

PRESENTATION

of three photography projects

by:

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A RESTLESS SOUL (2017)

KILIMANDJARO (2015)

THE LOVING WARRIOR (2016)

Nr. 1



Nr. 2



Nr. 3



Nr. 5



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A RESTLESS SOUL

The area around Acireale, just north of Catania, Sicily - an ideal geographical location, it seems. Deep blue waters to the East, snow covered mountains when you turn northwest. Appearances are deceptive though, as the mountain ins fuming from its peak. It's a dangerous territory to inhabit, with a vulcanoe as active as the Etna.

Something pushes from deep inside the earth to the surface.

Dead craters filled with cold lava line the ascent to the summit, young trees allude to the last deadly eruption almost a decade ago, which left a destructive trail in nature killing everything that was standing in its way. 5000 eruptions in 50.000 years - that's one every 10 years...

I took the photographs with a 35 years old middle format camera using 50 years old film for the black and white pictures.

I consider the series a work in progress since it originated only a month ago.

Presently it consists of 8 photographs. I imagine them getting printed on Hahnmühlen photographic paper and mounted on AluDibond.

Presumably their size is going to be:
100 x 100 cm, 990 € ea.

All works are edition 3 + 1 AP

(The final decision about the selection, production and prizes is yet to be made)

Nr. 1



Nr. 2



Nr. 3

Nr. 1

Nr. 4



Nr. 5



Nr. 6



Nr. 7



Nr. 8



Nr. 9



Nr. 10



Nr. 11



KILIMANDJARO

In 1848 German missionaries from Tübingen had claimed that they saw snow on top of the Kilimanjaro, Africa's highest mountain situated just south of the Equator. However, only in the 1870's when photography became mobile could this story proven to be true. Today's photographs prove something else: Snow will not be present on the Kilimanjaro for much longer.

This revelation was all the more impressive when I was facing the mountain eye to eye. Watching the strangely naked peak books, films and many photographs come to my mind, which all dealt with the same phenomenon: snow on the Kilimanjaro. I took these pictures during an extensive stay in Kenya.

The project consists of 11 photographs, which are printed on handmade Japanese Kozo paper. They are framed and hung floating in wooden frames.

They are:

180 x 100 cm (Nr. 1 – 6), 2.500 € each

90 x 60 cm (Nr. 7 – 11), 1.250 € each

All works are edition 3 + 1 AP

Missionary Johannes Rebmann, European discoverer of the snow on Kilimanjaro, wrote:

The whole region in the middle between Teita and Dshagga had something grand about it: on this morning we saw the mountains of Dshagga more and more clearly, until I believed to see the peak of one covered with a conspicuously white cloud. My guide called the white that I saw simply: silver; but soon it became apparent to me that it couldn't be anything else but snow, a name, which I conveyed the carriers, I also tried to explain to them.

They didn't want to believe me, except for my guide, a Muhammadan. He knew that we intended to travel to the land of the Dshagga by the Kilimandjaro (= *ancient spelling*). He was afraid about the silver of his country and had the matter examined during a trip to Dshagga. For a small pay he sent a few Dshagga-people up the hill, who were supposed to bring back as much "silver" as possible – but brought the speculating Swahili only water back.

Then all of a sudden they had all become clear to me all the strange stories of a remote gold- and silvermountain, which was inhabited by mean spirits in its interior, which I had often listened to since my arrival on the coast. Naturally that the unusual cold forced the half-naked visitor soon to return. Or the cold killed them, when on the order of a despotic Dshagga king they had to go on until their body was entirely stiff. This was all attributed to mean spirits in total ignorance of the natives.

Snow of course falls very far from the houses.^c

Mombasa, Kenya, May 11th 1848

Nr. 1



Nr. 2



Nr. 3



Nr. 4



Nr. 5



Nr. 6



Nr. 7



Nr. 8



THE LOVING WARRIOR

Popcatapetl repeatedly erupted many centuries before European invasions. Those large eruptions produced giant mudflows that even buried entire pyramids and complete Azteque settlements and destroyed at least three major cones. Up till today, it is Mexico's most active volcano. After almost 50 years of dormancy, „Popo“ came back to life in 1994 and has since then been producing powerful explosions at irregular intervals.

To photograph Popcatapetl and its twin Iztaccihuatl from above I had planned to take a helicopter. An ongoing eruption prevented me from it.

Old myths surround the twins. I like the one rendered by ancient Náhuas - a tragic love story. It comes from an oral tradition with many versions, told along with poems and songs. (see next page)

There are 8 pictures in the project. They are black and white and colour.

I took the photographs with two identical analog cameras and lenses from the 70s and used films, where the durability had expired over 20 years ago. The slight damage of the pictures stemming from this equipment is fully intended.

The pictures are framed and printed on matte Hahnemühlen Photo Rag Fine Art photo paper, which is slightly uneven and slightly tinted.

They come in sizes of 60 x 40 cm, 690 € each

All works are edition 3 + 1 AP

The story of The Loving Warrior

Many centuries ago the chief of the Aztecs was a famous Emperor, who was loved by all the natives. The Emperor and his wife were very worried because they had no children. One day the Empress said to the Emperor she was going to have a child. A baby girl was born and she was as beautiful as her mother. They called her Iztaccíhuatl, which means „white lady“.

All the natives loved Izta and her parents prepared her to be the Empress of the Aztecs. When she grew up, she fell in love with a captain of a tribe, his name was Popoca. He returned her love.

One day, a war broke out and the warrior had to go to fight the enemy. Before he left, the Emperor told Popoca, he had to bring back the head of the enemy chief if he wanted to marry his daughter.

After several months of combat, a warrior who hated Popoca sent a false message to the Emperor. The message said that his army had won the war, but that Popoca had died.

The Emperor was very sad, Izta, too, could not stop crying. She refused to go out and did not eat anymore. A few days later, she became ill and eventually died of sadness. The Emperor and his wife were inconsolable.

When the Emperor was preparing Izta's funeral, Popoca and his warriors arrived victorious from war. The Emperor was taken aback when he saw Popoca and told him that other warriors had announced his death. Then he told him that Izta had died. Popoca couldn't believe the awful news and suffered for several days and nights before he made the decision to build the greatest tomb on earth. He carried his love in his arms and took her to the top of a high mountain. He kissed her lips for the last time and in the light of a smoking torch, he fell on his knees in front of her. He looked at her and imagined all of the lost years and events, which could have occurred for them. He sat until snow covered their bodies.

The Gods were touched by Popoca's sacrifice and turned the bodies into volcanoes. The bigger one being Popocatépetl – the „smoking mountain“, the smaller one, Izta, sleeping calmly by his side. Every time the great warrior Popocatepetl remembers his beloved his heart starts beating faster. His passion causes the volcano to erupt. Then he spews smoke showing that he is still watching over Iztaccíhuatl. Eternally.