

Lena Rosa Händle

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Ranging across photography, installation, collage and sculpture, Lena Rosa Händle's practice negotiates a vast openness in conjunction with an intense focus on people and their social realities, their visibilities and cultural codes. Her art is often linked with (queer-) feminist discourses and questions identity.

She works with methods like rewriting and appropriation, which lead to shifts of meanings and unmask the construction of culture. In this search, she transmits an intellectual confrontation combined with a sensitive approach to her use of materials.

Lena Rosa Händle's works are critical reflections on the social, political, historical, and ecological conditions and foreground utopian potentials for a livable future.

Selection of Works

Chapter 1: Queer-feminist History

These Hands– an Inimitable World
„Untergehackt und fröhlich kraftvoll ausschreitend.“

Chapter 2: Society, Identity and Care

I (We) Feel Seen
Intergalactic Sisters

Chapter 3: Environment and Crises

Entagled (work in process)
Mycorrhiza
Thank You for Shopping with us!
That comes from within

These Hands – an Inimitable World

3 Photographs, fine art inkjet prints, framed, 75 x 100 cm

Poster, off-set print, A1 (59,4 x 84,1 cm), 2022

Commissioned work for TO BE SEEN. Queer Lives 1900-1950,
Munich Documentation Center for the History of National Socialism, 2022

These Hands – an Inimitable World explores the continuity of veiled lesbian codes from the 1920s to the present day. With reference to the dancer Tilly Losch, the painter Mariette Lydis, and the artist Claude Cahun she focuses on the motif of hands as lesbian gesture and code. Together with the curator, DJ and cultural producer Tonica Hunter she reinterprets these historical gestures in her photographs, also recalling the first female-run photo studios of the 1920s. On the poster her own photographs enter into a dialogue with the historical material, offering the viewer an opportunity to transport these gestures into public and private spaces.





I was on board the *Atlantic*. It was a humid, tropical summer's day. A great stillness lay over the ocean, over the ship and the people. The passengers spoke in muffled tones as if they were waiting for something to happen. Their movements were labored, as if inhibited by something. It was a relief when the bell finally rang summoning them to dinner. The sound of the bell was lucid and clear, and there was an awareness of its trying to release them from a vague dream with its lucid and clear reminder of reality.

[...] Suddenly my attention was caught by a pair of hands, which seemed to arouse me insanelly, for I realized that my own hands were trembling in front of me; then they slipped under the table cloth, becoming tense. The hands that had such a powerful effect on my hands lay diagonally opposite me. These hands were slender and white, their long thin fingers had shaped, oval nails of a rare beauty. The hands were unnerving and yet nervous, the hands were desirous yet somewhat weary, the hands were cruel and other-worldly. These hands might have belonged to an elegant and beautiful woman, but however much I racked my brains I could not figure out whom these hands belonged to.

Now all the hands left their places, traveled through the air, spread themselves around the room. Now I saw the dance of the hands. With splayed fingers, they skipped across the room. Here an elegant female hand raised a warning finger, there a hand made a scratching movement, two chubby little hands belonging to a bobbysoxer came together in a clap. The backs of two hands that did not belong together touched each other furtively and shyly. With all the swaying and dancing it was as if the whole room was abuzz with a wild pantomime. But my hands sought the hands of the unknown woman. They lay on a chair a state of perpetual quiet agitation. Their movements were those of a snake.

[...]

These Hands – An Inimitable World

Gradually it had grown dark. The sky was strewn with a mass of twinkling stars. Everything was illuminated and glittering as if there was a big party going on. My hands continued to seek and eventually glided into one of the saloons. Music was playing and the hands were moving through the room, almost all of them in the same pose. They were drawing straight, curved, angular lines in the air to the strains of the Shimmy, the Boston, the Tango. But the hands of the unknown woman were not among them. My hands wandered on through the corridor. — I was alone and could think only about whom the hands belonged to that had so strangely aroused me. But nothing occurred to me that would have given me even the slightest clue. In my mind's eye I went through all the passengers, those I knew or those I had encountered only fleetingly. I went on deck and began to imagine the woman who was the owner of this great beauty. Anyone who had hands like that was beautiful. She was blond for sure, and she had a pristine white complexion, large, shining veiled eyes, a nervous straight nose,

a red, very sensual mouth. This woman was sure to have a very beautiful, extremely animal-like gait. This woman must have something demonic about her, outwardly something extremely cool, she must be a Russian — no, an Englishwoman, yes of course an Englishwoman, how could I doubt that. These cruel hands, these desirous hands —, but then again no —, these hands were the expression of a world, an experience, a feeling unlike any other. — Suddenly it was pitch black. I heard a man's voice calling sharply: "Hello, what's the matter with you, wake up." I opened my eyes and was lying in the arms of a ship's officer. I sat up and stammered: "What's going on?" "Well, thank goodness, you just fainted, that's all; these stifling tropical days and nights often have an effect on the nerves. Can I do anything for you?" he added.

[...] And suddenly my heart leapt into my throat. A couple of steps away from me lay the hand I was looking for. Light and alive it lay on a parapet. The figure of a woman had her back turned to me.

I saw an exceedingly slim figure in simple clothes. I came closer and stared into the face of the stranger. The woman might have been in her mid-forties. A frozen, impenetrable face with hard, steel-blue eyes. The mouth was thin and bloodless. It was the English governess of the two Argentinian boys. For a moment the pupils in her light-colored eyes seemed to dilate and the brows twitch painfully. Only for a second. Then I heard a soft, mild voice: "Make haste, dear," and a fascinatingly beautiful hand clutched the chubby little hand of a child. I watched her leave the ship and gradually disappear into the crowd. I wanted to cry out, but my voice failed, I wanted to go after her, to stop her but I could not move a limb. What had happened — what had happened — I reeled — and lost consciousness.



Claude Cahun, *Untitled*, 24,4 x 19,1 cm, 1939 © Centre Pompidou



These Hands – An Inimitable World, TO BE SEEN. Queer Lives 1900-1950, Munich Documentation Center for the History of National Socialism, 2022



Wolfgang Tillmans, *The Cock (kiss)* (left), *These Hands – An Inimitable World*, (down and right), *TO BE SEEN. Queer Lives 1900-1950*, Munich Documentation Center for the History of National Socialism, 2022



„Untergehackt und fröhlich kraftvoll ausschreitend...“

9 fine art inkjet prints 50 x 70 cm and 70 x 100 cm, 9 text prints,
since 2020

The work includes portraits of feminist groups that exist since the 1970s in Berlin.

I cooperate with the protagonists* of historic groups for reenactments of their actions and group photos. My examination deals with the group photo as subject and the (extended) family portrait, which I approach with artistic strategies.

The groups are given a voice in my project. I ask them to write a reflection/statement concerning the picture and also to describe the action or their project itself briefly. Berlin has a long, exciting and diverse lesbian, feminist and queer history. In the 1970s, in West Berlin emerged groups of women and lesbians that in the 1980s grew to a big autonomous subculture in the island city. In East Berlin, especially in the 1980s, there were resisting and independent groups of women and lesbians that often were supported by the evangelical church and connected with each other.

For me, important in this project is an equivalent reappraisal of the feminist history in East Berlin and West Berlin and the cooperation with a feminist movement, as diverse as possible. In doing so, I want in particular to make visible the lesbian history as well as tell a queer and feminist history that is less known and diverse as possible.

Older women* are often massively affected by age discrimination and rarely appear in public as important personalities. To move and work in a group requires a high level of social skills. Group processes, in which consensus has to be reached and decisions are made, can be time-consuming and tedious. The social work, which I honour here, is in many contexts done by women*.

Women for Peace, East- Berlin (Frauen für den Frieden, Ost- Berlin)



What are we, seven women, no longer young, dressed in black clothes, walking arm in arm, cheerful and vibrantly stepping out, doing on a sunny day in autumn 2020 at Berlin Alexanderplatz? We commemorate the „Refusal in black“. On a day in October 1982 we were, at that time members of the opposition group „Women for peace“ in East Berlin, symbolically dressed in black, at the same place. At the main post office we sent our personal refusals of the military service in the national people's army of the GDR. The new Military Service Act, established in March 1982, approved at a time of the planned deployment of nuclear medium-range missiles in Central Europe, could have forced us women into the army. On this day in October those women, who protected each other by strongly walking arm in arm, succeeded in avoiding the arrest by the state security service.

Later, the Military Service Act regarding the involvement of women was not applied anymore.



Ginka Steinwachs, Mona Winter and Heidi von Plato. Authors of the „Schwarze Botin“, Westt- Berlin

,we fall out of all clouds
 out of the frame of society
 onto paper'.
 that was my message (BotINNENschaft) eight
 years ago,
 thanks to barbara ehnes (direction & idea)
 together with heidi von plato
 and mona winter on the stage of wiener schau-
 spielhaus.
 rehearsed we also have, ah, the stage air!!!, in
 the equivalent in berlin.
 The d e r n i e r c r i as last cry in the remake =
 the ,remastered & remistressed' – title of the
 black messenger, came from me.
 my first words at the performance
 (with a deep voice): ,I am a latecomer
 but I come.'
 that was 2013.
 years have passed since then, until vojnin
 sasa vukadinovic had the thought to reunite
 us in a wallstein-book.
 then the adventure with YOU.
 in pouring rain on the roof
 it brings us, after many absences,
 among them, covid 19, for the first time
 together live, the soft core of the hard group,
 if YOU like.
 ,good force', said brigitte classen to this.
 we enjoy our presence in YOUR project,
 are curious to recognize the other groups,
 i'm interested in the COURAGEous people,
 we want to remain so aesthetic, so critical, so
 satirical and poetic
 like at that time. simple S.B.

p.s.
 i am grateful and happy
 that the young women of today get to know
 through,
 among other things, YOUR project,
 how much encouragement we have given them.



Marinka Körzendörfer und Bettina Dziggel, Lesben in der Kirche, Ost- Berlin)

- Remembering means changing -

The Pink Angle simply did not exist in the memorials of the former concentration camps of the GDR.

Together with gay friends we noticed this in 1983, while visiting the National Memorial Sachsenhausen. How shocking, we wanted to change this!

It was obvious for our lesbian group that was founded under the roof of the evangelical church in 1983 to go to the National Memorial Ravensbrück, it was the only concentration camp for women in Europe.

Because, although we did not have any information based on science, we were convinced that also lesbians were arrested and murdered there: because where women are, there are also lesbians.

In 1984, we visited the memorial, registered ourselves in the visitor book, put down a wreath with the inscription „You are not forgotten“ – „Working group gay self-help Berlin- Lesbians in the church“ (*Arbeitskreis homosexuelle Selbsthilfe Berlin-Lesben in der Kirche*).

While doing this, we were observed by the state security. Two days later we did research on the site: the wreath was gone, the entry in the visitor book was deleted. (Research by cultural scientists of the HU in 2005 revealed that the wreath was poured over with petrol and burned in the cellar.)

1985, on the 40th anniversary of the liberation, there was a big desire for us to be present there again.

The visit was forbidden already a day before by the people's police.

We drove to the site anyway and all 11 lesbians were arrested in Fürstenberg/Havel. Up and down on a truck of the people's police, criss-cross through the woods: „Not even a dead sow would fuck something like you“, „Where is the puppet that has to piss?“, Victor Klemperer's „LTI“ gave us strength. The school for German-Soviet Friendship was used 4 to 5 hours for interrogations, we were brought individually to the criminal police. Luckily, we all met again after the interrogations and should immediately return to Berlin.

We complained to government offices, they apologized pro forma, unofficially we were still registered as terrorist group in their files.

The laying of a wreath, done again in 1986, was allowed, it was possible to lay down a wreath with the inscription mentioned above, an entry in the visitor book was approved. The research of the cultural scientists mentioned above revealed also that there was an order by the Ministry for Secret police (Ministerium für Staatssicherheit) to cover the wreath with other wreaths immediately after we left the memorial and to put on display a new visitor book.

Only many years later could individual lesbians, who took part, enter unbiased the present memorial in Ravensbrück respectfully and commemorate the victims.

I (We) Feel Seen

9 C-Prints, 11 Inkjet Prints, framed, 50 x 65 cm, Text, 2018

In the current political climate in which cis-male camaraderie is gaining power, this installation explores the in/visibility and diversity of queer-feminist artists. The analog portrait photographs are testimonies of dialog-based encounters at the artist's Residency Studio in New York. How do the encounters and connections between Lena Rosa Händle and the protagonists become visible?

Taking time, seeing, listening and engaging with are the starting points of this series, which subsequently produces connection, a process of learning, appreciation and (temporary) community. A text by the protagonist about their picture hangs, equally framed under each portrait. An additional text by Lena Rosa Händle shares observations, feelings and comments on the encounters.

Through these two layers of text, views are expanded, levels of social inequality made visible, as well as questions asked about the portrait itself.



I (we) feel *seen*, not glamorous but *there*.



As we look at this photo, larger than when we first saw it, we realize how tired we both look.

Being in these bodies, these black, lesbian bodies, is exhausting, but every day we keep moving forward and holding each other's hands through it all. When we face the world, we try to cover up how tired we really are, but we realized through your photographs of us that it's powerful to show exhaustion because that's where the strength lies.

Ness White and Nia Shand



My studio is a meeting place, with the city at its feet rumbling. I invite a variety of queer-feminist artists from New York, whose work touches me to my residency studio apartment in Chelsea to take a dialogical portrait. We meet for the first time for two to three hours. It's afternoon, we drink coffee on my balcony. I watch, feel and listen. Connections form. Our eyes meet.

I take pictures on three roll films.

What does the portrait produce? What does it depict? How do the individuals portrayed perceive their picture chosen by me? What do I learn from these encounters? What does the picture convey? What does my gaze show?

The artists use their picture with my name,

I show their pictures with their names.

Lena Rosa Händle

Encounters and Biographies

text by Lena Rosa Händle, translation Kelly Ann Gardener

Eva Kollisch and Naomi Replansky

The reading by the two Jewish Poets moves me profoundly. Eva survived the Holocaust by emigrating with a Kindertransport from Baden near Vienna. The vast dimension of this experience is felt in her essays. I am the only German in the room. I approach them after the reading. Their openness towards me and their enthusiasm for talking German eases me. We become friends, go for dinner while discussing politics and thinking about translating between languages. When Naomi and Eva first met, they were in their sixties. They've been a couple for thirty years and live together in two separate apartments in a building on the Upper West Side in Manhattan.

Eva Kollisch (*1925 Baden near Vienna) is a writer and literary and German scholar. She was a Professor at the Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, New York.

Naomi Replansky (*1918 Bronx, New York) is a writer and was a translator of among others texts by Bertold Brecht. Additionally, she worked as a programmer for many years.

Ness and Nia

Nila & Ness enter my studio and give me a warm hug. Their great love is constantly present. In front of the camera, they melt with each other and seem to have forgotten me completely. I say „It feels like a mirror of my own relationship“ and just at that moment, I receive a message from my partner. As a white couple, we always feel safer. I can tell by looking at Nia that constant awareness and defensiveness are tiring.

Lena Rosa Händle

This self-portrait was taken with a self-timer during the early days of my residency in New York. I turn my gaze towards the city, I feel lofty and free yet at the same time a responsibility for this scholarship. Lena Rosa Händle (*1978 Berlin) is an artist, photographer and teacher. Alongside her artistic practice, she has worked at the Academy of Fine Arts Vienna for the past four years.



Intergalactic Sisters

4 x 60 x 80 and 4 x 60 x 60 analog photographs, framed behind glass,
2021/22

During a short residency at Schaumbad Graz Lena Rosa Händle has photographed female migrant artists. The artists were recommended through Margarte Makovec and Eva Ursprung (Schaumbad Graz). The photographs are taken in dialogue with the artists in the industrial environment close to the temporal Studio of Lena Rosa Händle. Afterwards she asked the photographed artist to write about how they see themselves on the selected picture and what does feminism mean to them.

Lena Rosa Händle is interested in the diversity of migrants. Which commonalities and differences exist? Is there any complicity? What can we learn from each other?

Asiyeh Panahi, writer, born 1998 in Afghanistan

Marta Navaridas, performer and dancer, born 1976 in Spain

Daniela Brasil, artist and theorist, born 1975 in Rio, Brazil

Kate Howlett Jones, conceptual artist, writer, born 1974 in United Kingdom

Irina Karamarkovic, jazz musician, born 1979 in Belgrad, Serbia

Linda Thornton, sound artist, born 1986 in Atlanta, USA

Rebeca Monteiro Neves, costume designer, illustrator, Portugal

Severin Hirsch, photographer/artist, born 1978 in Slovenia



Ich sehe mich auf dem Foto sehr stark. Rot ist für mich Farbe meiner inneren Stärke und die Willenskraft, die in mir jeden Tag wächst. Feminismus bedeutet für mich Kämpfen für meine Werte im Leben, die mich ausmachen.

Anderes gesagt, ich möchte mehr als eine schöne Frau zu sein. Ich möchte die Welt meiner Werten schaffen, wo anderen mich als ein Mensch sehen, der Würde besitzt und ist sicher nicht nur Äußeres Aussehens, sondern viel mehr.



Ich bin ein bisschen müde, so müde wie die Menschen in der Mitte ihres Lebens oft sind: Nicht mehr bereit, jeden Kampf um jeden Preis zu führen. Ich bin schon dort angelangt, wo ich die Windmühlen gut erkennen und vermeiden kann. Meine Körperstellung auf dem Foto ist rätselhaft, sie hat etwas triskelartiges an sich.

Ein alltäglicher Kampf ist es. Ich kämpfe, weil ich die unbezahlte Arbeit nicht übernehmen möchte. Ich kämpfe für den gleichen Lohn. Ich kämpfe für die Ausbildung. Ich kämpfe für die Selbstbestimmung und körperliche Selbstbestimmung. Ich kämpfe gegen Bevormundung, Gewalt, Mansplaining, Sexismus...Ich kämpfe für eine kostenlose und hochwertige Kinderbetreuung. Ich kämpfe für gratis Hygieneartikel, Verhütung, künstliche Befruchtung (wenn ein Mensch Kinder haben möchte) und Schwangerschaftsabbrüche (wenn ein Mensch keine Kinder haben möchte).

Irina Karamarkovic



I see myself in this picture as I am, turning problems of today into challenges and challenges into worthfull lessons to make myself a better human tomorrow!

For me, Feminism is where tolerance and understanding between humans happen.

When I am free to be who I am without being more, or less appreciated or discriminated due to biological, fiscal, or mental attributes.

So simple, and yet so difficult to get it in our society.

Rebeca Monteiro Neves



In the picture I see myself a little cranky. Maybe worried, with many things to do, tired, I don't know. As a mother, artist and activist, there are always too many things to think about and get done around... :) But I don't remember if that's how I felt that day, honestly I recall a nice afternoon with you, dear Lena... well, we are complex beings, the days, the rhythms and the flows are hard to catch, or situate sometimes Maybe the face reveal things we don't want to see/remember? We have daily struggles and difficulties around here, but honestly I feel fulfilled, grateful and empowered... . I am not sure if my facial muscles and skin agree with that. But aren't they autonomous?...

I believe in different feminisms, as the struggles and the socio-economic and cultural contexts are extrem diverse, we have to acknowledging the asymmetries. Here in Europe there is tendency of reducing the cause to a white feminism, which ends to become blind to the real struggles of the women worldwide who have been sustaining our "standards" here for centuries. Feminist struggles are central to promoting social and cognitive justice, and ecological justice, and they should not be separated from the intersection of the heteropatriarchy, class system, white supremacy/ structural racism, neoliberal capitalism, and the state of coloniality in which we still find ourselves. I could say that I align with decolonial feminism, engaging for widening our world views and political imaginaries, enabling a plurality of voices and worlds can co-exist.



Feminism is a gigantic concept, it is like a benevolent creature that engenders many other inspiring creatures. I simplify it by defining it as the attitude we have to adopt so that there is less discrimination and injustice among us. It is a non-violent battle to achieve that all of us, including animals, can do a little better during the short time we live. When I see myself with that half smile I realise that I am motivated to be part of this generation that is making gender not a vital obstacle but a concept that can be transformed according to needs and desires.



Entagled (work in process)

Collages, 30 x 40 cm, 2023-2024

Can we find role models in non-human lives? How can we learn from non-human lives/organisms and systems? How do non-human systems function in social and queer ways?

In this work the artist creates images of mutualistic beneficial symbiotic relationships of non-human lives with the methods of collages. She is interested in the social commitment of these organisms and their eco systems.

Ninety percent of all plant species live in relationship with a fungi, which are called mycorrhiza. Mycorrhiza live underneath the earth, the evidence of mycorrhizal fungi above the ground are mushrooms. Algae and fungi are the ancestors of all plants, they evolved into mycorrhizal relationships. Fungi are in further symbiosis with ants and termites and many more.

Sea Anemone live in symbiotic relationships with bacteria and algae (single-celled dinoflagellates, zooxanthellae, or green algae, zoochlorelle), some with hermit crabs or small fish, like clownfish.

There are many more examples of symbiosis in non-human lives.





Mycorrhiza

4 m x 7 cm x 5 cm, sizes variables, roots, glue, paint, black light, photographs, 2023

Algae and fungi are the ancestors of all plants, they evolved into mycorrhizal relationships. Ninety percent of all plants live in relationships in which both partners benefit.

Philosophers are calling for the *Symbiocene* after the human dominated Anthropocene, as an age for regeneration for humans and all living beings. A close look at the wide spectrum of living beings reveals that, at all times and in all places, animals, plants, micro-organisms and human beings use different forms of mutual aid. And those who survive difficult conditions best are not necessarily the strongest, but those who help each other the most.

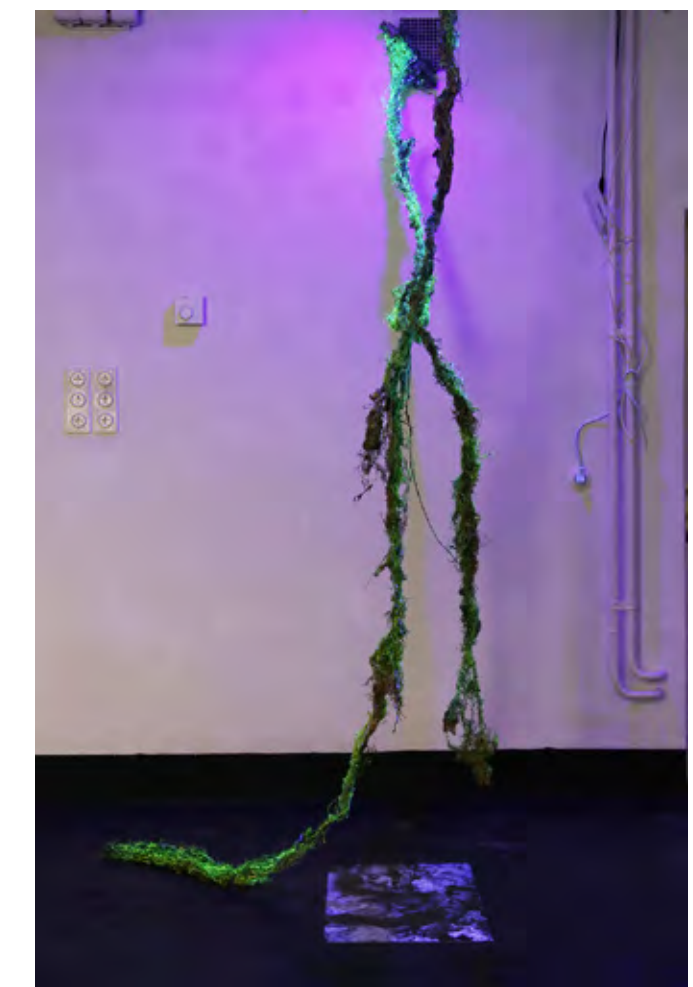
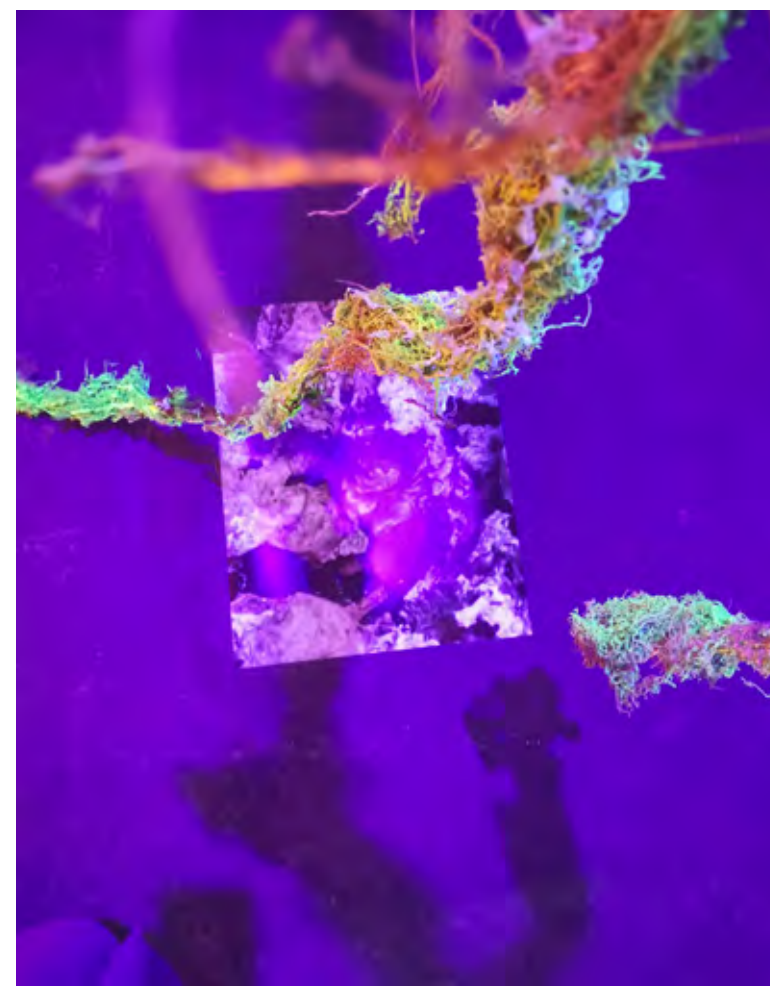
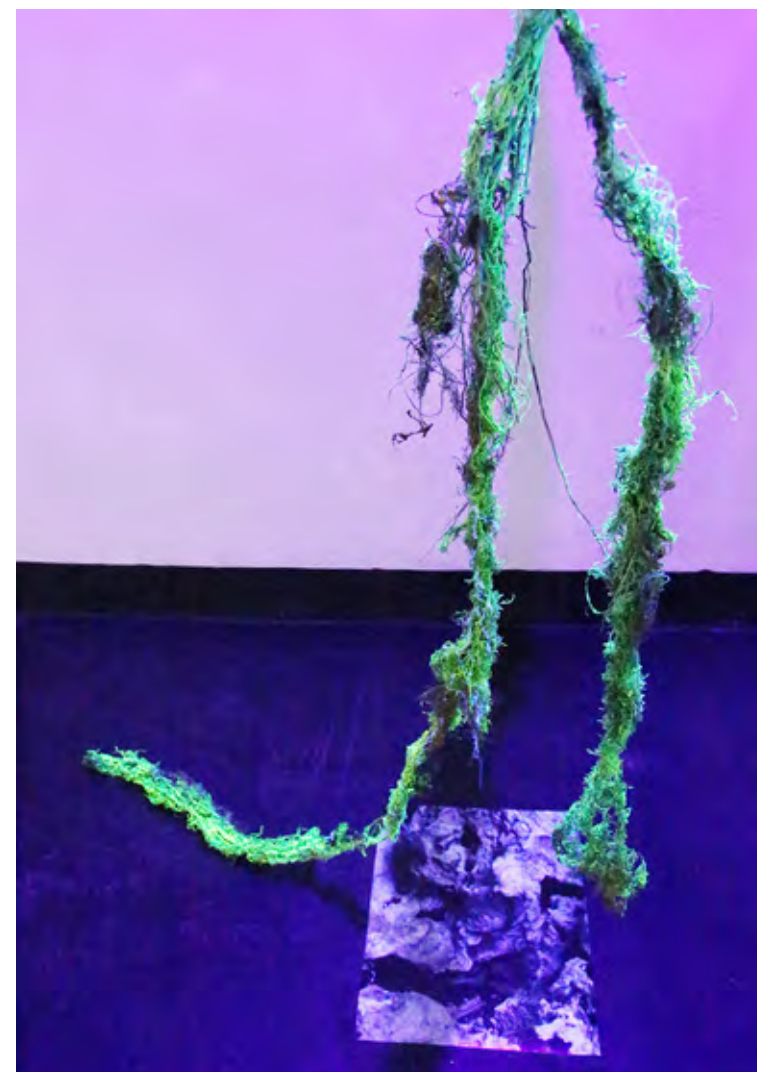
The artist is interested in the social and queer aspects and interactions of these organisms and creatures.

The installation shows us a mycorrhiza system of fungi with roots and photographs of fungi.



Fungi, part of the installation Mycorrhiza





From hundreds of roots, which drink silently with David Mera, Basement, Vienna, 2023

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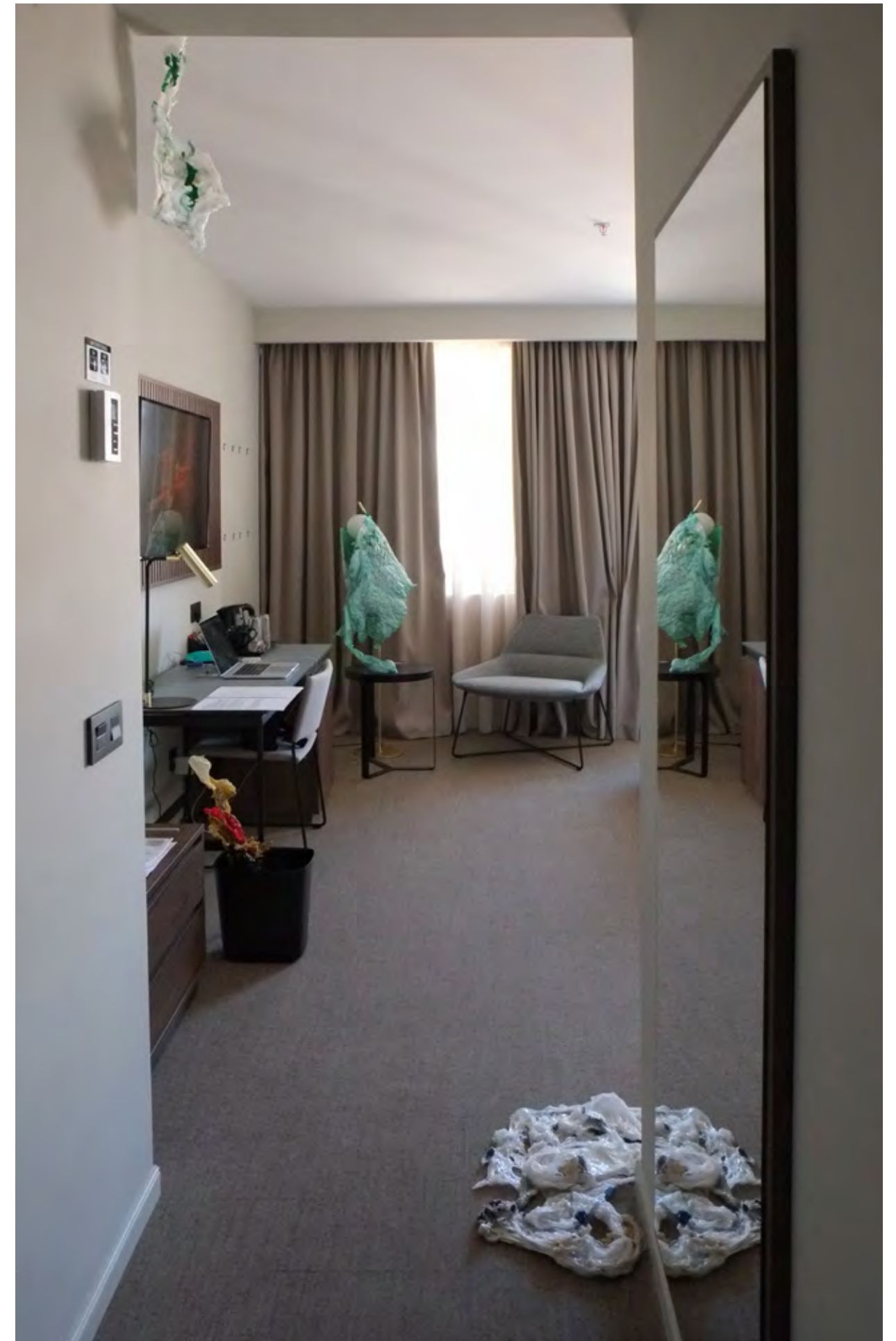
Plastic sculptures, various dimensions, 2021
text by Frederike Sperling, (das weisse haus)

Exhibition Hybrid Art Fair, RIU Hotel, Madrid, May 2021
In cooperation with das weisse haus & Austria Cultural Forum, Madrid

With her variously-sized sculptures, Lena Rosa Händle zooms into the complex dependencies between plastic and turbocapitalism, ultimately raising urgent questions around the affects and consequences of toxic waste for nature and its diverse ecosystems. Multiple plastic objects are hanging or laying throughout the space. Like tentacular organisms, they gradually infiltrate the room – morphing out of the Riu Hotel's hidden cracks and crevices. What or who are they and what are they up to? Will they do harm? Oscillating between states of living and non-living, these creatures evade any deterministic fixation. Instead, they mutate and fluctuate, seemingly ready to change rhythms and directions in no time. Their skin, though rough, is ready to bend and twist into immediate action. The versatility and animate features of Lena Rosa Händle's sculptures are reminiscent of the very material characteristics of plastic. Durable and hardly degradable, plastic is inside all of us and everywhere. In the course of the sixty years of plastic mass production, 8.3 billion tonnes have been produced – out of which merely 9% haven been recycled. Plastic pollution – especially in the form of microplastics – is a direct threat to wildlife habitats: In the Pacific Ocean alone, three million tons of plastic are floating between California and Hawaii with the size of Central Europe. Unsurprisingly, there are six times more items of plastic debris than plankton in that area.

Lena Rosa Händle transforms the uncanny truths about our relationship to a toxic material into an immersive spatial intervention. She makes us understand that plastic, a key component for global capitalism, will not go, it will only become more and ultimately take over.

... Thank You For Shopping With Us!



Thank You for Shopping with Us! RIU Hotel, Hybrid Art Fair, Madrid



Green Skin 107 x 59 x 4 cm



Thank You for Shopping with Us! 268 x 59 x 2 cm



Black Nest: 98 x 15 x 19 cm



Black Water (Above): 45 x 22 x 5 cm; Skeleton: 31 x 10,5 x 9 cm

That Comes From Within

essayistic photographic film, 6:20 min, 2020

<https://vimeo.com/user134758004>

In her thinking, Rosa Luxemburg combines political freedom with social justice and reminds us that freedoms in neoliberalism privilege the few and discriminate against the many. Various chains of association and levels of meaning concerning the current political situation during the corona pandemic are connected with Rosa Luxemburg's observations of animals and nature.

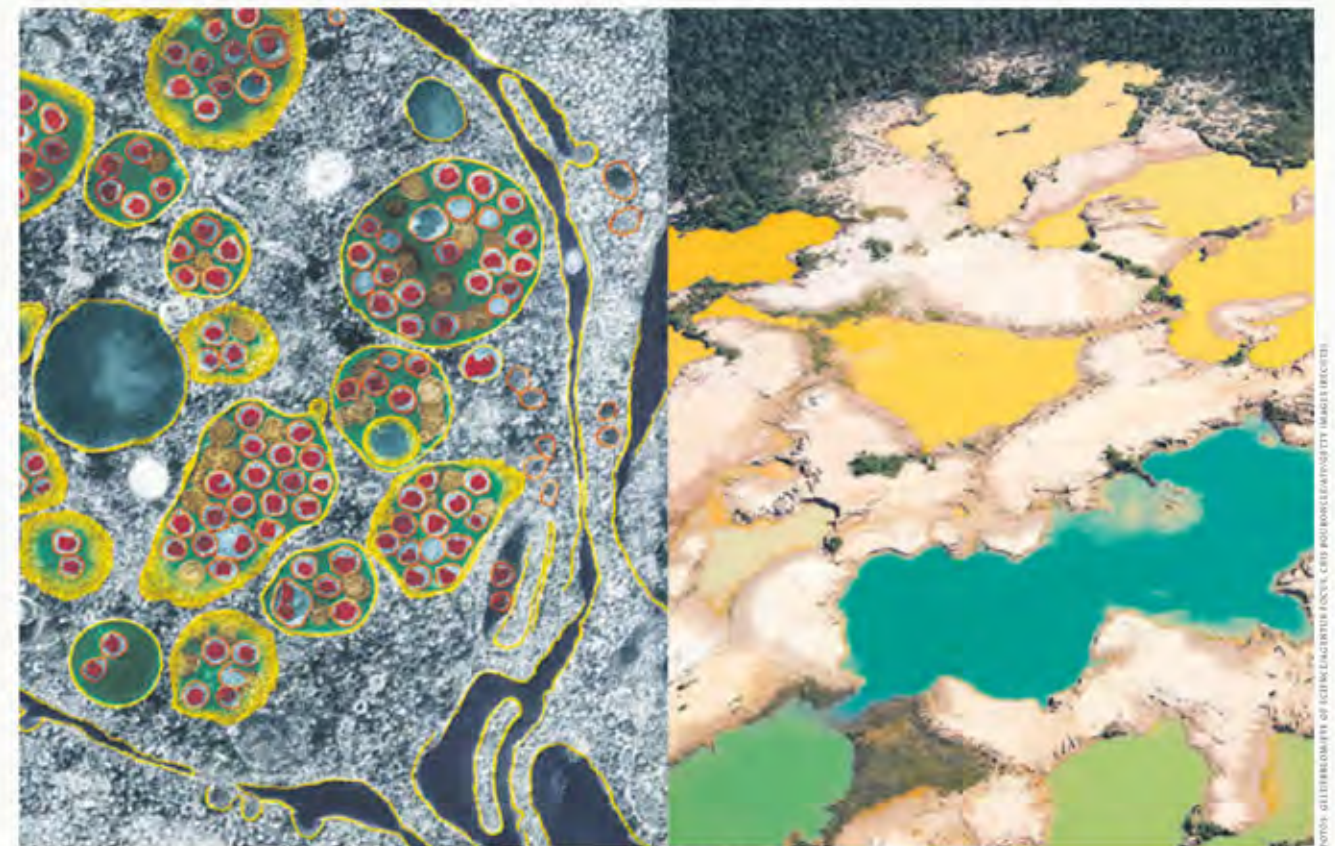
The corona crisis reveals social conditions clearly. Neoliberal globalisation and its treatment of nature and mankind are partly responsible for the emergence and spread of the virus. Questions about freedom and restrictions on freedom are being raised new by the pandemic.

The artist combines text excerpts by Rosa Luxemburg ("Letters from Prison", 1917 and "On the Russian Revolution", 1918) with media images, images of animals and nature, and with images that pick up on symbols of Western freedom to create an essayistic photographic film.

ema

der Freitag | Nr. 12 | 19. März 2020

iese Krise stellt unser System in Frage – das ist die Chance, neu zu denken



Links: Ultradünnschicht von Corona-Viren (rot) im Inneren einer Wirtszelle. Rechts: Luftbild gerodeter Amazonas-Flächen



Earth Day observances in Florida in 1970. Associated Press

