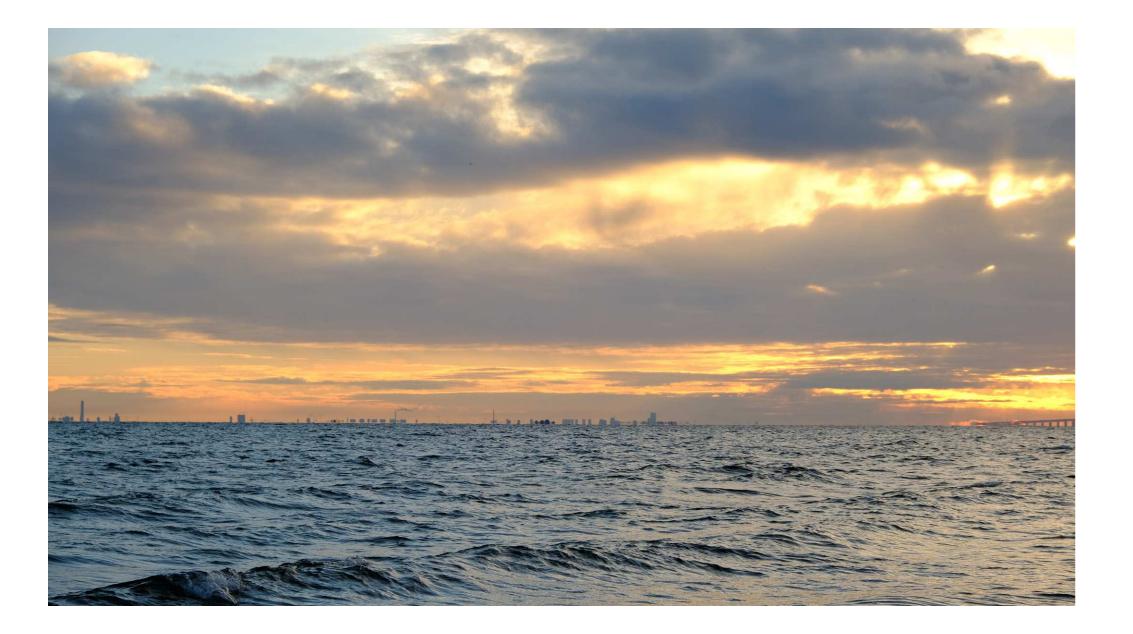
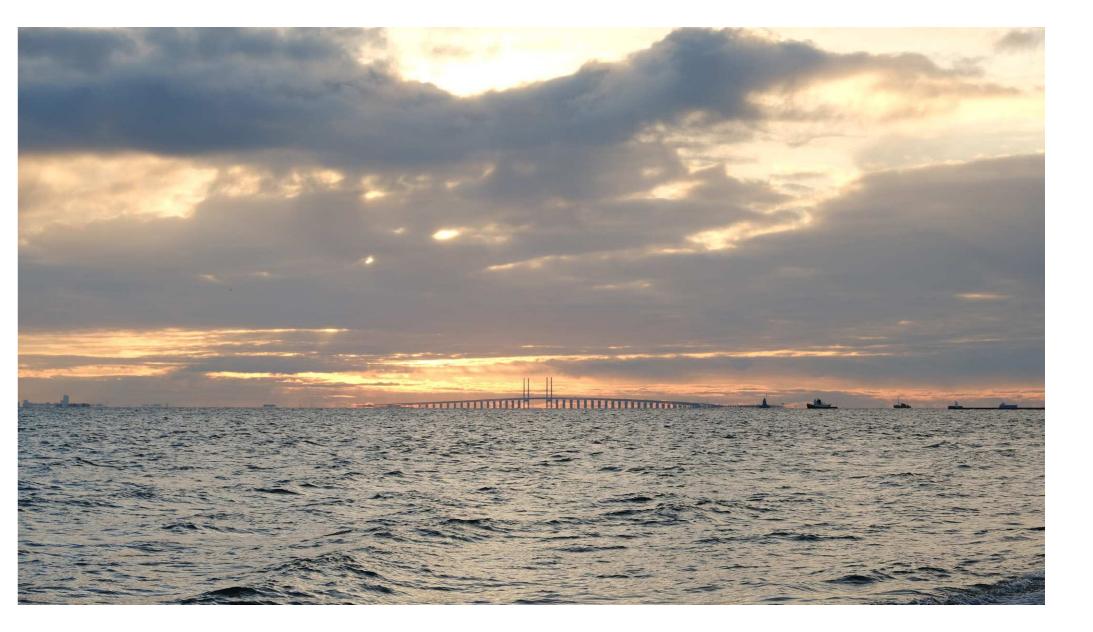


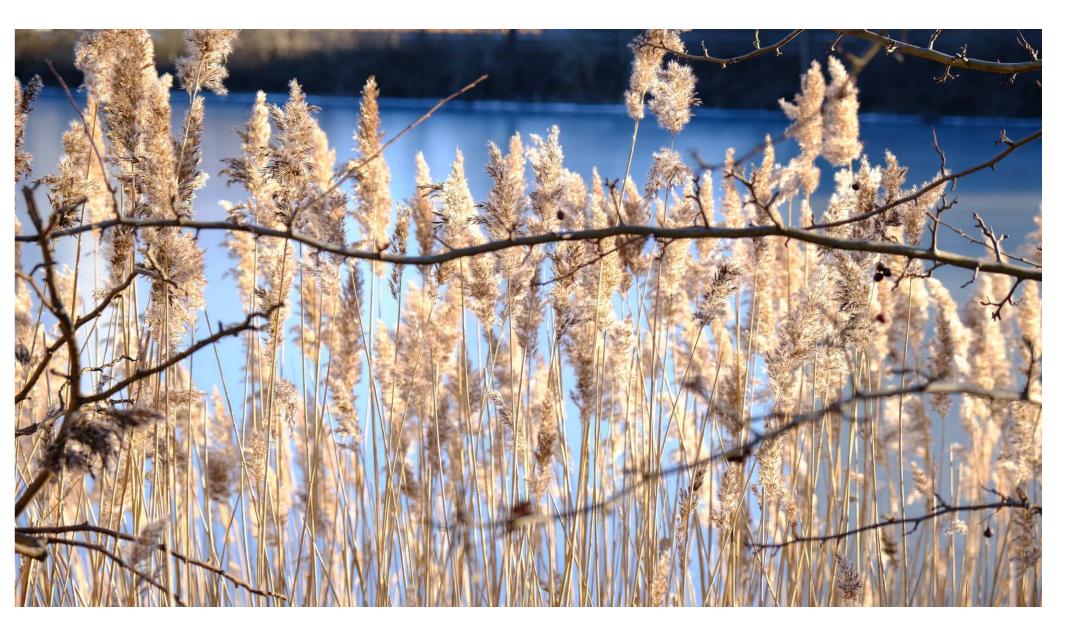
Photography exhibition proposal for Gallery Wärme - Examples of work and concept

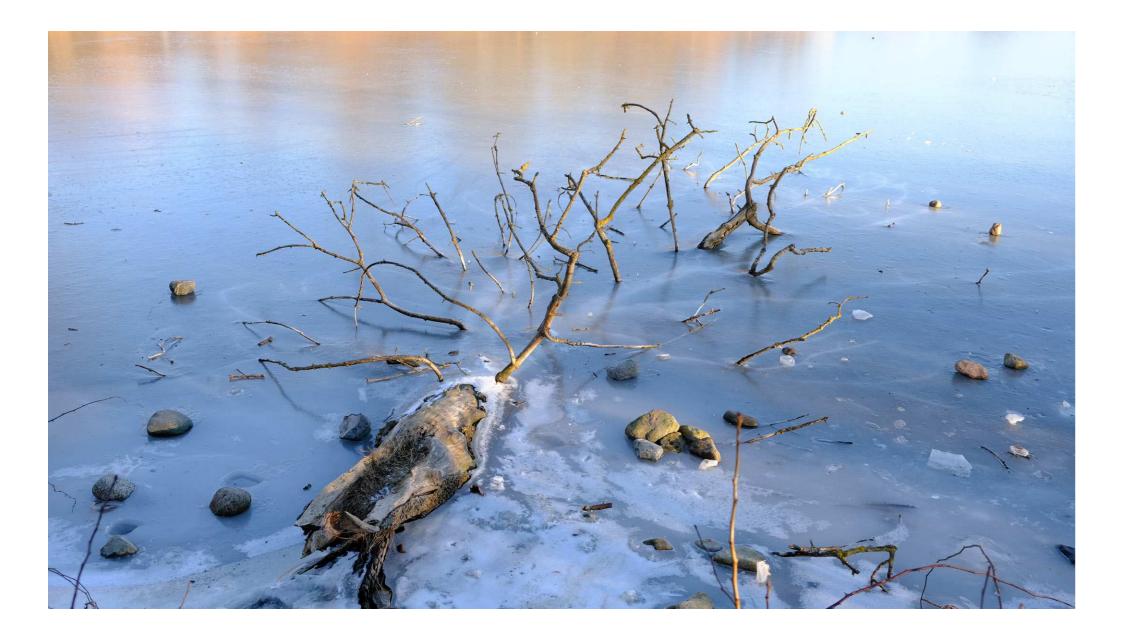


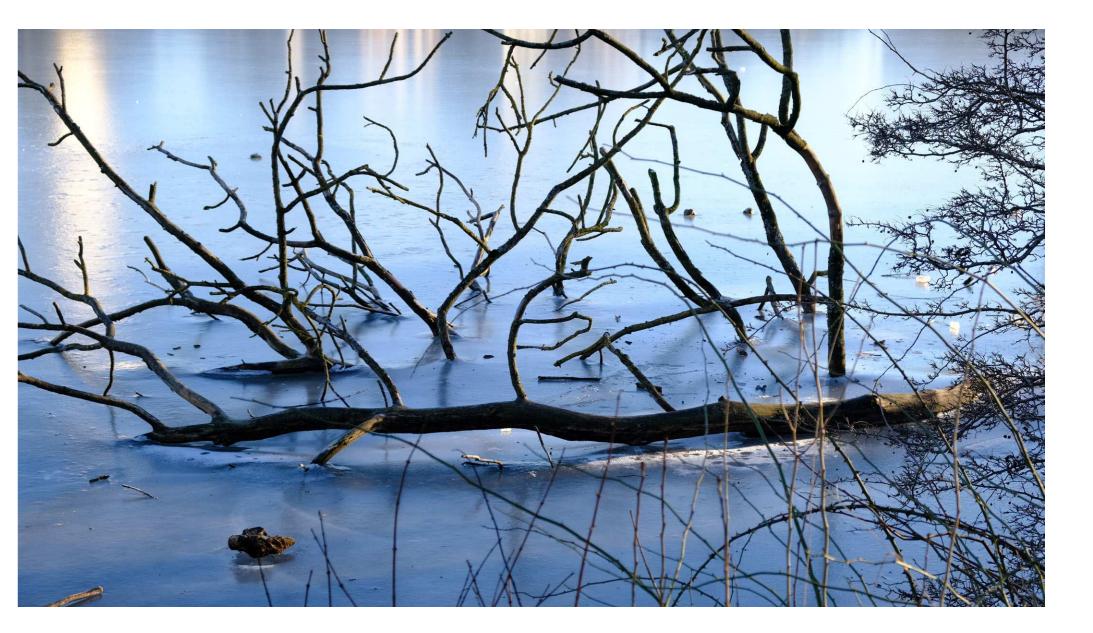




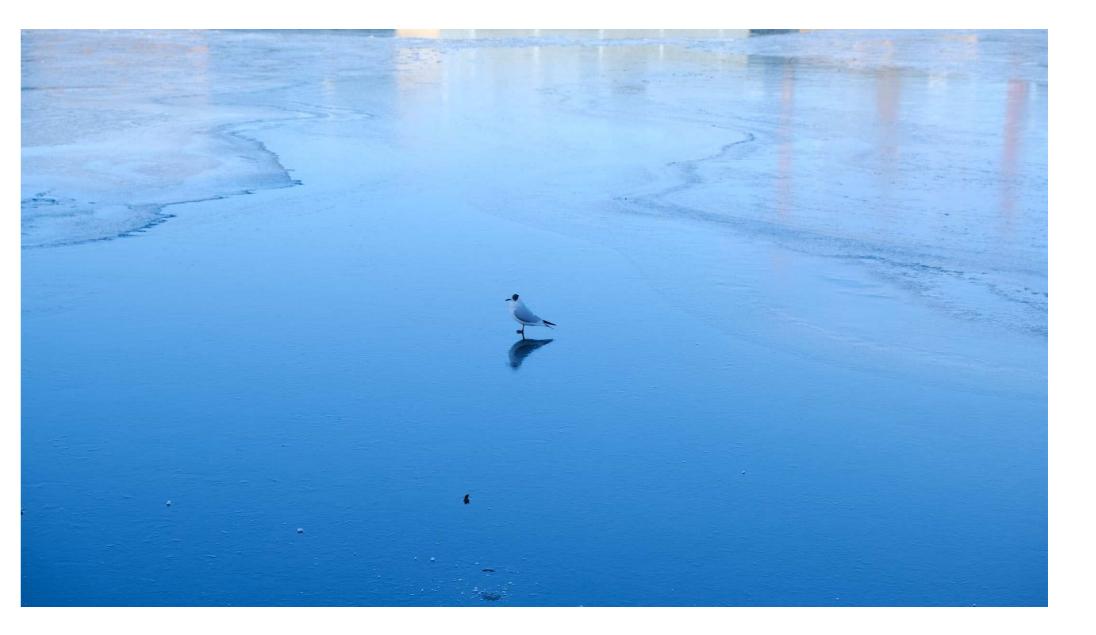




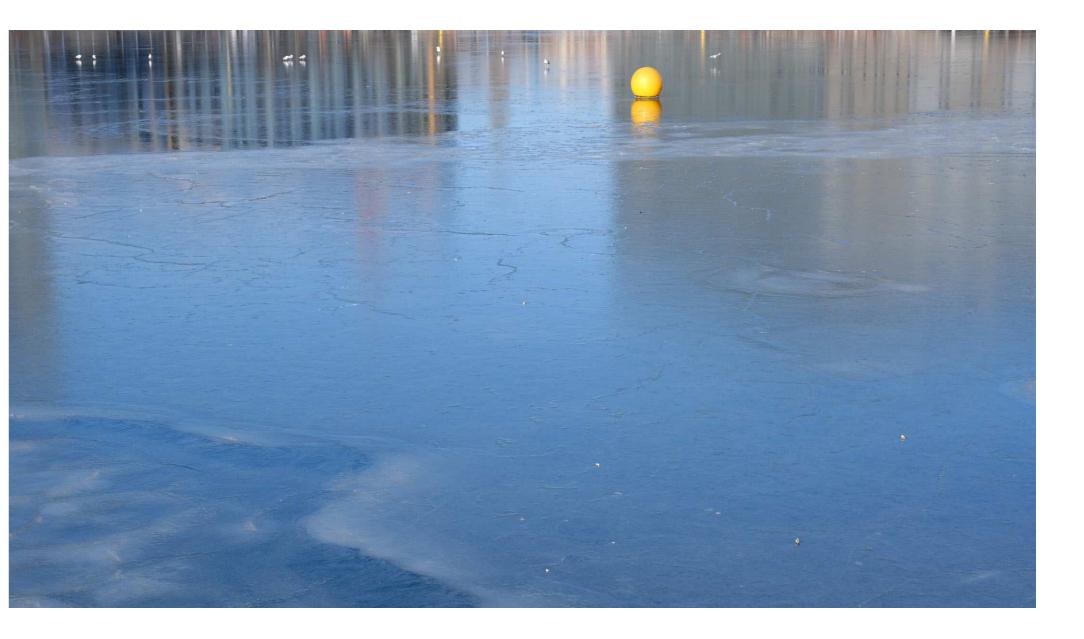


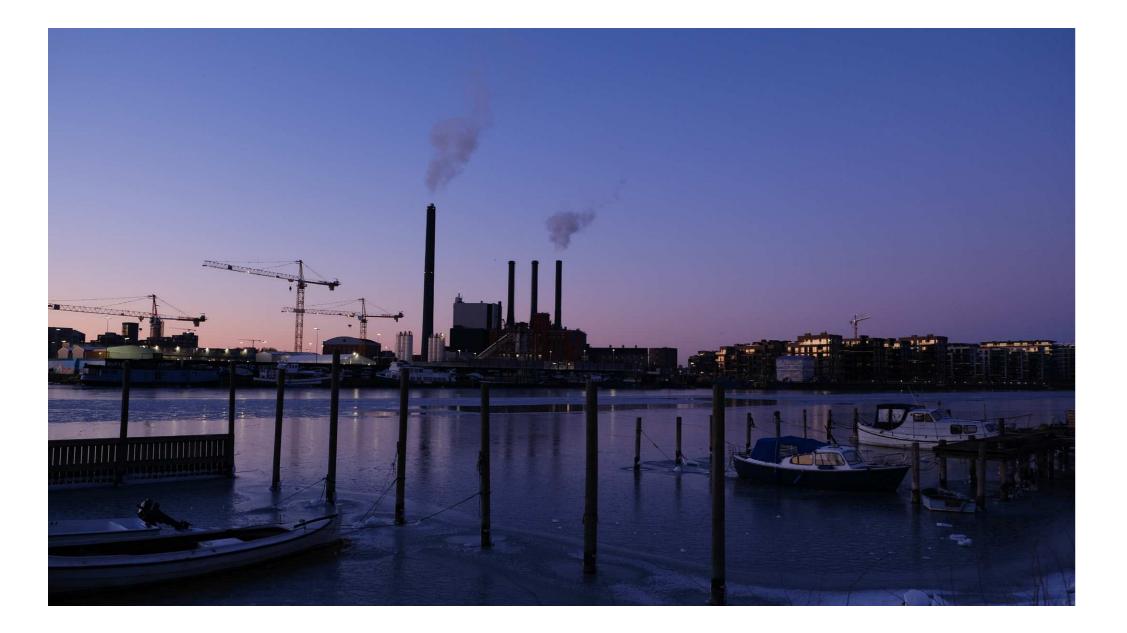


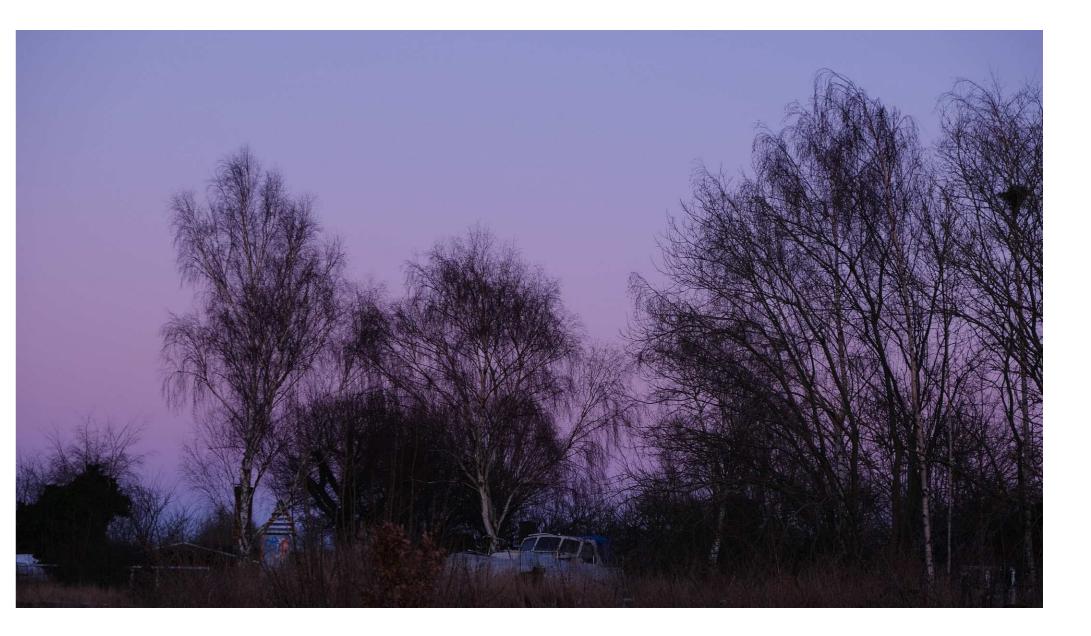


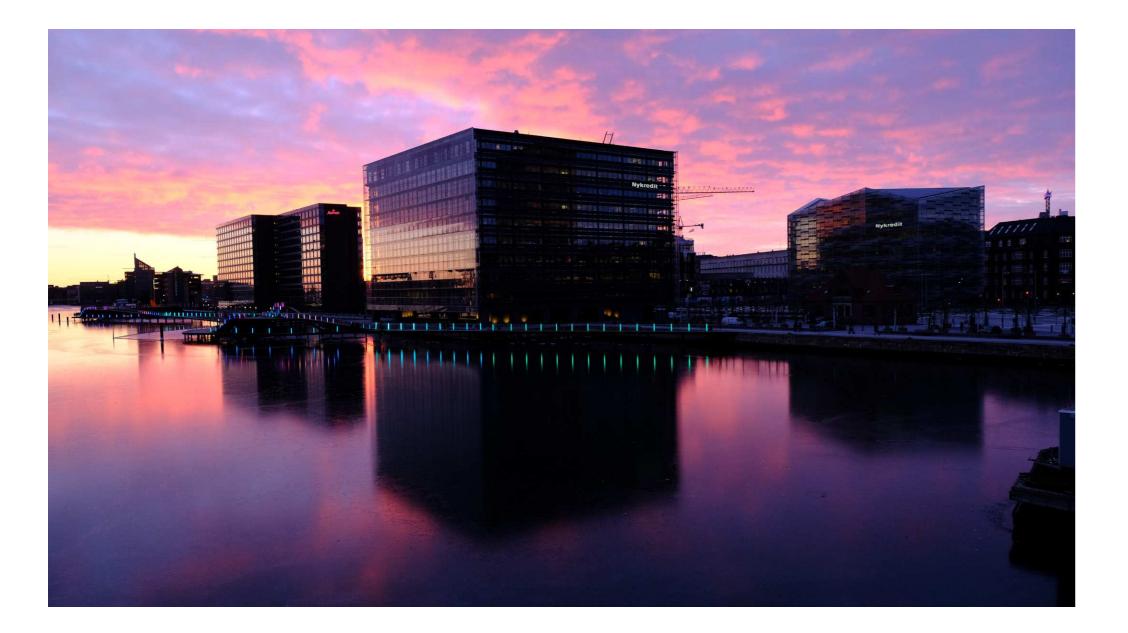


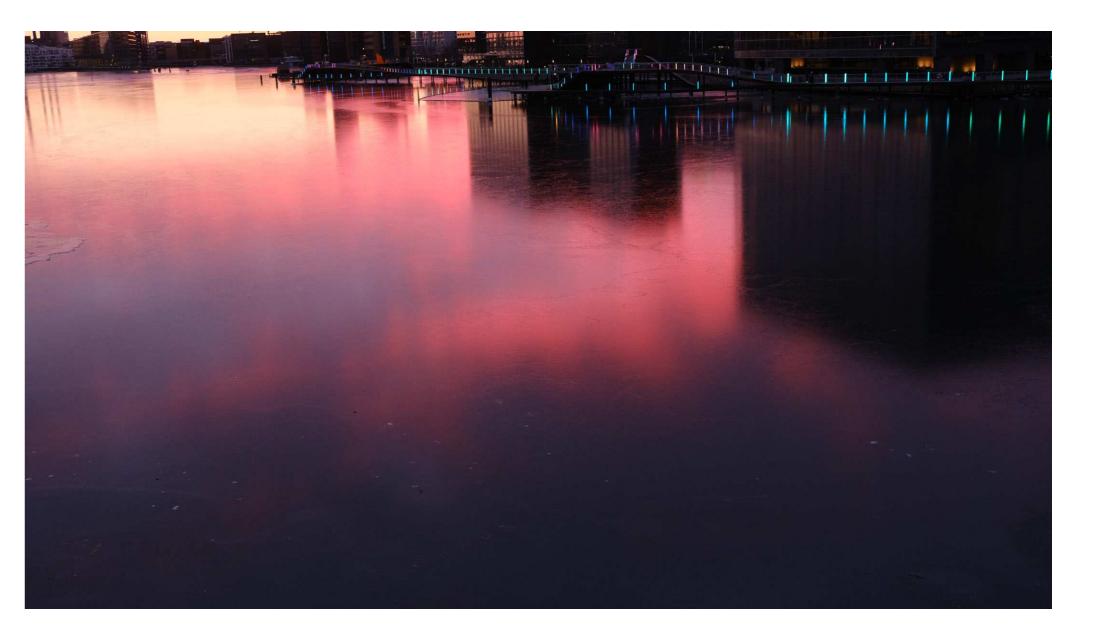


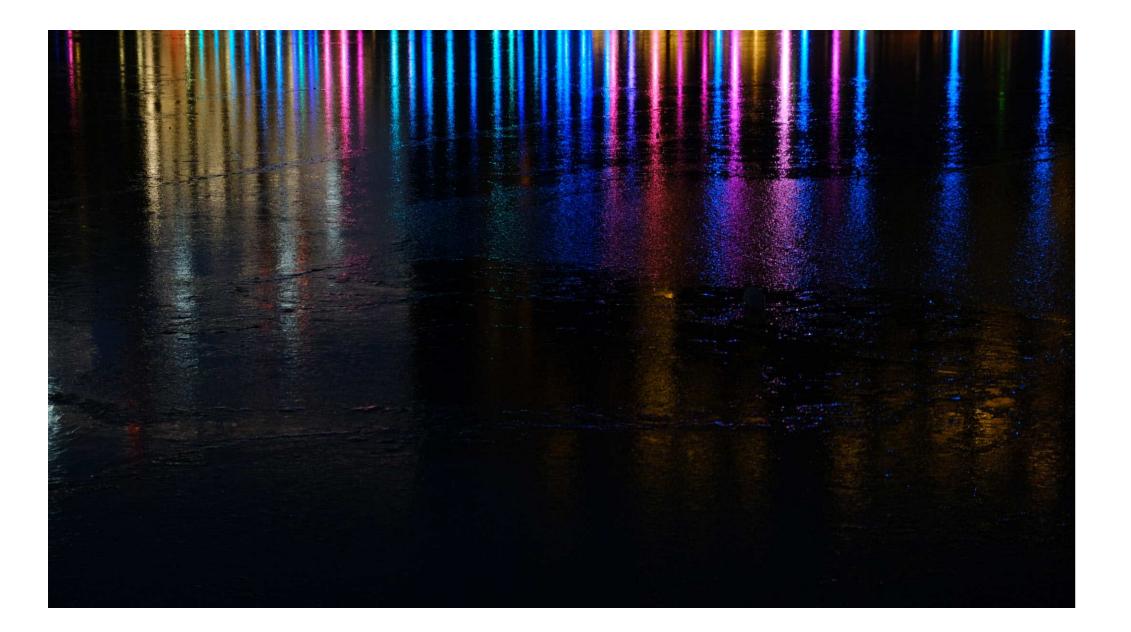


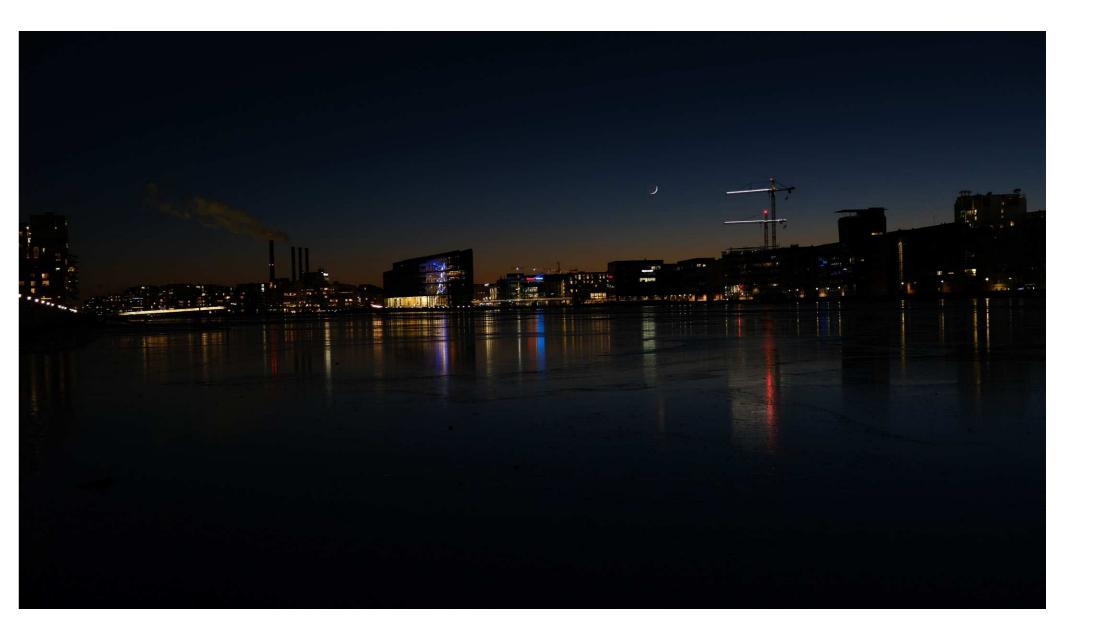


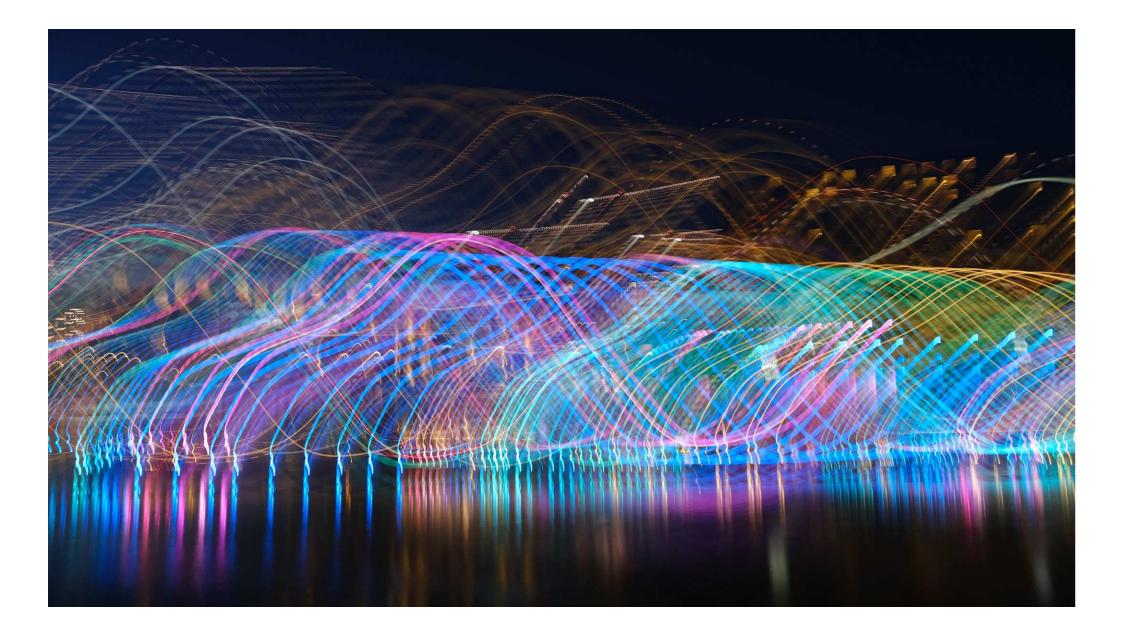


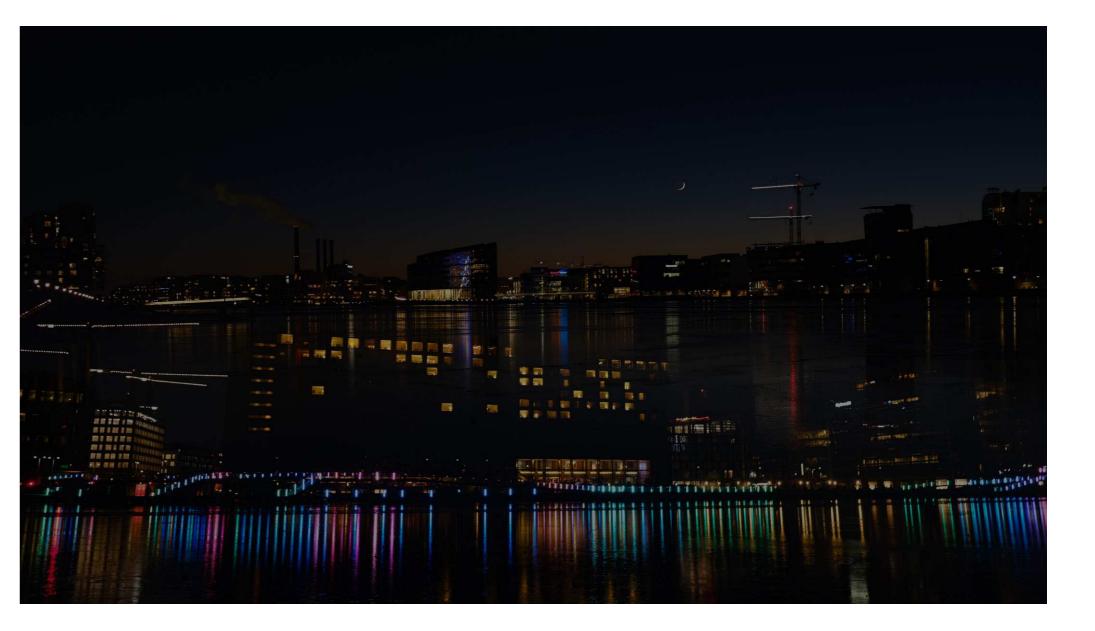












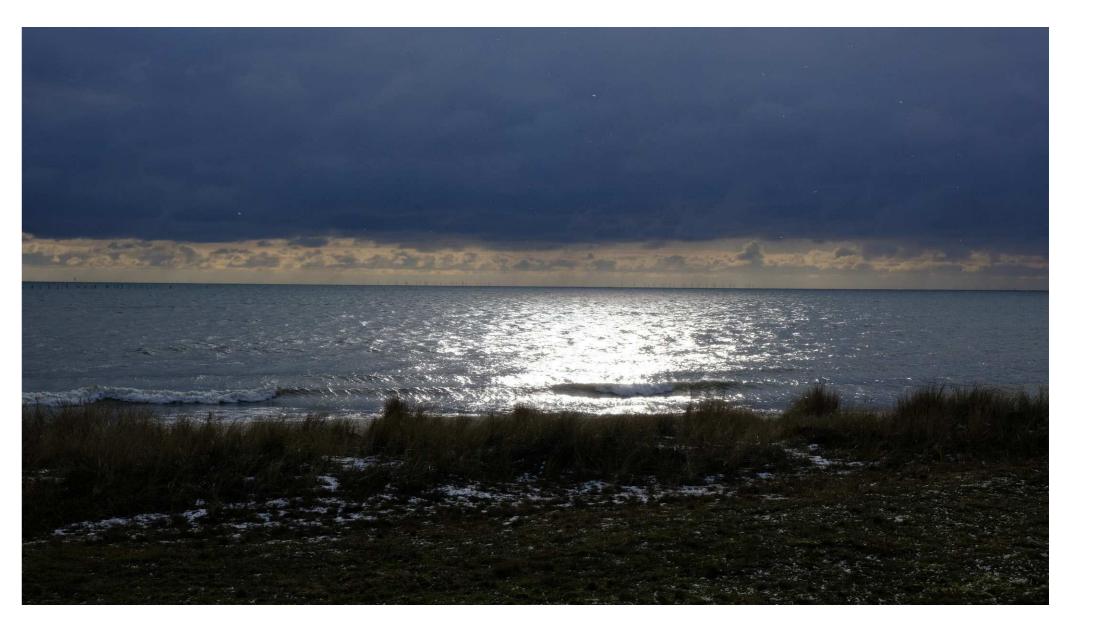


















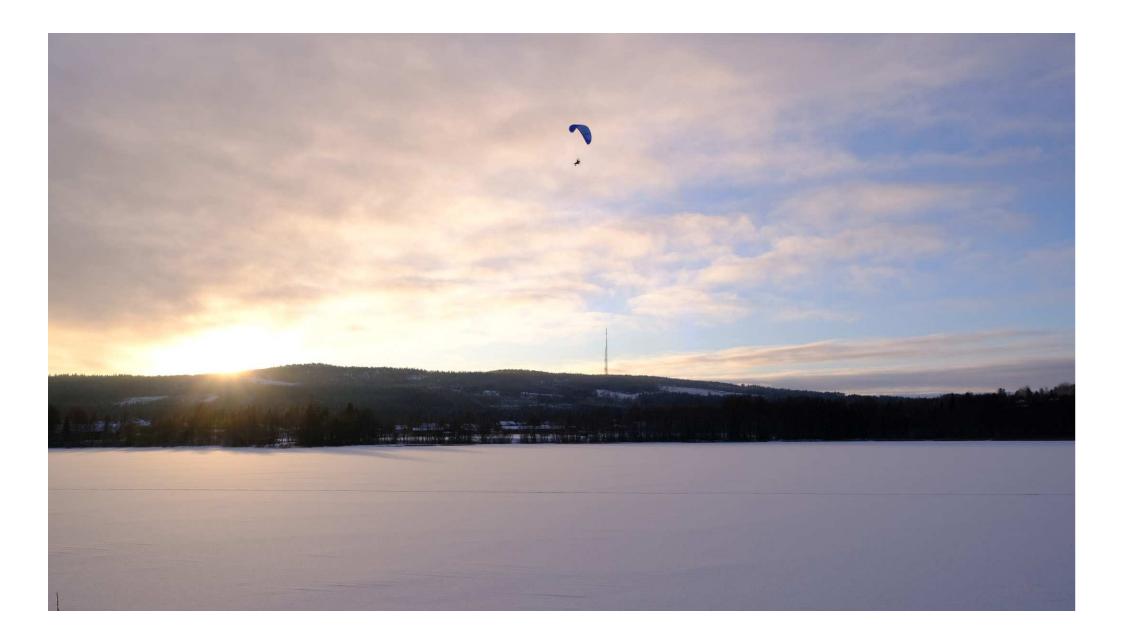












## **Frozen 2021** / work in progress tiltle and description

While admiring this landscape the questions of the personal responsibility can make me feel frozen. Am I doing anything that actually counts? I feel so stuck because there is no one big thing I can do, big enough to make a change fast enough. The pace of changing minds is too slow. It feels like we are all frozen in our ways. I see the glaciers melting and the burning forests in the browser window and so this moment of pause and observation feels like the calm before the great disaster, a pinpoint in time, before everything got irevesibly ruined.

Still there is beauty. I allow myself to enjoy the beauty of nature while I stil can. I try to be in the present moment and forget about the rest of our human drama at least for what feels like a minute. I take a deep breath of cold air and absorb all the beautiful colors and the stillness.

The last years we have been feeling frozen, individualy and collectively. It comes with extremes joined together. A strong feeling of both calm and unease simultaniously, of time passing fast and slow, of beauty and fear. Covid made me crave both being together with people and being really far away from people. I find the lack of people strangely comforting. The global climate crisis has turned my childhood joy of seeing snow into an anxious feeling. I am wondering how many years from now I will be able to witness snow. I feel like I need to document it's beauty.



