

*Digital Nature - Photographs by Andreas Walther*

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What is a landscape? A piece of nature, if no one looks at it. It is the beholder who forms a picture by adding sensation that he lays into the sight of meadows, woods, river, and mountain. The photographer decides a detail and the way of exposure. For Andreas Walther, who uses digital photography, there is additionally the process of computer-based photo editing. By the use of the latter, the picture becomes a vision that is liberated from all that is coincidental and dispensable. What remains is the almost painterly expression of a romantic mind.

The photographer, born in Germany, Hesse in 1971, shows fifteen colour prints at Susanne Albrecht Gallery and these works do not present him as an enthusiast of light but rather disclose him as a reticent mind that seeks to patiently incorporate the flowing of a landscape or sometimes the refulgence of a flowering plant in a nocturnal wood. In one of the works it is a rice plantation that lies in front of us as a green carpet, leading the gaze into the distance. In no case the colours jubilate, Walther extenuates them every time. He seems to like it best if a dark sky overshadows the land and light appears on the horizon, opening a path for the landscape's flowing - or better: for our eye. Walther's images of nature, taken in Taiwan and Germany, are sometimes large-scale, sometimes tabloid metaphors, never congealing into abstract symbols. Their secret just lies in their vividness, virtually needing the double or threefolded gaze for making an inner movement become comprehensible for the contemplator. Wafts of mist ascent or descent and along with wooded mountains in the depth of the photographic space provoking a hovering light boundary of the scene, becoming a moment of meditation. As the China connoisseur stated himself, it is the spirit of Daoism that inspires him strongly.

In the colourful world of images that surround us day in and out and form us to be absent-minded consumers, Walther's almost philosophical photography is closer to painting than to a concept of documental depiction and is a fresh, perhaps also attenuating breeze. His images are non-explaining, they do not intend to prove or foster remembrance, but speak to our mind, be it by converging the patterns of two birch trunks, while in their background an inextricable scrub trails away into the distance.