

"If you see me, cry."

This two-part work recites the changing river Elbe and its water, the foundation for life as we know: Once an energetic river taking up space across a widespread valley (blue, blue, blue), the Elbe now is shrinking (a blue rill on plain white land). Regularly revealing the so-called hungerstones the river itself is admonishing us: "If you see me, cry." Cry because this is no exception but the new normal climate change entails. Cry, yes cry, see what is at stake and then go change, get your hands dirty to save as much as we still can. Cry and change.

Dresden

"Wenn du mich siehst, weine."

Diese zweiteilige Arbeit zeigt die sich verändernde Elbe mit dem Wasser, welches die Grundlage für das Leben ist: Einst ein energetischer Fluss, der über ein weit verbreitetes Tal (blau, blau, blau) floss, schrumpft die Elbe jetzt (eine blaue Rille auf einfachem weißem Land). Der Fluss selbst enthüllt regelmäßig die sogenannten Hungersteine und ermahnt uns: "Wenn du mich siehst, weine." Weinen Sie, weil dies keine Ausnahme ist, aber der neue normale Klimawandel mit sich bringt. Weinen Sie, ja weinen Sie, sehen Sie, was auf dem Spiel steht, und ziehen Sie sich dann um, machen Sie sich die Hände schmutzig, um so viel wie möglich zu sparen. Weine und ändere.

*cry
+ change*

What has once been a temporary sign of drought and thus hunger, has manifested itself in a changed landscape: hungerstones, an undeniable sign of low water, happen to appear around Dresden year after year, soft washed yet sharp and clear in their message engraved in them:

IF YOU

SEE ME,

CRY

Cry because the water, our very foundation for life, is lacking.
Cry because this is no exception but a new normal.
Cry because life as we knew it might be gone forever — the river Elbe now a shallow stream, fish dying, blooming meadows turned into veld, ships forced to stand still.
Cry, yes cry, and let your tears speak volume about what we are to lose. Feel it all — and then change, get your hands dirty to save as much as we still can, for you, for me, for everyone.

*cry
+ change*

cry
+ *change*

What has once been a temporary sign of drought and thus hunger, has manifested itself in a changed landscape: hungerstones, an undeniable sign of low water, happen to appear around Dresden year after year, soft washed yet sharp and clear in their message engraved in them:

IF YOU
SEE ME

cry
+ *change*

CRY

Cry because the water, our very foundation for life, is lacking.
Cry because this is no exception but a new normal.
Cry because life as we knew it might be gone forever — the river Elbe now a shallow stream, fish dying, blooming meadows turned into veld, ships forced to stand still.
Cry, yes cry, and let your tears speak volume about what we are to lose. Feel it all — and then change, get your hands dirty to save as much as we still can, for you, for me, for everyone.

cry
+ *change*