

Meeting the strangers

What is it about meeting the strangers? What would I like to do today with this task. First, I was strolling thru the city. I thought it will inspire me. But it didn't. Stepping back, out of the comfort zone, that's what we should do. But after a coffee in town, I realized that I am already out. Just because being here. I am the stranger not the others. So I came with this idea of taking pictures of me in common not to beautiful places. Put myself as a stranger in a typical daily situation of a modern Latvian. Then I asked people on this locations to photograph me. First I went in to this Bar. It was a bit an odd place. The bartender was behind metal bars. And she was not allowed to take pictures of me! Her friend did so. I've chosen where I stand and where she has to stand from where she will take the photograph. I think she doesn't know how to take pictures. After this successful try I moved on another place. Another very common place in town is this McDonald style burger place. Hesburger is on the other end of the old town, opposite the main street.

I came in and immediately a place next to the window caught my attention. I asked one of the teenagers, they were waiting for food. I sat down on this red bench. And he pressed the button. So where to go after this places. It was difficult to find another spot which interested me enough.

What is this experiment about? Two things came up in my mind while I was taking this pictures. While I was placing me in this common places, I felt my strangeness even more. I am the stranger not the others are. That's why I had to take pictures of myself. It's a fear, having this feeling. I already left my comfort zone when I entered Kuldiga and putted me in this somehow sad common places made me feel even more as a stranger. Second thing what happened while I was taking only to pictures. I am still the author of this images. But I lost control about how this images will look like. And that's an interesting experience which I didn't learn until now. Usually we try to control what is in our images as much as possible. But a stranger is taking over the control about the image you are the author of. Let's think about this. Just a few thoughts about today's experiment taking pictures of strangers.



Meeting the strangers II (from the archive of Kuldīga)

I was looking for a thrift store in town. I went to the tourist office, where I met Artis. I asked him where to find a thrift store. But unfortunately the thrift store which has old photos, was closed at that time. I had this idea of meeting strangers on finding them on old pictures. I asked him about where else to find. While we were talking, he suddenly came up with an project they are working on. The tourist office asked the people of Kuldīga, if they would send them their family albums. I woke up immediately. I need to see this. He already has a few albums scanned. So he sent those pictures and a few from the local archive to me.

