kind of pretended dramatization and the use of masquerade in that work, are the means that invalidate and mock that predicament, making the fear of emptiness more confronted.
Metaphysical nothing Μεταφυσικό τίποτα
The Landscapes Behind
(to mrs P.)

Landscapes behind other landscapes. Landscapes contained by a frame or by the sides of a piece of furniture. Landscapes formed by time, on the walls, hidden. Then one day a house move, a death, a change in the ruthless routine of everyday life reveals them. These are the hidden landscapes, discovered by chance. Ephemeral yet permanent, they are imprints of a human life that were left behind until they disappear under the house painter’s brush. The mark and the object that created it are bound together, just as the photograph cannot exist without the negative.

Between the world and conscience there is nothing, but this nothing is impenetrable... Jean Hyppolite

The Landscapes Behind
(αφιερωμένα στην κα Π.)

Τοπία πίσω από άλλα τοπία. Τοπία που σχηματίζονται από την εξήλθη καρνίζα ενός κάδρου ή τα άκρα ενός επίπλου. Τοπία που ο χρόνος σχηματίζει πάνω στους τοίχους και μένουν εκεί κρυμμένα ώσπου να τα αποκαλύψει κάποτε μια μετακόμιση, ένας θάνατος, μια αλλαγή στην αδυσώπητη ρουτίνα της καθημερινότητας. Αυτά είναι τα κρυμμένα τοπία που κατά τύχη ανακάλυψα. Εφήμερα και όμως τόσο μόνιμα, αποτυπώματα μιας ανθρώπινης ζωής, που έμειναν πίσω για να μας τη θυμίζουν, μέχρι να τα εξαφανίσει η βούρτσα του μπογιατή. Το αποτύπωμα και το αντικείμενο που το δημιούργησε είναι αλληλένδετα, η ύπαρξη του ενός προϋπόθετε το άλλο όπως η φωτογραφία το αρνητικό της.

Ανάμεσα στον κόσμο και στη συνείδηση δεν υπάρχει τόπος, αλλά αυτό το τόπος είναι αδιαπέραστο... Ζαν Ιπολίτ
Nothing and infinity are the same space.
Where they are there is no place to stand.
Its literalism usually hurts.
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