

# VOLCANOES

by  
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WiP = work in progress

# VOLCANOES

Volcanoes represent a direct access to the inner earth, they have been around since the beginning of time.

Some of them are hidden deep in the ground or under water, others have cooled down centuries ago.

There are 1.500 active volcanos around the world many of which are showing a proper character. Their idiosyncrasies are often difficult to comprehend.

Volcanoes are surrounded by multi-layered stories and myths - revealing surprisingly much about mankind.

Some of these stories I have been collecting since 2015.

The different volcanoes I met with different types of cameras: manual SLRs from the 70s, an old medium format camera, a digital one with a full-frame sensor.

In series, which I captured on negative I worked with long expired rolls of film, which amplify the effect of weathering and old age.

As image carrier I chose different papers and materials, as well as a carefully selected ways to print, attempting to accentuate and deepen the characteristics of each volcano and its story.

# KILIMANDJARO

In 1848 a German missionary from a town named Tübingen claimed having seen 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 claim be proven. 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 came to mind, which all dealt with the same phenomenon: snow on the Kilimanjaro.

With KILIMANDJARO I'm trying to create a bridge between then and now: the sepia looks as if the pictures had aged with time, the production tries to portray old age. The project consists of 11 photographs, which are printed on handmade Japanese Kozo paper. They are framed and hung floating in wooden frames, partially behind Mirogard glass.

Their sizes are:

196 x 111 cm (no. 1 – 6)

96 x 67 cm (no. 7 – 11)

Edition 2 + 1 AP

PS: KILIMANDJARO with the letter „d“ is the ancient spelling.

## MISSIONARY JOHANNES REBMANN, EUROPEAN DISCOVERER OF SNOW ON KILIMANJARO:

„The whole region in the middle between Teita and Dshagga had something grand about it: on this morning we saw the mountains more and more clearly, until I believed to see the peak of one covered with a conspicuously white cloud. My guide called the white simply 'silver'; but soon it became apparent to me that it couldn't be anything else but snow, a name, which I conveyed to the carriers. I tried to explain it to them. But only my guide, a Muhammadan, believed me. He knew we intended to travel to the land of the Dshagga by the Kilimandjaro (*ancient spelling*) and was afraid about the silver of his country. He had the matter examined. 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."

Mombasa, Kenya, May 11th 1848

no. 1



196 x 111 cm

no. 2



196 x 111 cm



no. 3

no. 1

196 x 111 cm



no. 4

196 x 111 cm

no. 5



196 x 111 cm

no. 6



196 x 111 cm



no. 7

96 x 67 cm



96 x 67 cm



no. 9

96 x 67 cm



no. 10

96 x 67 cm



no. 11

96 x 67 cm

# A RESTLESS SOUL

Scientists call Mount Etna in Sicily a restless soul. Century after century magma pushes from inside the volcano through the earth's crust with steady regularity. People have grown so fearless of the eruptions that even high up on the mountain nowadays there are signs of an active human life.

The black and white photographs of fuming Mount Etna and of the trails of lava I took with a 35 years old middle format camera and used 50 years old rolls of film.

The finished project will consist of 8 shaped photographs, that depart from the normal rectangular outline. I will cut the pictures and rearrange the parts slightly shifted - thus creating a feeling of motion or even of restlessness and being out of place.

So far I have produced 4 photographs.

They are Inkjet Fine Art Prints on Hahnemühlen Photo Rag 308 paper mounted on AluDibond.

Their size is: 60 x 60 cm

One work consists of two pieces with the size of 50 x 50 cm each.

All works are originals.

# A GOD NAMED VULCANUS

It was the Romans, who created the term „Volcano“ by giving the Greek God Hephaistos, the God of fire their own name: Vulcanus. Like the Greeks, the Romans, too, endured centuries long sufferings from something which was unexplicable: Mount Etna's fierce eruptions.

The Romans believed Vulcanus' home to be in the volcano of a small island in the Tyrrhenian Sea, between Sicily and Naples. Mount Etna was his workshop, where he was forging weapons for the gods, wrapped in smoke and sparks. The eruptions of Mount Etna came from Vulcanus' smithy built deep inside the earth.

Working with one-eyed Cyclops as his assistants, Vulcanus was easily irritated. In acts of rage he sent fire, thunder, death and destruction to the people, who to appease him offered handicrafts and food.

To no avail. He continued to erupt, especially when he had to forge the scepter of godfather Zeus.

no. 1



2 parts, ea. 50 x 50 cm

no. 2



60 x 60 cm

no. 3



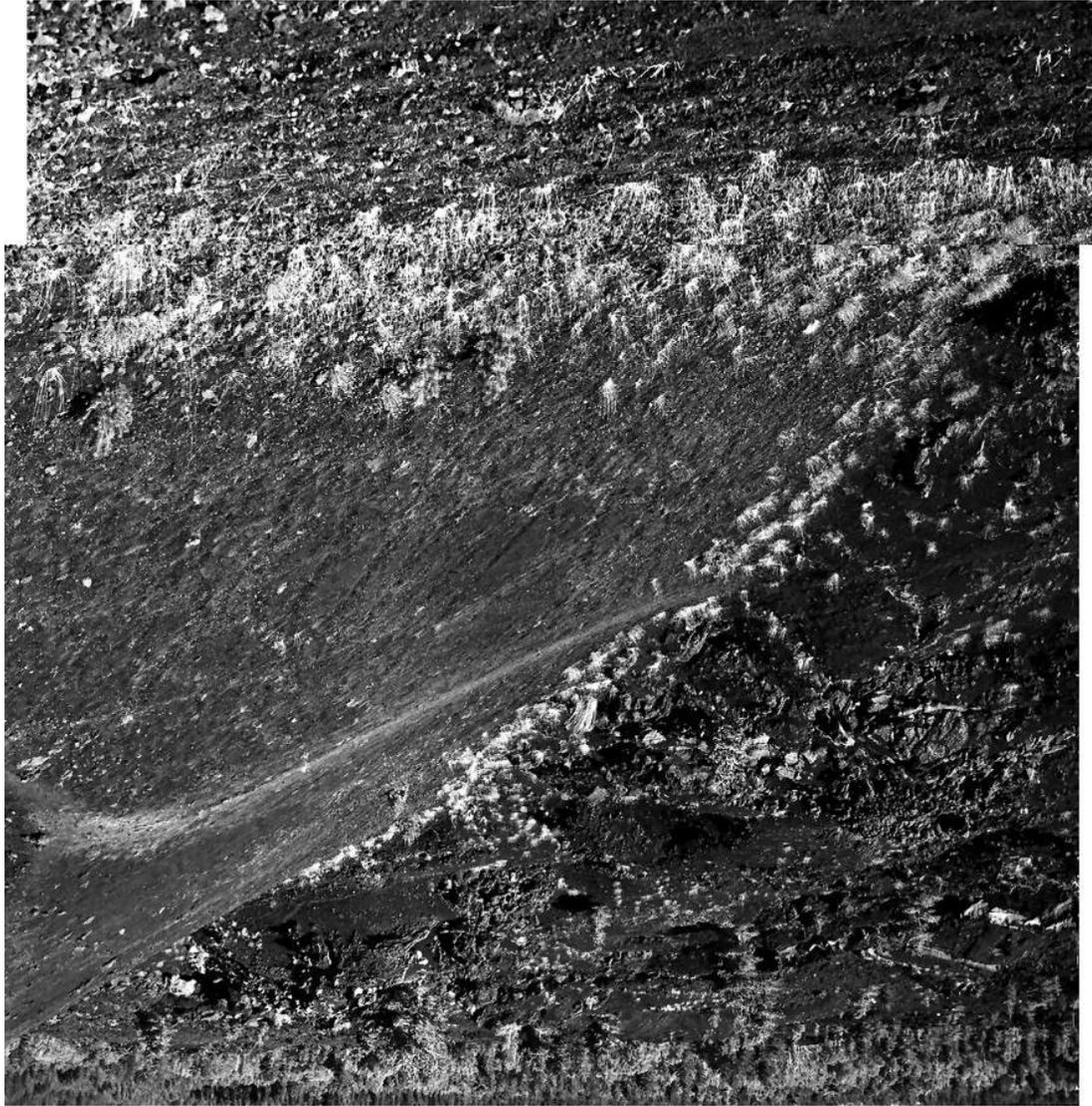
60 x 60 cm

no. 4

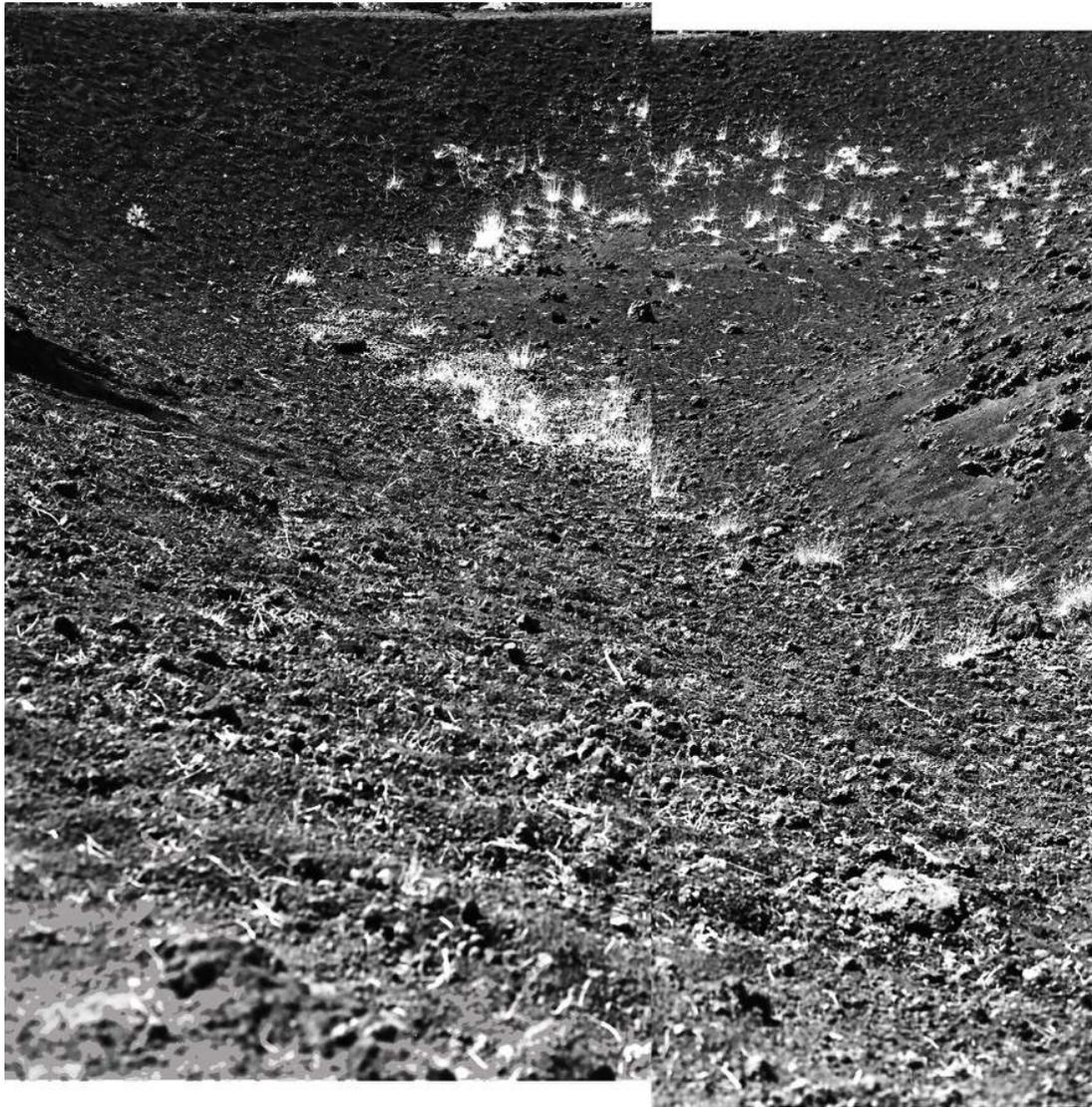


60 x 60 cm

no. 5



60 x 60 cm



60 x 60 cm



60 x 60 cm

# THE LOVING WARRIOR

Popcatapetl and its twin sister Iztaccíhuatl repeatedly erupted over the course of the centuries. After almost 50 years of dormancy, „Popo“ came back to life in 1994 and has since then been producing explosions at irregular intervals.

Old myths surround the twins. The ancient Náhuas rendered one - a tragic love story. It stemmed from an oral tradition with many versions, told along with poems and songs.

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

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

So far I produced 1 photograph. It is an inkjet Fine Art Print on Hahnemühlen Museum Etching, framed. The remaining 7 pictures are going to be produced the same way.

They come in sizes of 60 x 40. cm.

All works are originals.

# THE STORY OF THE LOVING WARRIOR

Many centuries ago the chief of the Aztecs was a famous Emperor, who was loved by all of his people. One day the Empress bore the Emperor a baby girl. They called her Iztaccíhuatl, which means „white lady“, because she was as beautiful as her mother. The entire people loved Izta and her parents prepared her to be the new Empress of the Aztecs. When she grew up, she fell in love with a captain of a tribe, whose name was Popoca. He returned her love.

One day, a war broke out and the warrior had 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 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 both of their bodies...

The Gods were touched by Popoca's sacrifice and turned the bodies into volcanoes. The bigger one being Popocatepetl – the „smoking mountain“, the smaller one, Izta, sleeping calmly by his side. Every time the great warrior Popocatepetl remembered his beloved one his heart started to beat fast. His passion caused the volcano to erupt. Then he spew smoke showing that he still watched over Iztaccíhuatl. Eternally.

no. 1



60 x 40 cm

no. 2



60 x 40 cm

no. 3



60 x 40 cm

no. 4



60 x 40 cm

no. 5



60 x 40 cm

no. 6



60 x 40 cm

no. 7



60 x 40 cm

no. 8



60 x 40 cm

# TOXIC CRATERS

The active volcano Tangkuban Parahu consists of four craters with a depth of up to 500 meters. The craters possess numerous natural hot springs, boiling water effervesces in some of them, others are fuming with Carbon Dioxide gases, too toxic to come close.

Not far from here lies Lake Kawah Putih, the White Crater. It represents a relatively stable volcanic system with no records of significant activity since around 1600.

Kawah Putih is an highly acid lake, which changes colour from bluish to whitish green, or brown, depending on the concentration of sulfur, the temperature or the oxidation state. Living beings mustn't spend more than a couple of minutes close to the lake.

In and around the lake itself exists no life.

There are 7 pictures in the project. I took them with an old SLR camera.

The pictures were taken in February, 2018. I'm going to print them on Italian Carrara marble. Their sizes will be 70 x 50 cm.

So far I had a test print made, I am going to order the marble in the month of November. Printing happens in December.

All works are originals.

# THE LEGEND OF TANGKUBAN PERAHU

A long time ago the king of West Java tried to marry off his beautiful daughter Dayang Sumbi. Many kings asked her to be their wife, but the princess rejected all. The king despaired. One day while Dayang Sumbi was weaving the reel fell out of the palace window. She swore that the finder would be made her sister, if she was a woman. If the finder was a man he would be made her husband. A black dog named Tumang bit the drapery and returned it to Dayang Sumbi. She was confused, but didn't want to break her oath for fear of the curse of the Gods. She didn't know that Tumang was a God himself, who was cursed to be an animal and thrown to earth. He turned into a God during one hour each day. Dayang Sumbi married Tumang and soon received a son from him named Sangkuriang. He didn't know that Tumang was his father.

Sangkuriang often accompanied his father during the hunt. One day Dayang Sumbi asked her son to hunt for the heart of a deer. During their next hunt the son wanted to please his mother. But when finding a deer Tumang could not catch it. Sangkuriang became angry and sent an arrow in his direction. He hit Tumang, who died instantaneously at the hands of his son.

Upon returning home, Sangkuriang surrendered Tumang's heart to his mother declaring it was the deer's heart his mother asked for. Dayang Sumbi realized the lie. Finally, Sangkuriang admitted that what he brought was the heart of his friend, the dog Tumang. Dayang Sumbi was angry to hear about his son's behavior. In her anger she threw a scoop at Sangkuriang's head causing a scar. Sangkuriang felt hurt over his mother's action. He felt she had more respect for a dog than her own son and ran away from her.

Dayang Sumbi was sorry for her actions when she saw her son leave. She left the palace also and lived on as a hermit. The Gods gave her a lasting beauty so that Dayang Sumbi always looked young. Years later Sangkuriang became a handsome young man and met a beautiful girl. They fell in love. The beautiful girl was his mother, who had changed her name and had not realized that the boy she loved was her own child. Before their wedding day, Dayang Sumbi saw the scar on Sangkuriang's head and realized she was about to marry her own son.

Dayang Sumbi was looking for a reason to thwart her marriage with her own child. She told him she would marry him under one condition: Sangkuriang blocked the Citarum river and made a large boat for her to cross the river. The work must be fulfilled before dawn. Sangkuriang accepted. To meet these demands he implored the help of the Gods. With the supernatural creatures, Sangkuriang's work was almost finished even though the day was not yet dawning. Dayang Sumbi was worried and asked for the help of the Gods herself. When she spread her sacred white fabric she had woven the sky suddenly turned orange and the rooster started to crow.

Sangkuriang sensing he was tricked got angry. In his rage he broke the dam and large floods hit the village. The water of the lake receded, he kicked the boat, it overturned and gradually became a mountain. The mountain was named Tangkuban Perahu, meaning: boat upside down. Sangkuriang pursued his mother, who fled and disappeared. She was believed to turn into a Jaksi flower. He vanished into fairy islands.



no. 1

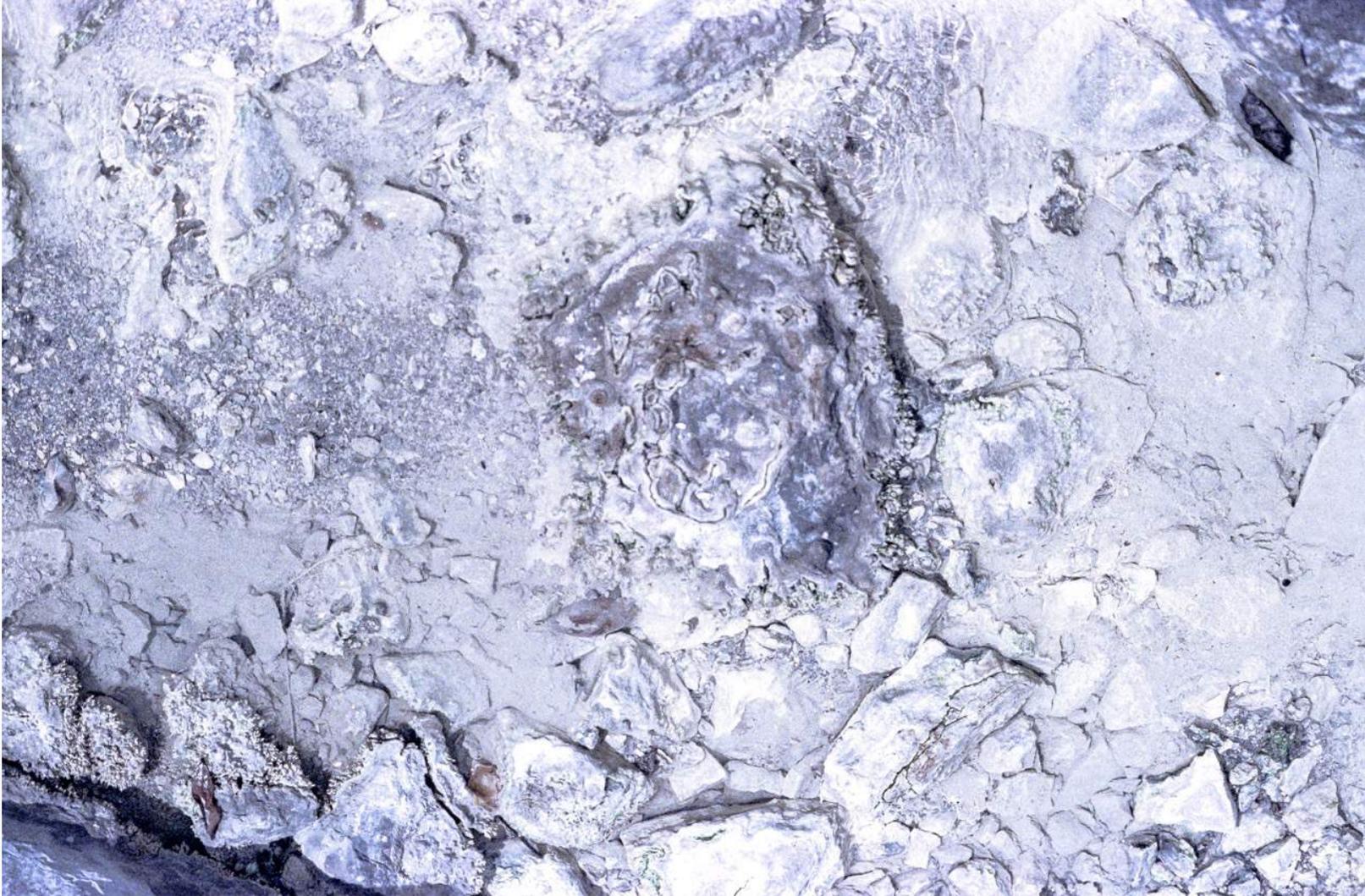
70 x 50 cm



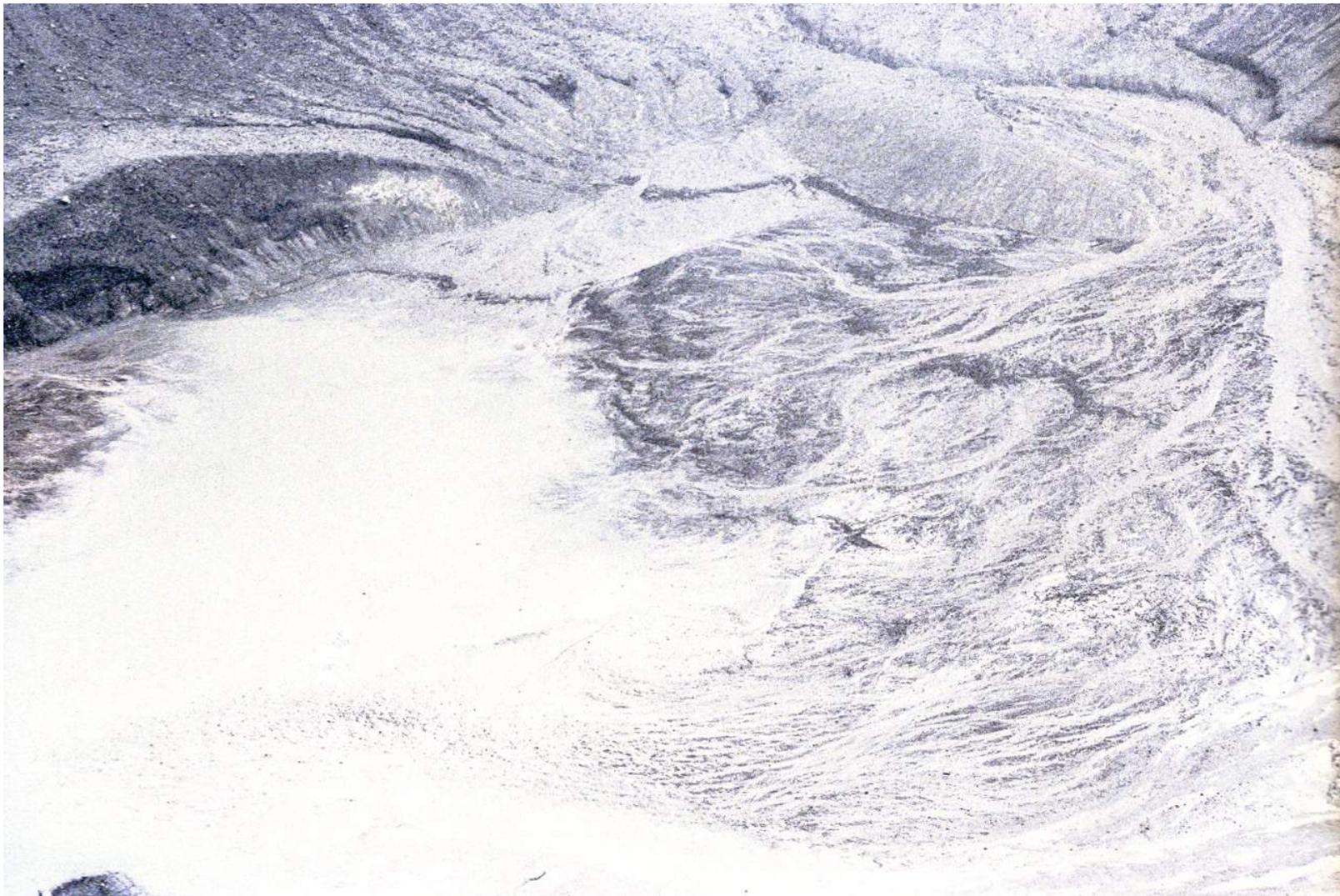
no. 2

70 x 50 cm

no. 3



70 x 50 cm



no. 4

70 x 50 cm



no. 5

70 x 50 cm



70 x 50 cm

no. 7



70 x 50 cm