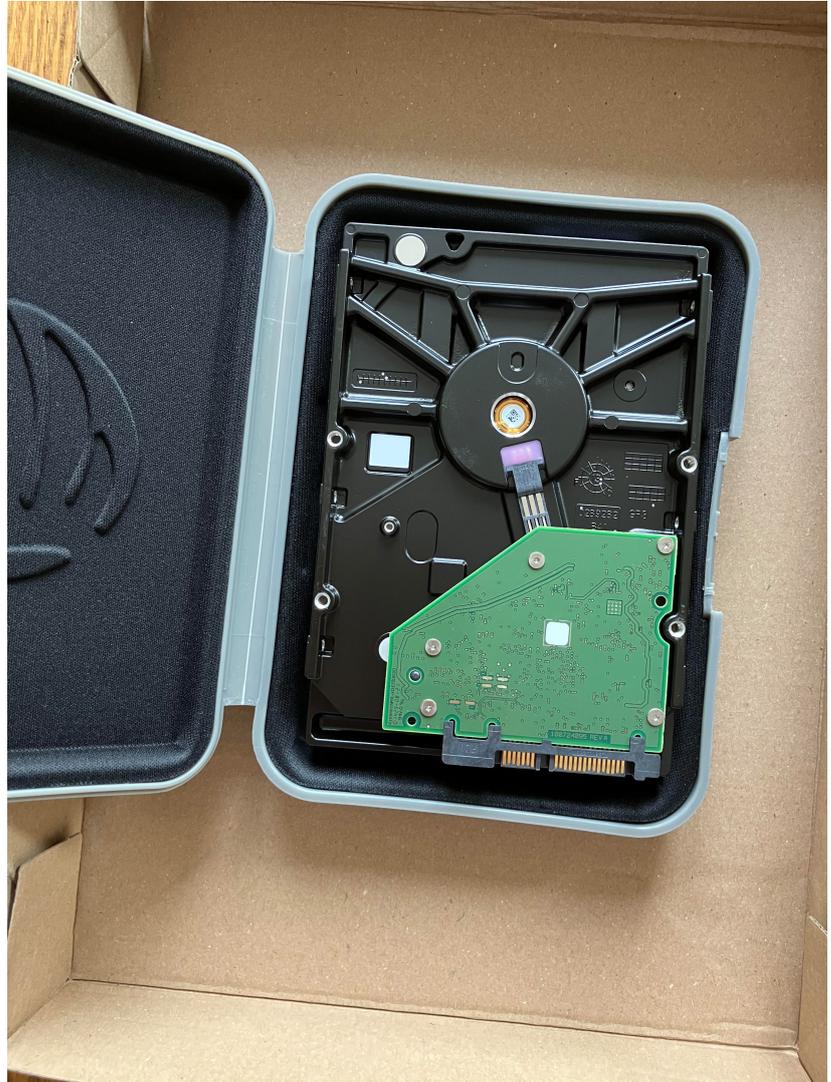


Sometimes my images sit on hard drives for years, **almost sleeping**. I forget about them, move them from one backup to the next, and then, almost by accident, I stumble across them again.

That is exactly what happened with the Capri photographs.

When I rediscovered them, they felt strangely unfamiliar. This distance in time changed how I looked at them. They no longer belonged to a specific trip or situation, but began to form their own atmosphere.

Most images are made with long exposure times. This is important. The camera does not observe; it drifts. Forms lose their edges, light becomes substance, shadows begin to breathe. The photographs slide toward the psychedelic, but not as effect. More as condition. I wanted to catch something unstable, the mysticism of the island, which cannot be fixed and resists clarity.



Capri is a layered terrain of history, myth, and projection. Artists and outsiders like Karl Wilhelm Diefenbach and Joseph Beuys were drawn here, each in search of something that exceeded conventional ways of living and thinking.

While working, I carried an inner soundtrack with me: Manuel Göttsching / Ashra Tempel. His music stretches time, opens inner spaces. The images follow this logic. They are slow, extended, hovering. They do not arrive.

