

# KIOSK

**Katharina HAUKE**

**Mohammad GHAZALI**

**N 135**

**03 22**

Let's assume I am in Berlin and you are in Teheran.

Throughout the exchange we depend on remembered, described and imagined images.

The picture I took to start, shows the building across the yard, a bush and the tree that lives between these buildings and outgrew them both. Few orange lit rooms, even less purple sky.

What do you see when you look out the window?

What do you see, looking inside?

Along with this image I send you another. An open window, a view inside, a kitchen filled with white cupboards, steam, light, and on top of them: something yellow.





Well, behind the window these days, I see blue skies and scattered white clouds kissing the mountains, and it does not matter what happens before this scene, because I devote all my attention to seeing this scene and all the contents. Cover this side of the window. I just want to talk about the mountains and the sky I see.





There is barely a sky in Berlin. At its best it is an inversion of your description, thorough white with scattered patches of blue. Most of the days I think a thick layer of dough rests on top of the buildings and fills the gaps between. Then I'm not sure whether to call it the sky or whether beyond a sky even exists. The ceiling absorbs the few colors the city offers to then match the shades of grey of its facades.

I exaggerate, because I miss the sky. After your email I went out looking for it. It was a good day to do so, there were layers and structures in the cover of clouds. I walked up up the closest hill to take a photo of it.

Three images:

The path up the hill, above: the sky. The path is not all official, and it exists possibly because children feel the necessity for the beyond of the paved roads.

The sky above.

The path down the back of the hill. This path is also not official, but differently. It is knowledge of the people who walk it while officially they don't exist. The third picture I took looking down, shows no sky because I see no horizon.

The next time I see the sky, will take a photo to remember when winter drags along.

If you like: Tell me about the mountains. Do you go there some times?

or maybe:

Have you been to Berlin? Is there an image you remember?







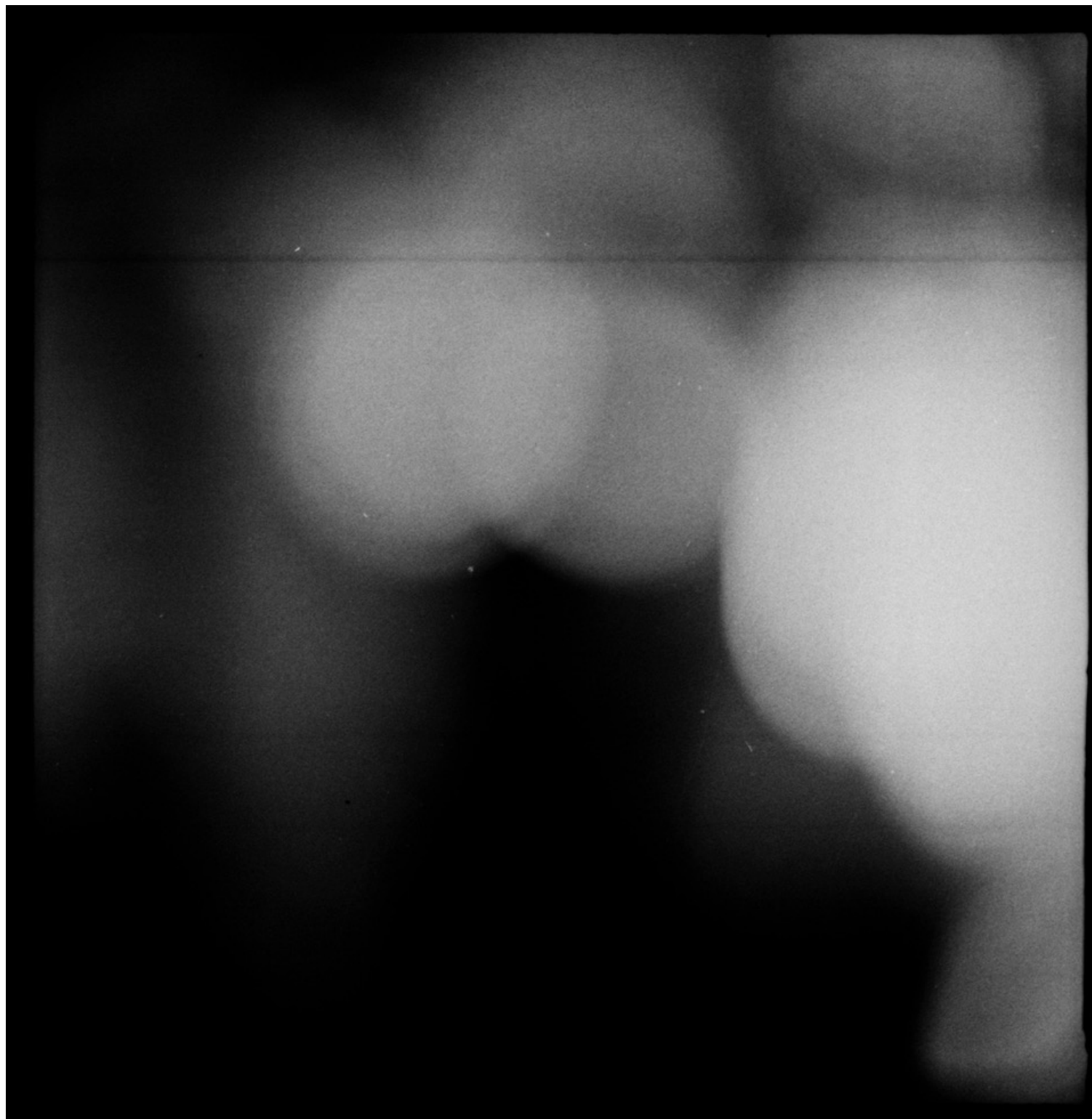


The sky in Tehran is rarely blue!  
Most of the time it is gray and full of smoke, and you do not  
know where to go to get away from this sky.  
So the picture I describe to you is like this, it looks foggy, but it is  
not.  
Everything is hard to see.  
It's very difficult to tell what is going on unless you know where  
it is.

I have been to Berlin and I have many pictures and memories of  
Berlin in my mind.  
One of my memories of Berlin is that I was at the house of a  
friend who has lived in Berlin for a long time.  
One of the rooms where I slept has a window overlooking the  
courtyard.  
It is located on the 5th or 7th floor of the building and I can say  
that because of this height, I am facing tall trees in the yard. I  
also took a photo from there.  
Behind the foliage of the trees ahead is the sky. Houses behind  
the foliage were also seen.







Kannst du mir sagen, was du mehr siehst als ich? Hinter diesem Laub?  
Hinter dem Haus vor dem Fenster, das ich beschrieben habe?

Hinter dem Laub der Bäume und den Häusern dahinter sehe ich wieder Bäume, wieder Laub, wieder Häuser, und Bäume, und Häuser, und Häuser, darin Fenster, und Menschen, die aus diesen Fenstern schauen, auf das Laub der Bäume, dahinter auf die Häuser, auf darin die Fenster, und hinein. Each person, each tree, each neighborhood is a perspective on the world, and the world rotates around each of these perspectives, diverges into all of them, converges in each one of them.

There is a German saying „den Wald vor lauter Bäumen nicht sehen“ – which I understand as not seeing the greater picture because of looking at the particular. But I think there is also an aspect of „den Baum vor lauter Wald nicht sehen“, of missing the particular when looking at the general, or even of the particular as being most universal, common, general. The German term I would use is „allgemein“. Ein Kern, dessen Wesen darin besteht, zerstreut zu sein. / A core whose essence is to be dispersed.

Was siehst du?

I went to a friend behind the foliage, to their building, their window and view. I asked them how to take a picture of what they see when they look out the window, and took it. I took a picture of them (they are two, so I took three). I asked them to take a picture of me and they did.

At the time I dared to ask this, the light was almost gone.

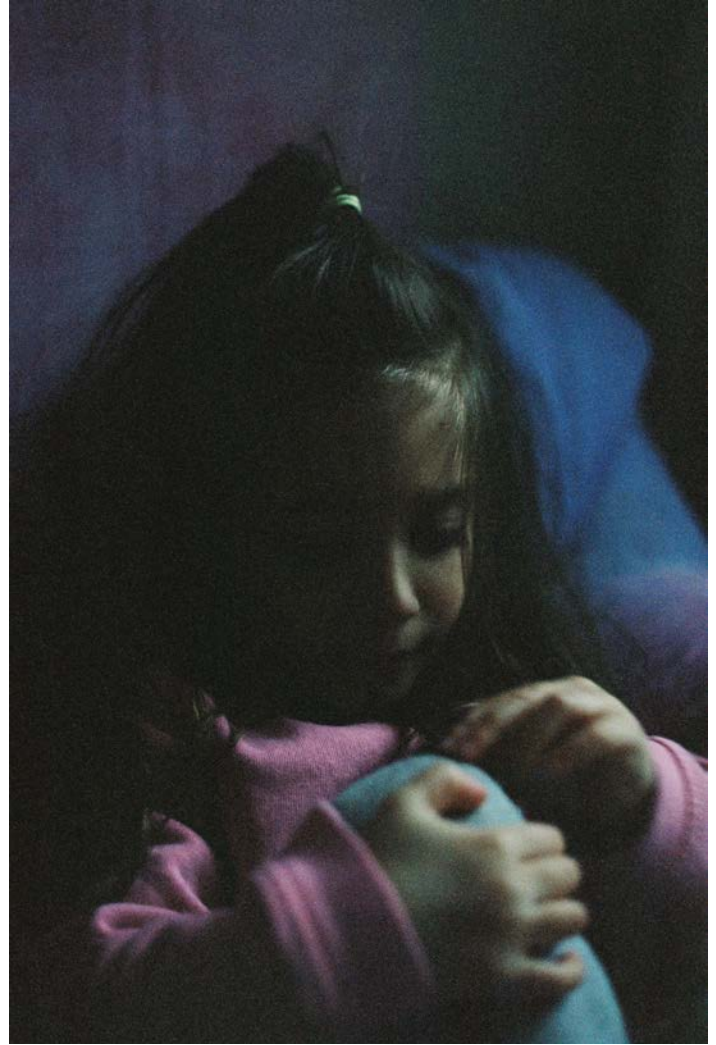
So in total I am sending you these five images as one.













I'm sending you a postcard from Belgrade:

The river Sava runs in the foreground, on the other side a green green river bank. In the far left the housing blocks of New Belgrade. A shadow from this side of the Sava crosses the river and lies over small buildings along the shore.





Tehran is still rolling in smoke, clouds and gray, but there is a bridge that is difficult to see.

Maybe this is a bridge over the river that was missing from the postcard you sent.

I think of the bridge as a shortcut these days, and for a long time.

Just like your writing from German to English. Do you see this bridge?





This is how I imagine the bridge as a shortcut: If I take the bridge, I don't walk the way to the source of the river, and back on the other side of the river bank. We speak English as a bridge between our mother tongues. I think airplanes as a bridge, and email. Many things get lost on the way, and many things are possible this way. The old Belgrade is built on hills and pierced with shortcuts, with bridges of highways, stairs up, down and through tunnels, under streets. To bridges, there are under-bridges.

I am sending you an image: a bridge in the background, in the middle an under-bridge and in the foreground dry grass on a temporary hill. The sun is low and touches them all.

Would you send me another photo of a bridge? A detail or a notion of your image of the bridge as a shortcut.  
I would like to know more about it.





I'm not a person who does not like the heat, nor am I a person who runs away from the cold, but I get bored twice a year.

The last month of summer and the last month of winter, this boredom comes to me.

For this reason, I try to travel to a place where I get used to heat and cold during these two months.

But traveling is not the cure for my pain. I stay and I hurt.

Traveling and moving is painful for me. I like to sit down, I do not belong to anything (I try), but when I travel, I leave everything behind and try to forget them.

I am sending you the image of another bridge, which may be due to a mistake, a bridge from one image to another, which are on top of each other, and I do not know whether you will see that bridge or not?





I see that bridge.

I am sending you a picture of a person that is half there, half overexposed by trees growing in the same direction in which the person is walking, possibly due to a similar mistake. It is a very old photo on one of my first films.

I don't remember the person or the situation, but I found the photo. Back when I took it, I didn't feel the need for bridges, I thought I was a bird. I never missed anyone and rarely remembered. Today I feel more like a tree, and think of people as trees more often than not. Of being shaped by places and people, of being rooted in them, of when leaving carrying them, of leaving and carrying holes.

I don't know where the person is going, somewhere outside the frame. I can see that bridge, but what I cannot see is the other side.

What do you see on the other side of that bridge?

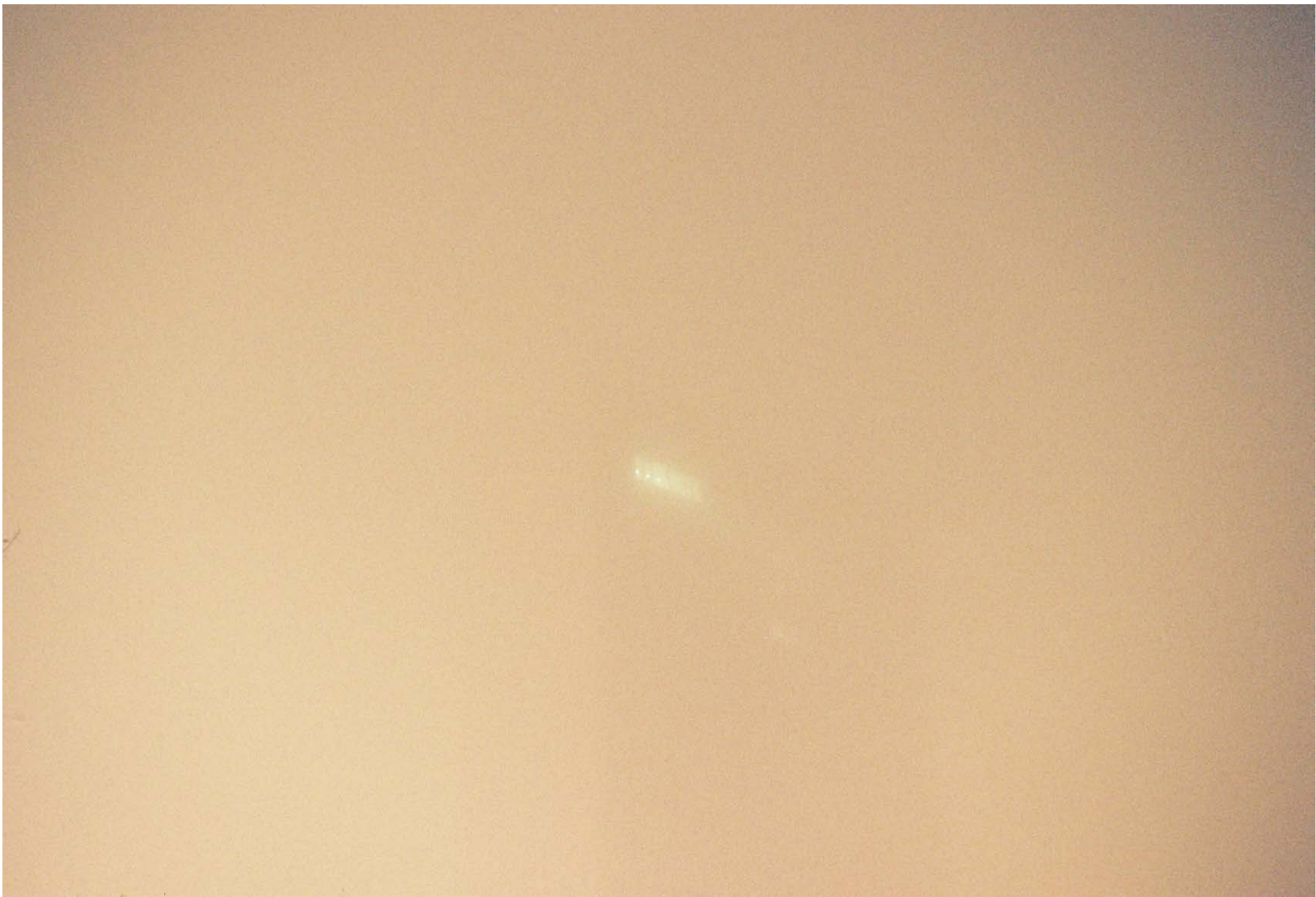
And I have another question (or maybe it is the same one, you decide): Do you know, what might be a last image for this exchange?





I also see the tree and the person you said is standing next to the picture, as if he is not alone standing with someone else.

I was fascinated by a scene that encompasses all of these images we have shared so far. An imaginary house in the distance that, like a Pandora's box, holds all these images, and these images are being poured out of the box. This could be my last picture.





ISBN : 978-2-36380-164-7  
Editions DEL'ART, Nice, mars 2022