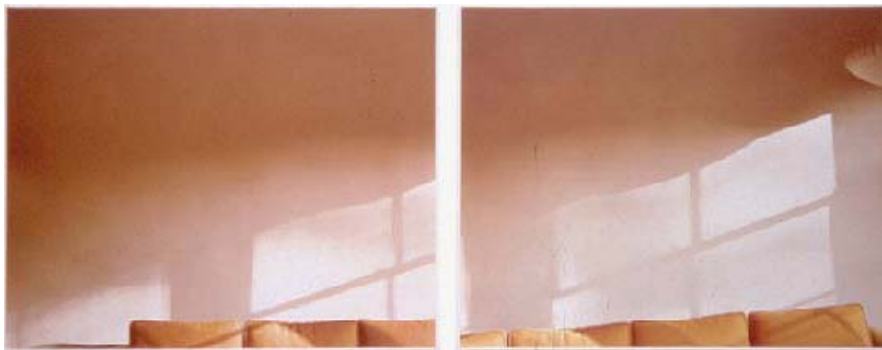


“They quite literally inhabit the space between the viewer and the piece hanging on the wall”
Uta Barth



I never heard of Uta Barth, she's a photographer from Berlin. This was the first picture I saw from here. It reminded me of a rainy day. Where you move over the streets with half closed eyes, protecting them for the rain. Creating these blurry pictures. Looking outside. Drops hitting after each other the glass, rolling slowly down the window. Small rivers appear on the window. The windshield wiper broke down. Fuzzy Images.



The inhabitants left the house already. Empty rooms stayed over, resting in silence, waiting to get occupied again. Only light shines through the window, moving through the silence. Slowly over the wall and floor going outside again. No traces left.



At my parents house. Sitting on the couch in front of the window, staring. Warm and cozy. Outside orange and brown colors moving through the wind it's fall. No work, no duties, no nothing. Thinking off my childhood memories.

For me, here pictures really fit in the slow design project. The blurry series create suggestive images. A unfocused dream world or fuzzy thoughts. Where it isn't really clear what you are seeing, or about to see. Think, or about to think. In-between places.