

Chapter 1 : In front of the lens of Gundula Schulze Eldowy :: DDR Museum

Nationality German Gender Female Roles Artist, Photographer Names Gundula Schulze el Dowy, Gundula Schulze-Eldowy Ulan

This was a city of ruins; all sorts of them. Here lived people who had gone through their worst nightmares and had survived to tell the story. They were the social misfits of East Berlin, the invisibles of a hermetically sealed off society. Later she would chronicle the disintegration of the country itself. And by the time the GDR was gone, Gundula had already moved on. Would you help me imagine East Berlin at the time you first arrived in the city? I was a fifteen year old girl who had hitch-hiked her way to Alexanderplatz. It was an unbelievable sight; destruction all around. Let me tell you, compared to that sight, the Wall was not the most shocking thing a stranger could see in Berlin. There was absolutely no sense of harmony in the city. I am not only referring to the built environment, but to everything there was to be seen or felt. There was this feeling of extreme tension between the present and the past of the city. And naturally, I was totally taken by this extraordinary setting! This atmosphere of destruction and abandon was totally new to me, a great contrast to what I was at the time familiar with. Where had you grown up? Near Erfurt, in a place where the war had practically left no traces. I had had a wonderful childhood, growing up near the woods, close to three beautiful streams; I still, to this day, feel very comfortable near the water. So I cannot say why this brokenness -if I may call it this- this view of a destroyed city appealed to me. I believe it was because I had suspected something then, that I still feel today: And I certainly sometimes feel that this whole planet of ours that we call Earth, is not much more than an illusion itself. But anyway, I was telling you how I prefer to face the truth head on. Yes, it is much like a catharsis, a cleansing if you like. Was it there and then, at fifteen, that you decided you would come to live in Berlin? Yes, I consciously made the decision that I would be coming back later - I was only fifteen at the time. As I was going through the streets of that ruined place, wondering what the people living inside them must have gone through - You have to try to imagine that inside those apartments, inside all those buildings, the past was still very much alive, it was present everywhere. What I am talking about is something that one could only sense, it is not something you can feel by reading about it in any book or by looking at any photograph. It is a feeling that cannot be replicated or transmitted; to feel history, to steep oneself in it. I would walk among the ruins and feel that I could still hear people screaming, and at the same time sense the screams that the living could no more utter. So much shame and pain - And it was in East Berlin, that I would later live among the traces of the war, and touch the marks left by gunfire on the walls of my own apartment, on Rosa Luxemburg Strasse, surrounded by what still remained of the war beurocracy. That was in , when you moved to Berlin? I moved into the apartment of Rosa Luxemburg Strasse a few years later, in All the buildings of that beurocracy of war, the spaces, were walking distance away from my place. They had been renamed, naturally, by the GDR beurocracy, but they were still standing. Not much more than the names had really changed - The exterior might seem different, but that evil spirit that had taken hold of Germany still resided inside those buildings. From that apartment on Rosa Luxemburg Strasse you would go out into the streets, camera in hand. When would you pick it up and take a picture? What were you looking for? At first, I was not looking for anything. I was totally wide-eyed and overwhelmed by what lay around me. Looking back, I think I was trying to realise what had actually happened, what had preceded what I was now witnessing. I now believe that I was unconsciously looking for my own history. But I was not consciously searching for something. I was a very young woman, I simply wanted to live, to enjoy myself. I was interested in fashion, was constantly in love and definitely had no intention -no conscious intention- of going down that road which I did finally explore. I was living next door to those older men and women. And they shared their stories with me. They had not forced them upon me, no, never. It came naturally, this was life. And then, I could not go away. I was already walking toward something that I could not tear myself away from. Because it is clear that you were not out to make portraits of the young and the beautiful. I was the photographer of the social misfits. My fellow photographers could not understand why a young, beautiful girl like me would not only choose to live in such a run down environment among the misfits, but also to take pictures of them. Many

would even react in quite an arrogant manner, convinced as they were that there was no chance this kind of work would ever find an audience or be successful. The same was true of the housewives who disapproved of what I was doing and looked down on me for being different, when I should have gotten myself a husband and children. And how could I ever hung out with those troubled people? Oh, I certainly felt that nobody understood me. Did you ever have doubts about your work? Did you think that maybe everybody else was right? I was different and knew it, I was rather a loner. And looking back, I feel so lucky for having lived in the Scheunenviertel for so many years. This was a world that was soon to disappear. Shortly after the fall of the Wall, it was not there anymore. But I had thirteen years to explore, to experience, to look hard, to take photographs. I had the wonderful luck of having time on my hands. I always say that I have never had a lot of money, but I have always had a lot of time. This has been hugely important, a richness of great significance. Did you get to know them well in the course of taking their pictures? It did not matter that I was the one holding the camera and they my models; we were kindred spirits. We were relatives of a sort. And let me tell you, neither them nor I had the slightest hope that those photographs would one day end up inside a gallery, be part of an exhibition. I only took them because I wanted to do my thing. And the people who posed for me knew that I was sincere in my wish to know about them and their lives. These people inspired me. Your photographs have been seen as a sort of social commentary, too. You are saying this was not intended. This is being said quite often about my pictures, that I was commenting on life in the GDR. This is a misunderstanding of my work. Social commentary it might be, but only partly. What is much closer to the truth, is that the mainstream mentality in the GDR was so conservative and the people were so limited in their thinking and this did not sit well with me, I suffered. While the persons I was hanging out with and taking pictures of were so much more liberated in their thinking, so much more open to life. Do you realise why this was so? Because they had already lived through their worst nightmares. They had experienced the worst there was to be experienced. And now they craved to live to the full, they would appreciate all that was good in their hard lives, they were able to live in the moment and treasure it. Oh, and their sense of humour! Somebody would say something and I was rolling on the floor with laughter. Amid the tragedy, that wicked sense of humour! They also look like they do not have the slightest interest in their looking good in front of your camera, they are indifferent about their image. Even when they are completely nude, they seem to be totally at ease. Here were these people who had experienced trauma, or were traumatised already at birth, but they were accepting of themselves, of their bodies. I am talking here about the issue of nudity. Of course, we had this certainty that nobody takes the slightest interest in us, nobody cares about us, nobody will look at us even, so we are totally free to not care about our image. We did not exist! And if anyone ever glanced at us, well, we were the social misfits anyway, the crazies. The opinion of others was not something we cared about. And then, these were my friends, my neighbours, my people that I was taking pictures of. My glance on their naked bodies was innocent and caring. Now this is something most would find unthinkable today. You have said that East Berlin looked like a sunken city. You have described it as an archaeological site.

Chapter 2 : Gundula Schulze Eldowy The Early Years C/O Berlin - www.nxgvision.com

Gundula Schulze Eldowy: Der große und der kleine Schritt / The big and the little step. Fotografien / Photographs Fotografien / Photographs Lehmstedt, Leipzig , ISBN

Tamerlan, Eduard-von-Winterstein-Theater Gera: Fondation Nationale de la Photographie Hannover: Sprengel Museum Washington D. Neue Nationalgalerie Hamburg: Palazzo Pinucci Erfurt: Galerie am Fischmarkt Bern: Galerie Bernhard Schindler Peri Finnland: Galerie Sreda Berlin: Galerie Inga Kondeyne Warschau: Kulturpalast, Goethe-Institut Berlin: Berlin in einer Hundennacht, Postfuhramt Wien: En una noche de perros, Galeria Municipalidad Lima: Paso largo, paso corto, Centro la fotografia Mannheim: In einer Hundennacht, Kunstverein Erfurt: Das lebendige Bild, Predigerkirche Dortmund: Das unfassbare Gesicht, Galerie Schwenk Berlin: Berlin in einer Hundennacht, Galerie argus fotokunst Ulm: Berlin in einer Hundennacht, Galerie Kasten London: Eulenschrei des Verborgenen, Pixel Grain Berlin: Eine Fotoinstallation der Wendezeit. Halt die Ohren steif. Galerie Weisser Elefant, Berlin Photographien aus dem Jahre Der grosse und der kleine Schritt. Spinning on My Heels. Galerie Pankow, Berlin Weiter, weiter, auf der Himmelsleiter. Galerie am Fischmarkt, Erfurt Edition Stemmler, Kilchberg Zwischen sozialem Engagement und engagierter Sachlichkeit. Art Press Paris , Nr. Niemandsland Berlin , Nr. Liberation Lyon , Die Tageszeitung Berlin , Motiv Berlin , Nr. Between Past und Future. Aperture New York , Nr. Die Tageszeitung Berlin , 7. Photographien von Gundula Schulze. The University of California Press, Blick in die Unendlichkeit " Mumien, Gesichter. Es scheint alles sehr einfach. Der Tagesspiegel Berlin , Im Umkreis einer Seifenblase. Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung, 1. Ein Fenster in die Vergangenheit. Eine Reise ins Licht. Freitag Berlin , The Guardian London , 4. The New York Times, A gathering of Women With Cameras. Dezember Text Gundula Schulze. Defa-Dokumentarfilmstudio, Berlin , Regie: Rudij Bergmann Das Bild bin ich. Die Fotografin Gundula Schulze Eldowy. Christine Baudillon, Frankreich Kunst in der DDR. Eine neue Generation in der Malerei. BBC, London , Regie:

Chapter 3 : Gundula Schulze el Dowy : Egyptian diaries in SearchWorks catalog

The Nikon Z7 is slated as a mirrorless equivalent to the D, but it can't subject track with the same reliability as its DSLR counterpart. AF performance is otherwise good, except in low light where hunting can lead to missed shots.

Chapter 4 : Gundula Schulze el Dowy | LibraryThing

Gundula Schulze Eldowy. likes. Gundula Schulze Eldowy unofficial fanpage.

Chapter 5 : Gundula Schulze Eldowy " Wikipedia

View Gundula Schulze Eldowy's artworks on artnet. Find an in-depth biography, exhibitions, original artworks for sale, the latest news, and sold auction prices. See available photographs, and prints and multiples for sale and learn about the artist.

Chapter 6 : Gundula Schulze Eldowy - IMDb

In the Berlin of the late s and early s Gundula Schulze Eldowy () found the setting for scenes that are as drastic as they are quotidian in the series Berlin. In einer Hundennacht/ Berlin: in a Dog's Night () and Aktportraits/ Nude Portraits ().*

Chapter 7 : Gundula Schulze Eldowy: Documentary and Street photography Forum: Digital Photography R

View artworks for sale by Gundula Schulze el Dowy Gundula Schulze el Dowy (36, German). Browse upcoming

auctions and create alerts for artworks you are interested in. Filter by auction house, media and more.

Chapter 8 : Re: Gundula Schulze Eldowy: Documentary and Street photography Forum: Digital Photograph

Impressions of the exhibitions "Permutations" at the Kunst-Raum and "The devil takes the hindmost" at the Mauer-Mahnmal-Raum of the Deutscher Bundestag with.

Chapter 9 : Gundula Schulze Eldowy | Art Blart

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