

BULE **histories**

Vol 3

Preface

This is a glimpse of the stories our members are compiling and publishing since 2015 for our collective!

Full stories at BULBphotos.eu

In this third volume the following photographers are appearing:

Gina Maragoudaki, Stela Patrulescu, Kostas Kroustallis, Florina Luput, Martin Iliev, Makis Makris

Michail, February 2020

by Gina Maragoudaki

Memento Mori

Roland Barthes in one of the most vulnerable moments in his authoritative book on Photography (Camera Lucida) describes in a so "unlike-him" touching way, the "old photos in the trunk" nostalgic, melancholic trance.

"There I was, alone in the apartment where she had died, looking at these pictures of my mother, one by one under the lamp, gradually moving back in time with her, looking for the truth of the face I had loved. And I found it."

Gina Maragoudaki is creating the same temporal paradox but only today, now. Her trenchant portraits are touched with pathos.

It may seem at first reading a theatricalization of the real. But Gina knows (feels) that something like that would be redundant. And she is delivering something that in itself is the ultimate sacrifice of the artist.

Her honest, uncrafted vision of the "memento mori"..



















































by Stela Patrulescu

Nadrag

Nădrag (German: Nadrag or Steinacker; Hungarian: Nadrág) is a commune in Timiș County, Romania. It is composed of two villages: Crivina (Alsógörbed) and Nădrag.

Photography is my way of communicating.

That is when I manage to break free of all constraints and enjoy.





















by Kostas Kroustallis

See me, touch me

I see you every day from my window. You don't talk to me anymore, neither can I recall if you ever did.

They say I don't see the colors, but on tv, I learned that I can see perfectly the blue tones. As if it matters.

I look from the window but even today I won't see you. I remember you little girl and I think that only anger remains with my memories. What is your new face like I wonder?

You were always growing but lately even more.























by Florina Luput

The Adventure of a Photographer Mom

I love Morocco and the Moroccans! So, together with my husband and our two-year-old son, we set out to discover it.

To me Morocco means colour, smell, spices, herbs, traditional music, mosaics, wood and stone-carved lace, hand-made rugs, Argans everywhere, ocean, clay and, most importantly, authenticity and singularity, poor people who own their life and creativity.

On my first night in Marrakesh I felt my heart jump with the joy of sharing in the beauty and mystery of Moroccans. Narrow dark streets, people completely hidden underneath their camel wool winter coats.

























by Martin Iliev

The Stops

An Alber Camus quote from “The Myth of Sisyphus and Other Essays” about solitude goes like this: “In order to understand the world, one has to turn away from it on occasion.”

Over the past few years I have noticed a recurring theme in my street photography. I am dragged to urban landscapes, people, moments, gestures in life around me that are full of that sense of solitude. Those moments when it looks as if someone has turned away from the surrounding world, probably in order to understand it, to contemplate, or just to take a breath from the hustle and bustle, to turn towards his or hers inner world.

Solitude is often associated with sadness but for me it's quite the contrary. I seek for such moments as a proof for our existence.

To be alone, is a natural need. Like breathing, sleeping and eating. To immerse yourself in that feeling of being only you. To enjoy those moments when you just stop, isolate yourself from the world around you... even just for a second. And then everything continues. You keep on going with the flow.















PLEIN

PHILIPP REIN







Leopoldplatz



by Makis Makris

Intimateness

Where It's been already fourteen years since I moved out of my parents' house, the family home I was given birth to and raised, and I decided to find my own place, to establish a new home. But following the events with the difficult economic conditions of my country, soon I came face to face with the ghost of unemployment and later forced to return back to my childhood house, the parental home, leaving behind many of the thing I had created and put on the shelf any future plans.

Returning home I realized that everything has been transformed through the passage of time. There was this new scenery in front of my eyes, intimate but strange one. Objects standing there for decades, long ago forgotten from my memories, now struggle to take place into my everyday routine.

I decided to use my camera in order to capture this new reality, to photograph this old house trying to be my new home. Into this struggle, astonished, every day I reveal new things and new statements of what intimacy is.









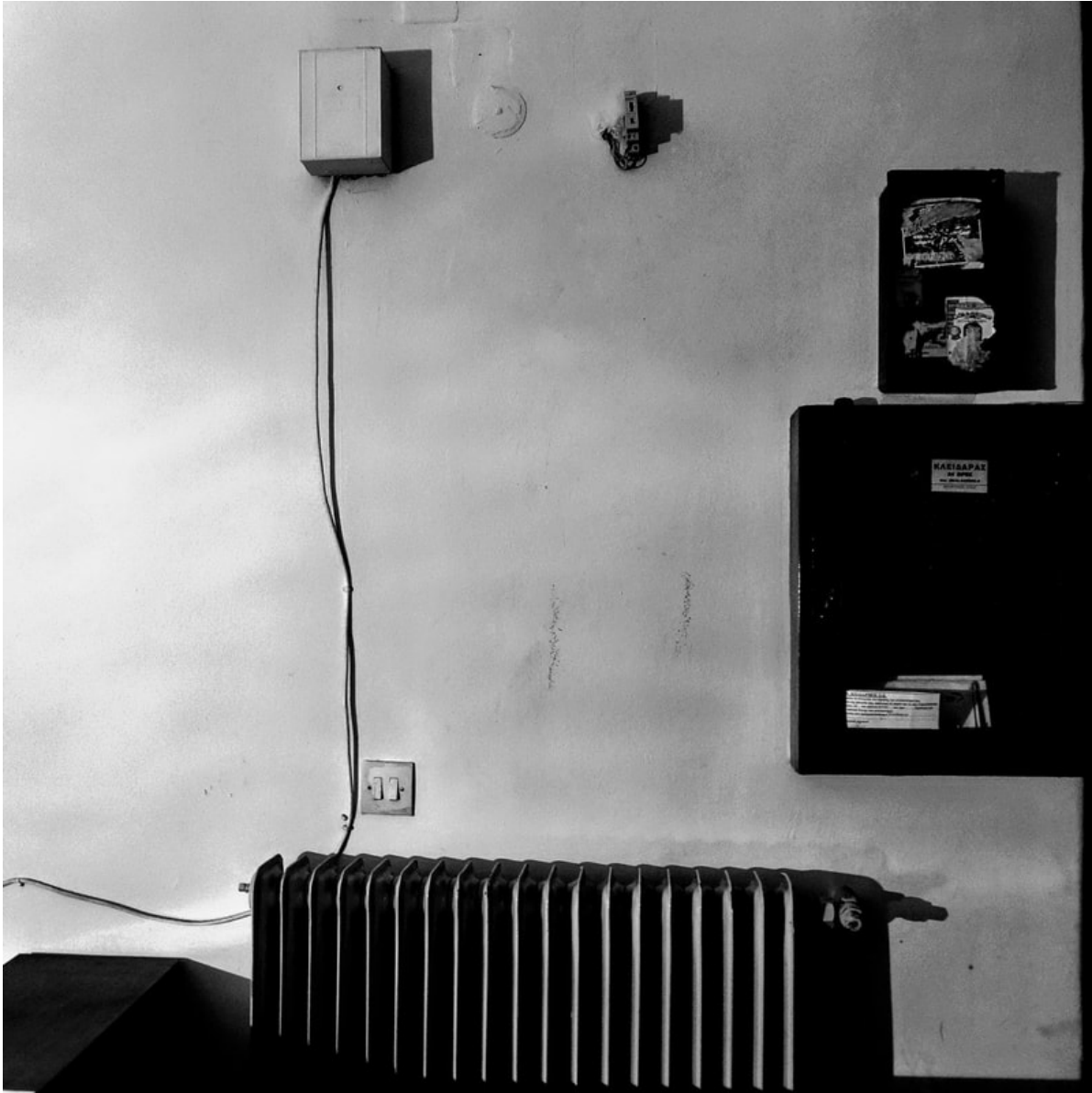












by Michail

The Greek Dystopia VII

What is the time span to get used to misery ... to get used to anything? And who needs a paranoid, unpredictable, opportunist ruler over their head?

Only lately I have regained hope that educated, visionary people, with no invested interests, will do their best to reverse the "degeneration". I loved my town, and its deserted streets, and its seas, and its abandoned suburbs, and its raped vestiges.

But I read faces. I have this curse. And the faces express more and more despair and solitude when looking for fairness, justice and hope. So I choose to flee once more ... to survive, to be able to talk again through images ... not that anyone cares.

"Σεπτέμβρης 1979. Ανασαίνοντας τα χνώτα της τσιμεντούπολης, ανάμεσα σε βαλίτσες και στοιβαγμένα όνειρα, πνίγοντας τους λυγμούς του αποχωρισμού ... η έγκυος παιδεία κάνει μια ακόμη έκτρωση ..."

































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