

## RUDI FUCHS ABOUT THE BOUQUET VAN LOON

First, the bunch of flowers was so full of white light that the thin petals of the flowers became transparent. That is what I saw in the black and white photography. A razor-sharp curled bouquet of peculiarly blooming flowers stands in a glass vase on a shelf below a high window in a straight room. That's the outline: vase of flowers in front of window. But there is a lot going on in this crowded picture. We see the other side where the light is shimmering grey. Twilight is the décor of the image. In the middle, the vase stands splendidly between elegant chairs next to the window. A strip of white sunlight falls from the top right. The silk upholstery of the chairs shimmers. The light is shrill like a spotlight. The flowers that the vase showcases, in the shadow light on the other side, are now unbelievably white. We see edges of petals that are lacy like torn paper. The bouquet is translucent white. The flowers are so brightly white that the bundle glitters and shimmers like crystal splinters.

A photograph is a display of light. The white light is weightless and therefore elusive. It blows in all directions and gurgles like splashing water. Drops catch light. On occasion, the image becomes what it is. It stood still but the white light still moved. It sparkles and curls. Between bright light and twilight, plenty more things sparkle. The image disintegrates into sparkles, it fans out in all directions. In the image, transparent flowers of light flutter. They move like butterflies. They are as featherlight as the light words in a story. Their order is messed up. Bart Julius Peters' photography equals many stories at the same time. Everywhere, everything happens. I remember Ezra Pound comparing the elusiveness of words and images to slippery fish: Say that I dump my catch, shiny and silvery as fresh sardines slapping and slipping on the marginal cobbles? —They flap around and slither together on the wet cobbles of the quay. When they lie still, they become narrative and figuration of black and white, imagination turning into surprise.

Rudi Fuchs

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