

Portfolio

Linda Bucher

Musik sehen



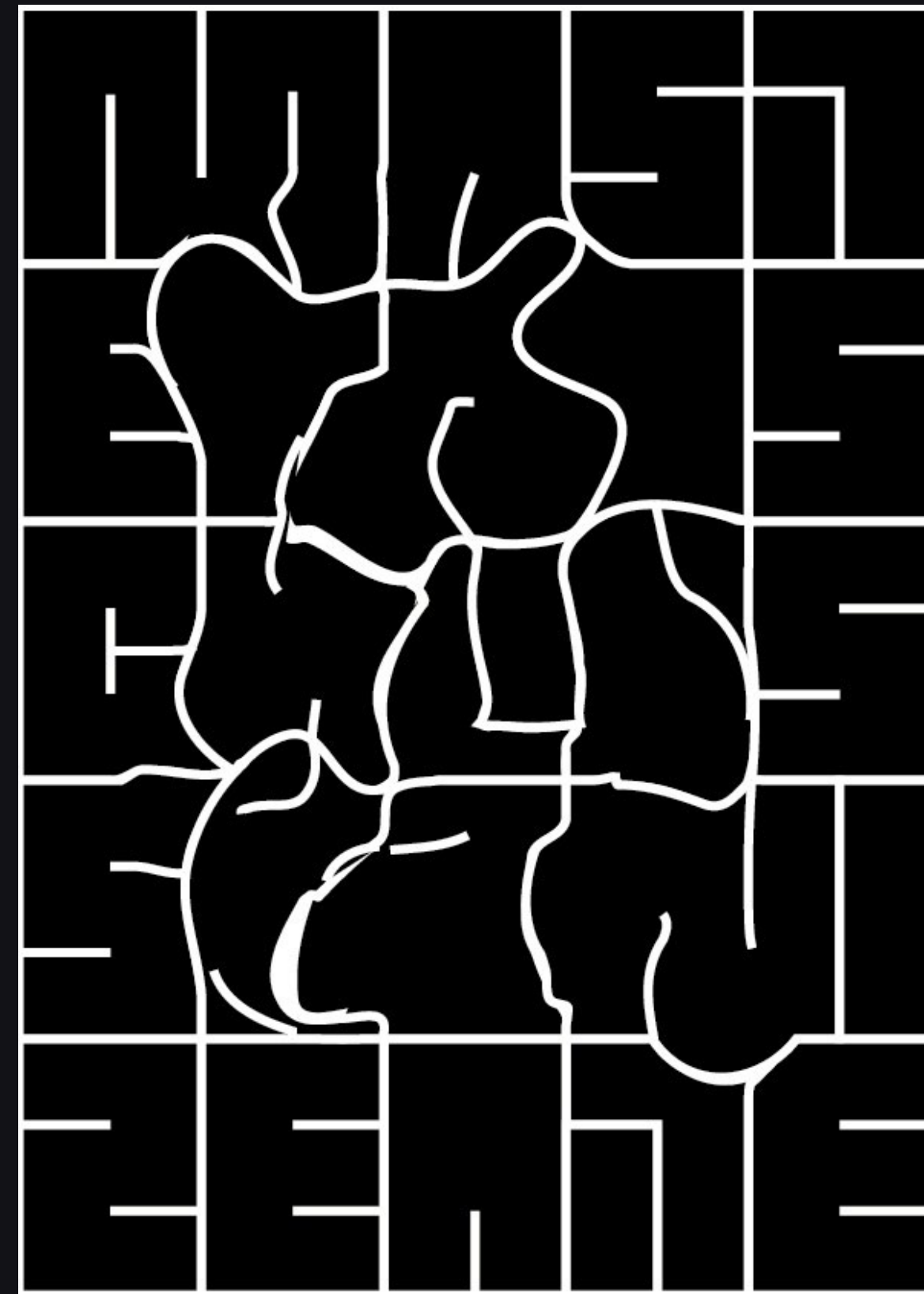
Ich höre Musik. Ich versuche mir etwas zu dieser Musik vorzustellen: Ich sehe Wellen, die sich im Takt bewegen. Und genau das habe ich versucht in diesem statischen und animierten Plakat umzusetzen. Ich habe analog mit bedrucktem Papier gearbeitet, das ich für die Animation mit Stiften hin und her bewegt habe. Dieses Projekt ist im Auftrag der Hochschule Musik im Rahmen eines Wettbewerbs entstanden. Meine Arbeit wurde als Siegerprojekt für die Umsetzung ausgewählt.

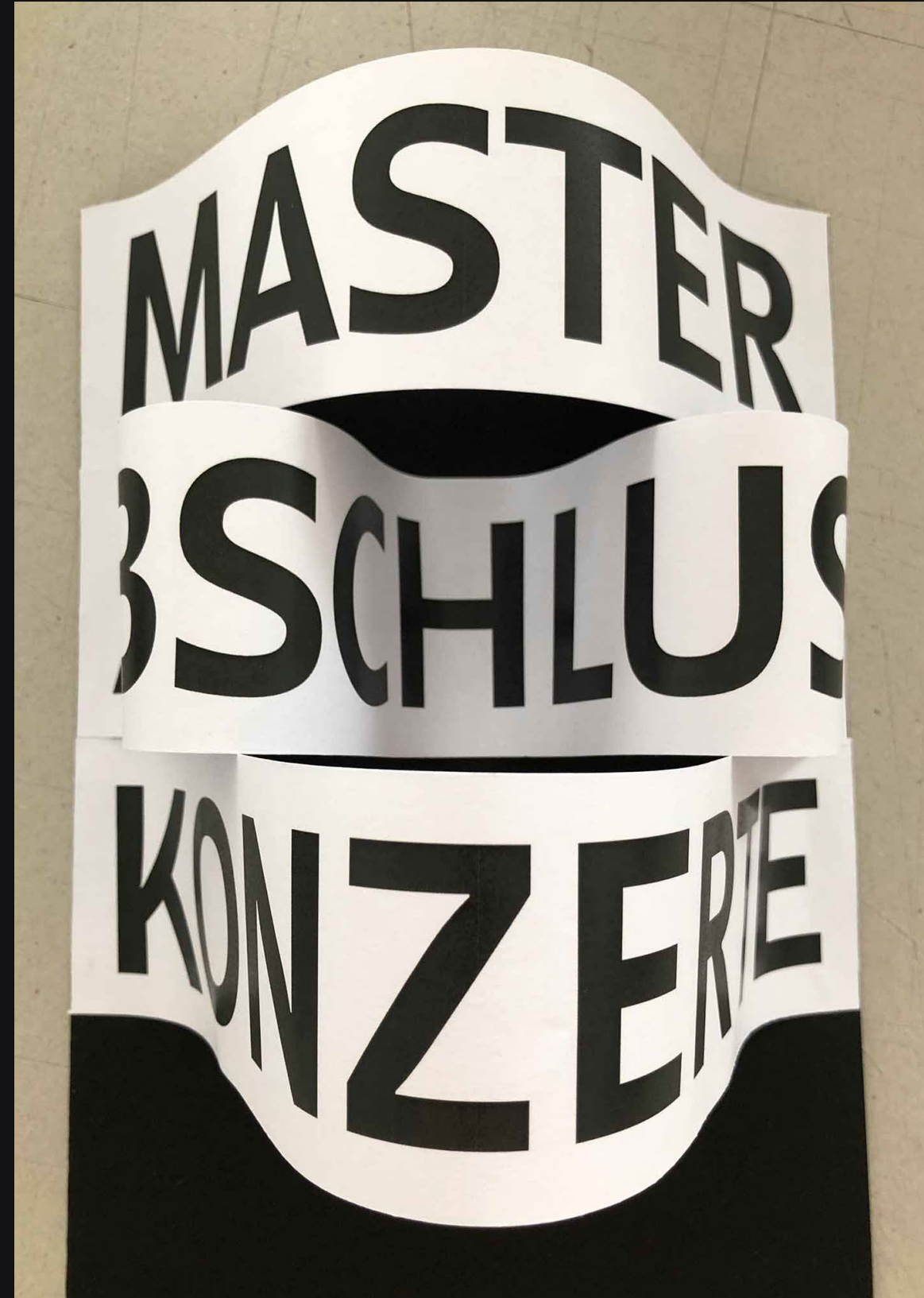
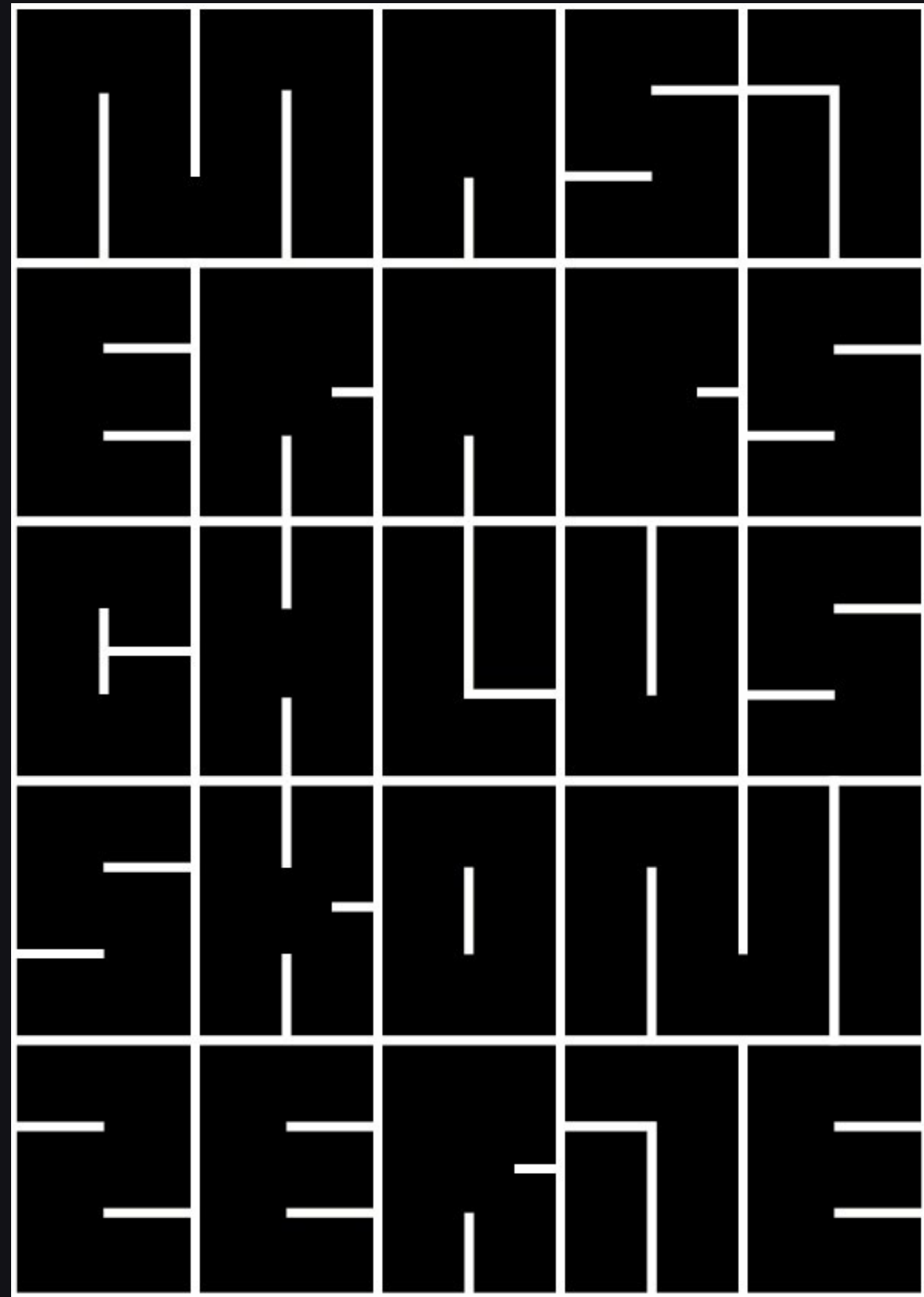
Juni 2023

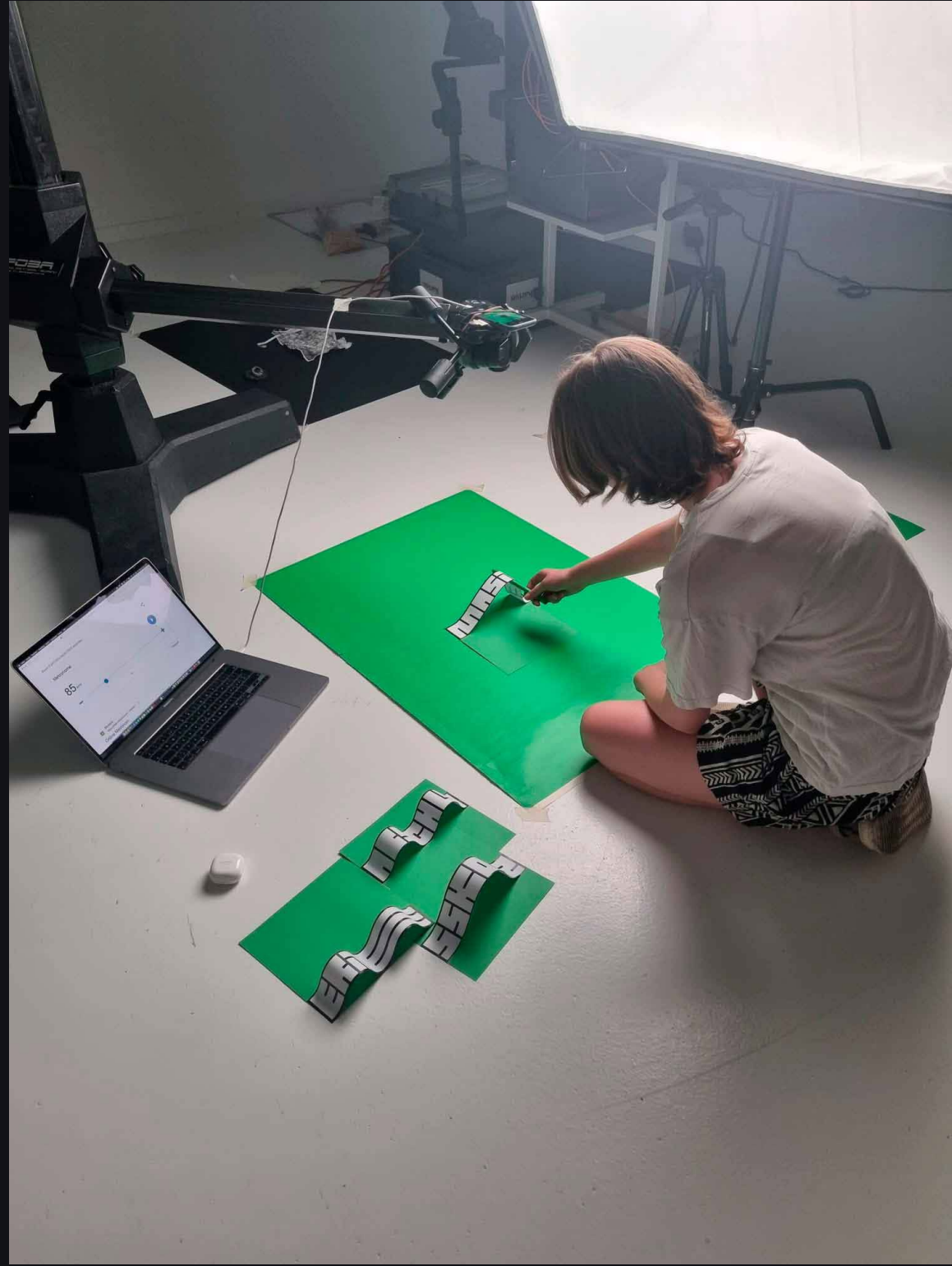
Dozent:innen: Flavia Mosele,
Patrick Portmann, Kaspar Pflücker

m a s t e r
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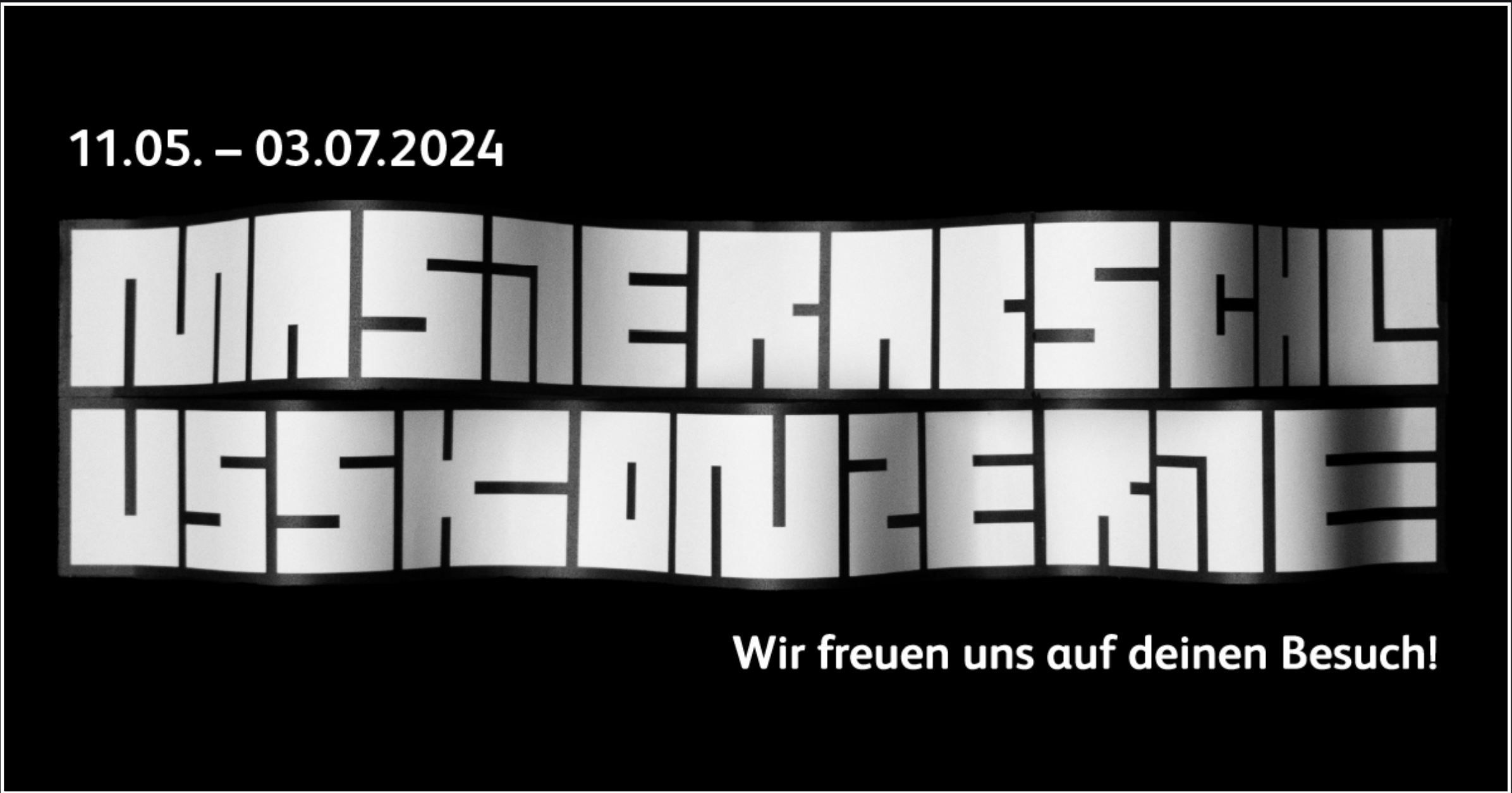
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Künstlerische Animationen

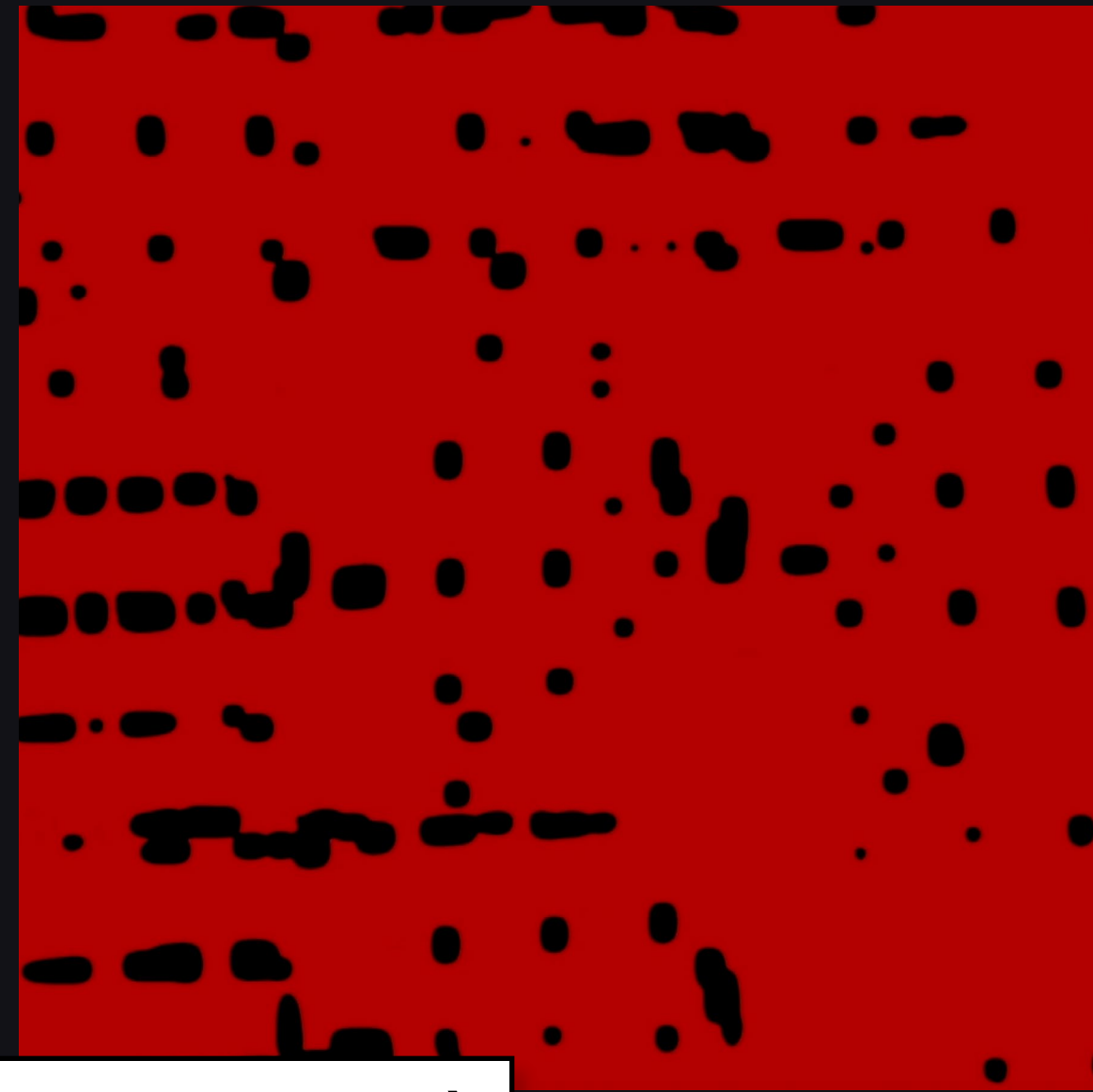
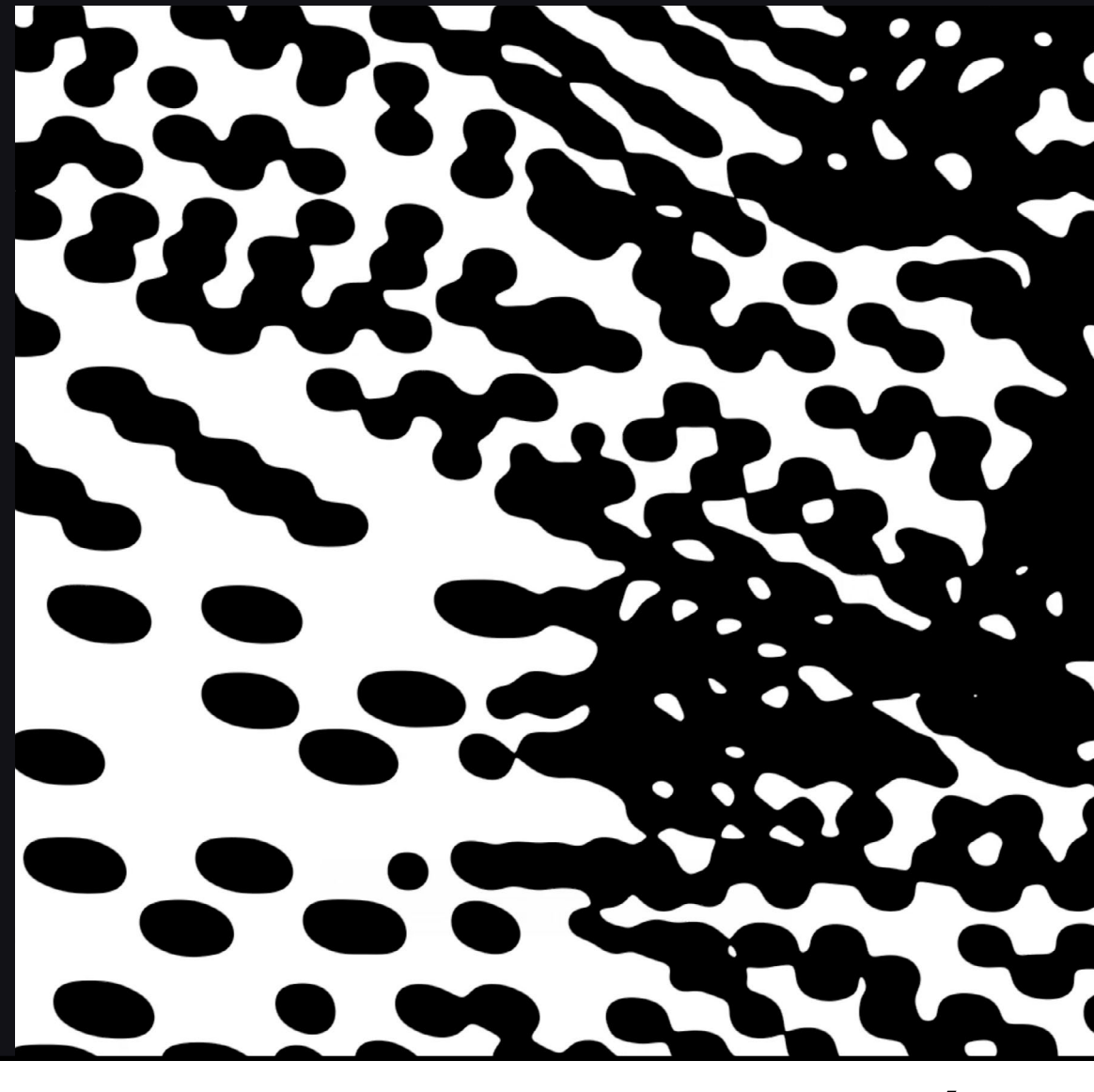
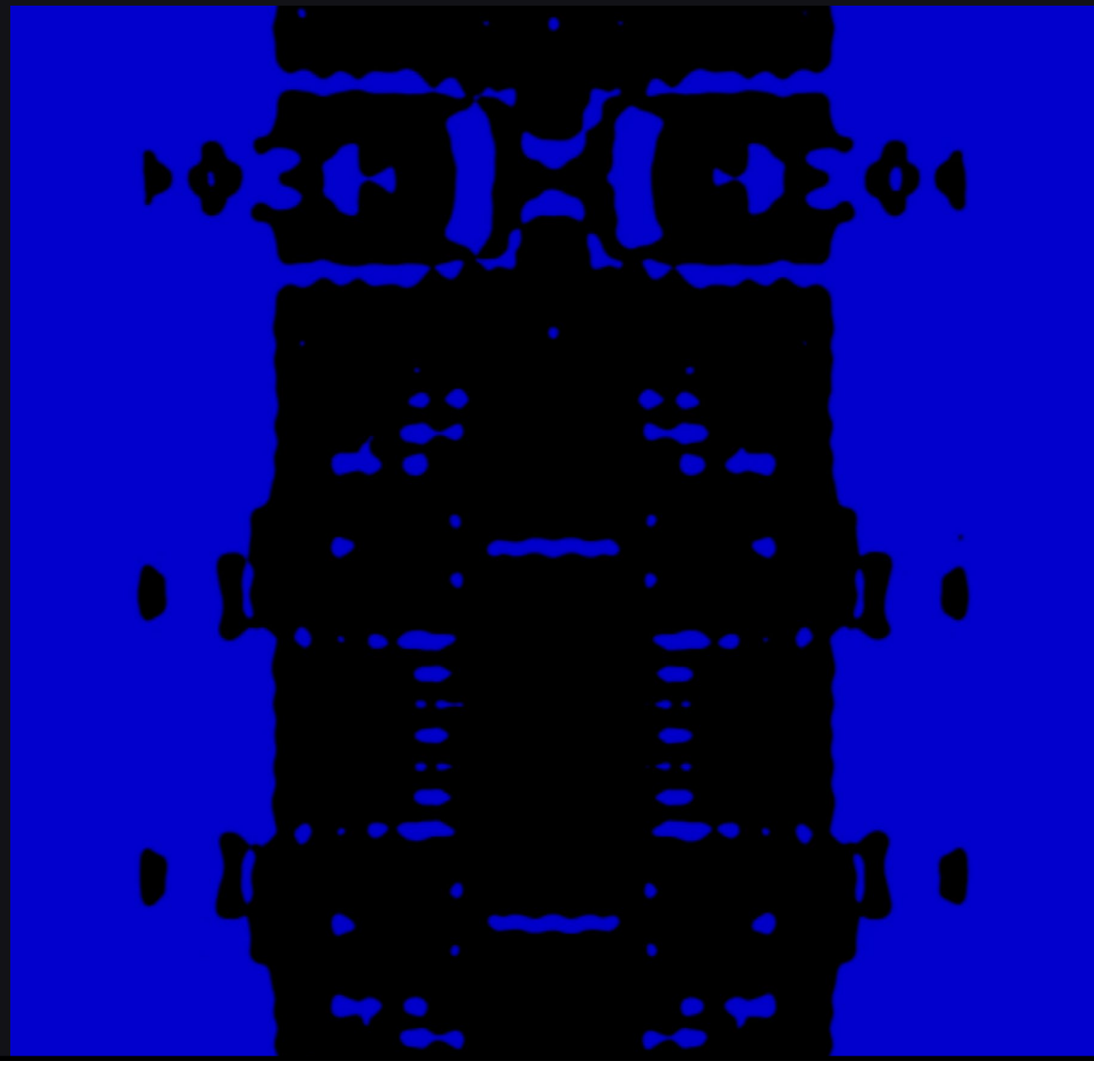
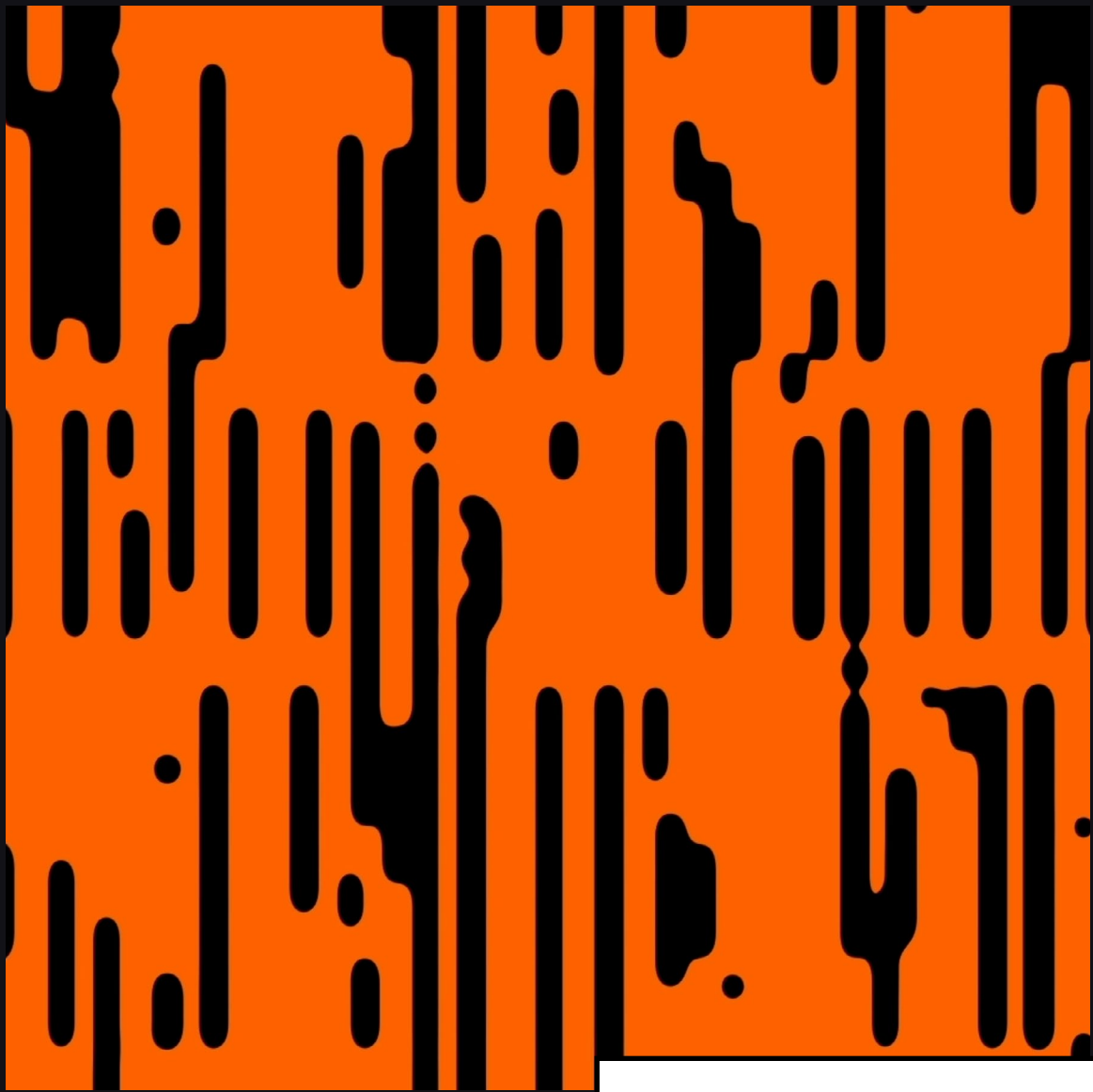
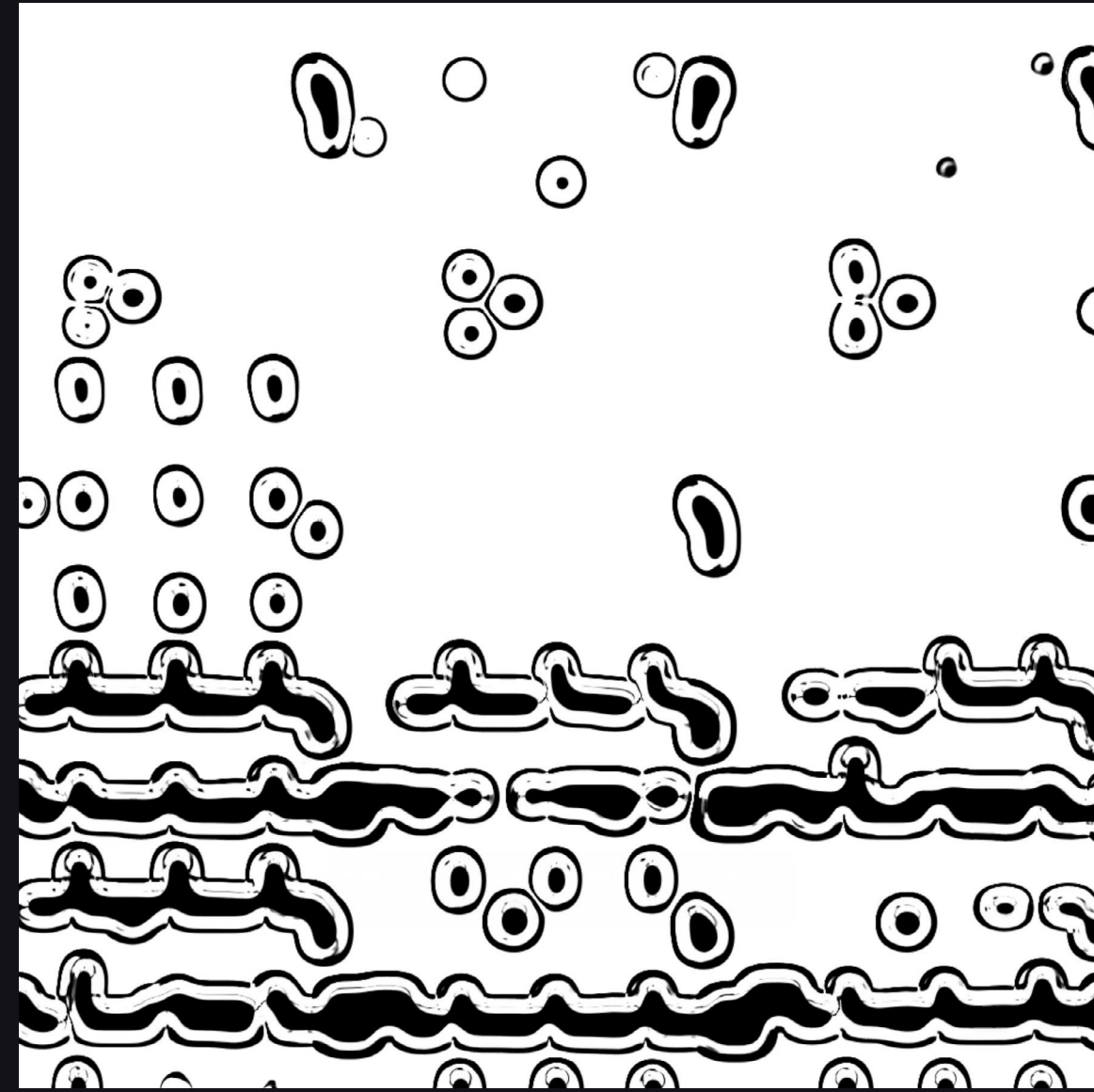
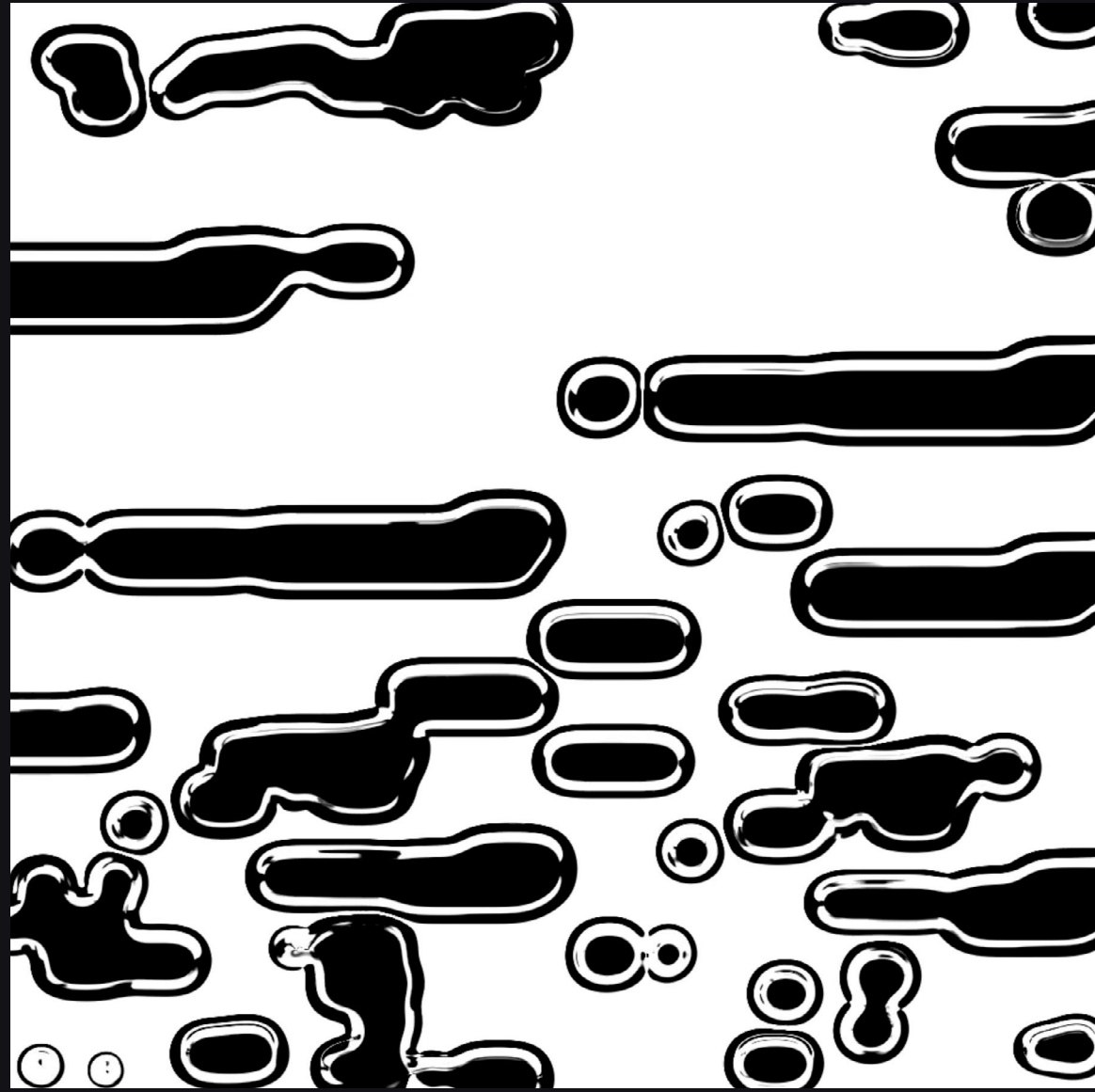


Fliessende Bewegung. Abstrakte Muster. Schwarz. Weiss. Während meinem Praktikum bei Gabor Palotai Design in Stockholm hatte ich ein halbes Jahr Zeit mich intensiv mit dem Animieren zu beschäftigen. Dabei produzierte ich eine grosse Anzahl an eigenständigen Kunstfilmen. Für die meisten Filme nutzte ich alte Patterns aus dem Archiv des Studios als Grundlage. Ich versuchte etwas Neues zu schaffen, indem ich die Patterns auf verschiedene Weisen bewegen liess. Während dem Prozess liess ich mich sehr gerne von interessanten Zufällen inspirieren. Ausserdem fand ich Inspiration in philosophischen Themen wie zum Beispiel die Idee von Zeit oder auch wie sich Wasser bewegt.

Mai – November 2024

Aufsicht: Gábor Palotai,
Tobias Thorell

Animation: Linda Bucher



Um die Anmation zu sehen besuchen Sie bitte meine Website (lindabucher.ch)

Wie soll man das benutzen?

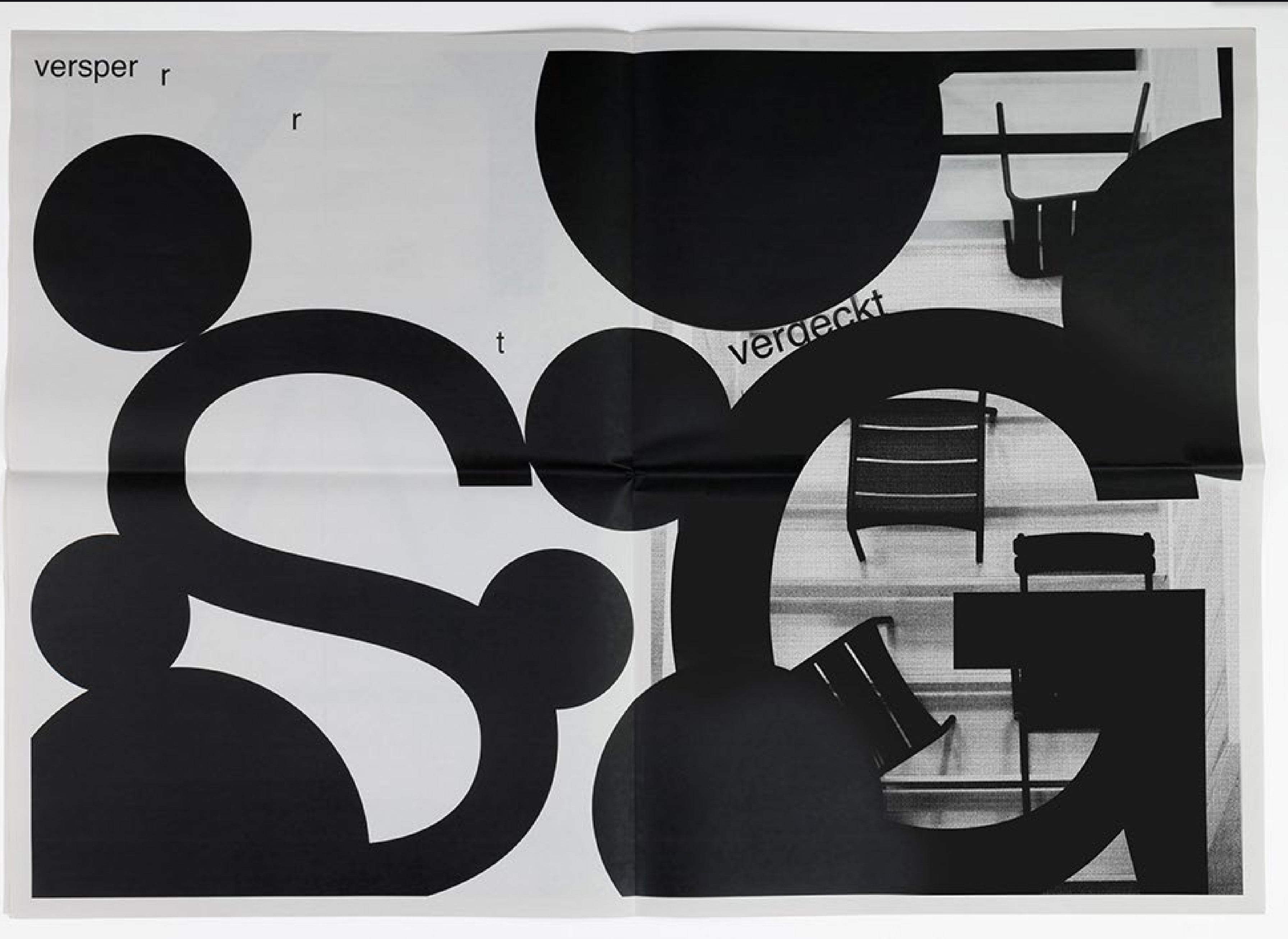


Grosse Buchstaben, klare Formen, undurchquerbare Bilder. Für diese Zeitung habe ich Bilder aus meiner Fotoserie (S. 28) verwendet. Sowohl die Fotoserie als auch die Zeitung befassen sich mit dem Thema Barrierefreiheit. Bei der Gestaltung der Zeitung habe ich mich gefragt, aus welchen Gründen etwas nicht barrierefrei sein kann. Ich habe versucht, diese Situationen nur mit Formen und einzelnen Buchstaben zu veranschaulichen.

Mai 2023

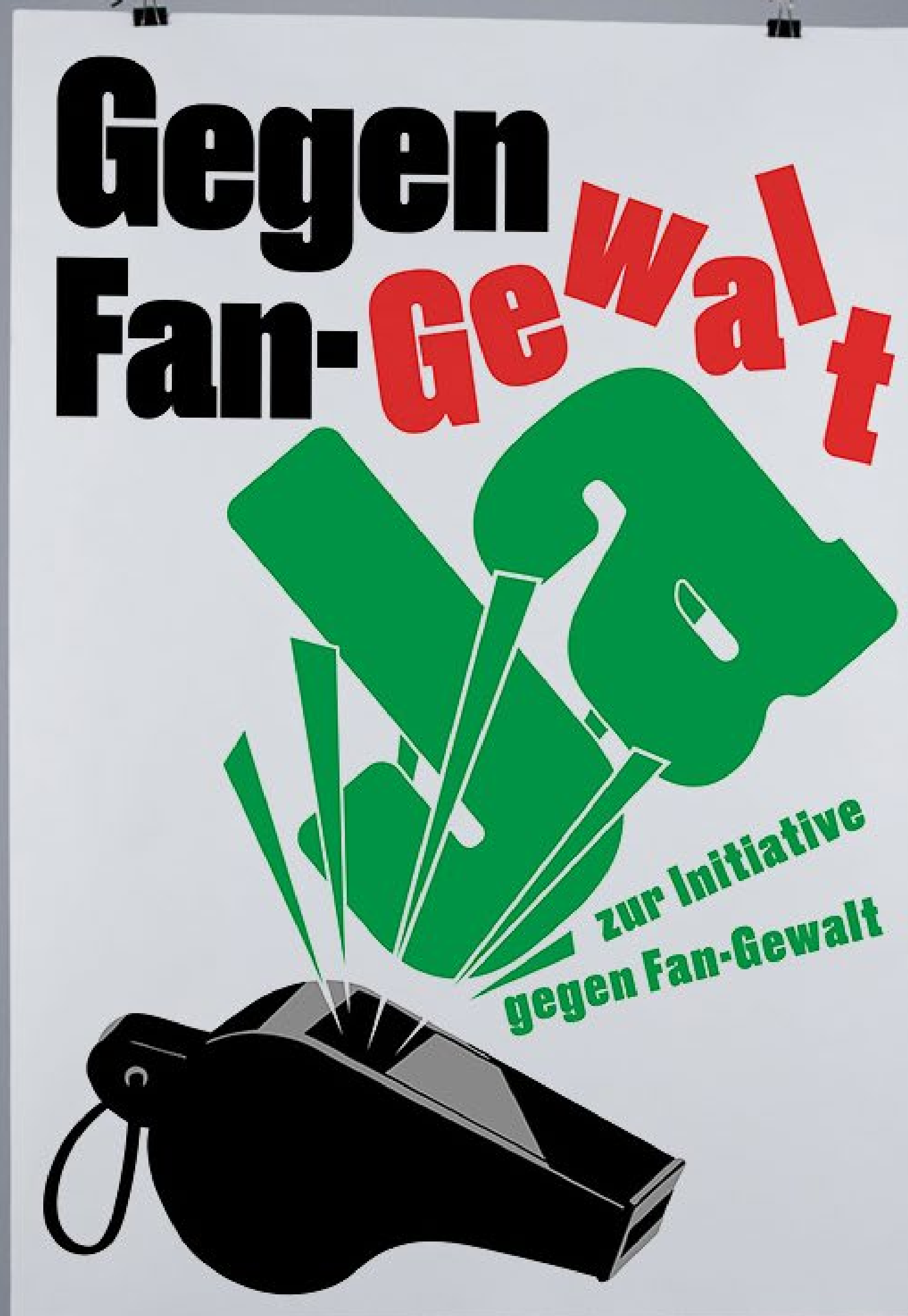
Dozenten: Martin Woodtli,
Zvonimir Pisonic





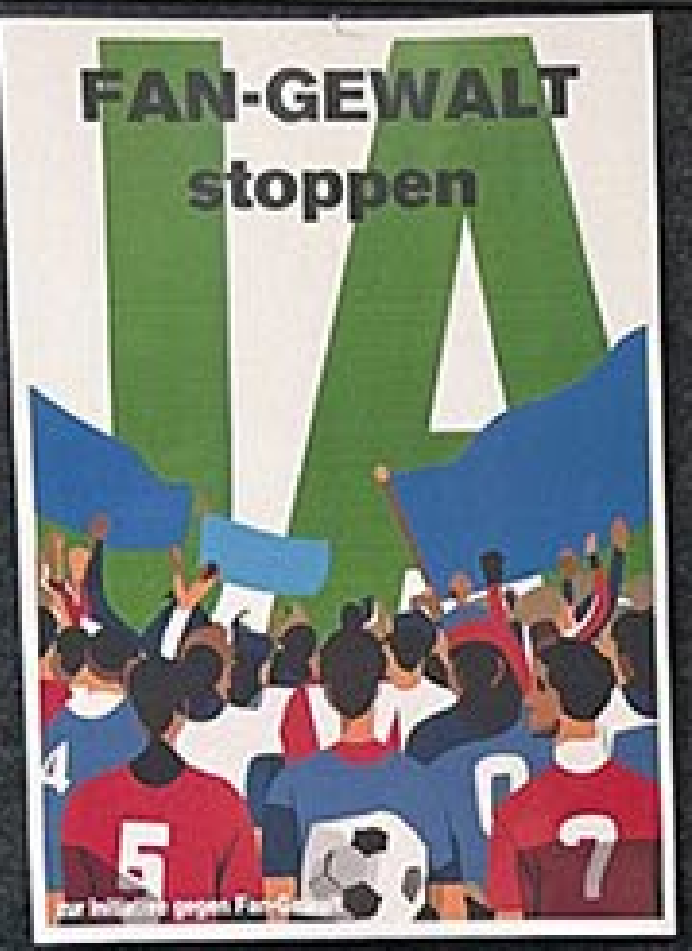


Lauter Pfiff



Lauter Pfiff, daraus kommt das Wort Ja, die Gewalt wird verdrängt. Zusammen mit Leandra und Lien habe ich diese Kampagne zur Initiative gegen Fan-Gewalt für die Partei 'die Mitte Luzern' gestaltet. In der Initiative geht es darum, die Menschen davon zu überzeugen, dass gewalttätige Fussball-Fans vom Stadium ferngehalten werden müssen. «Regeln müssen auch ausserhalb des Spielfelds eingehalten werden», das ist der Gedanke hinter unserem Finalen Plakat. Wir haben die Pfeife als Zeichen für den Schiedsrichter Pfiff gewählt, der sich gegen die Gewalt richtet.

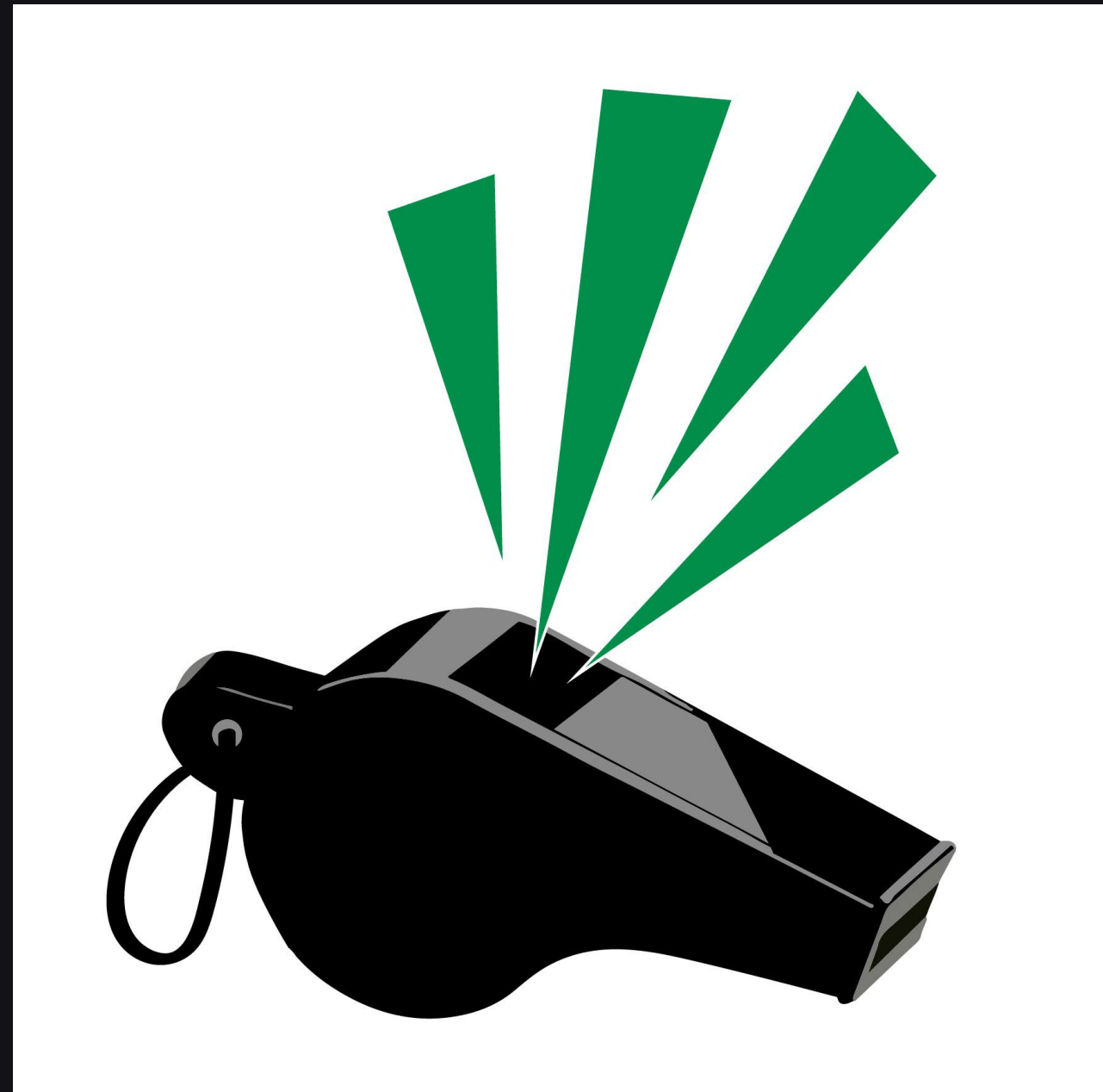
Dezember – Januar 2024
Gestaltung: Leandra Grüter,
Lien Jil Grossmann, Linda Bucher
Dozenten: Felix Pfäffli, Simon Roth



Gegen Fan-Gewalt



zur Initiative
gegen Fan-Gewalt



Gegen Fan-Gewalt



zur Initiative
gegen Fan-Gewalt







Notausgang

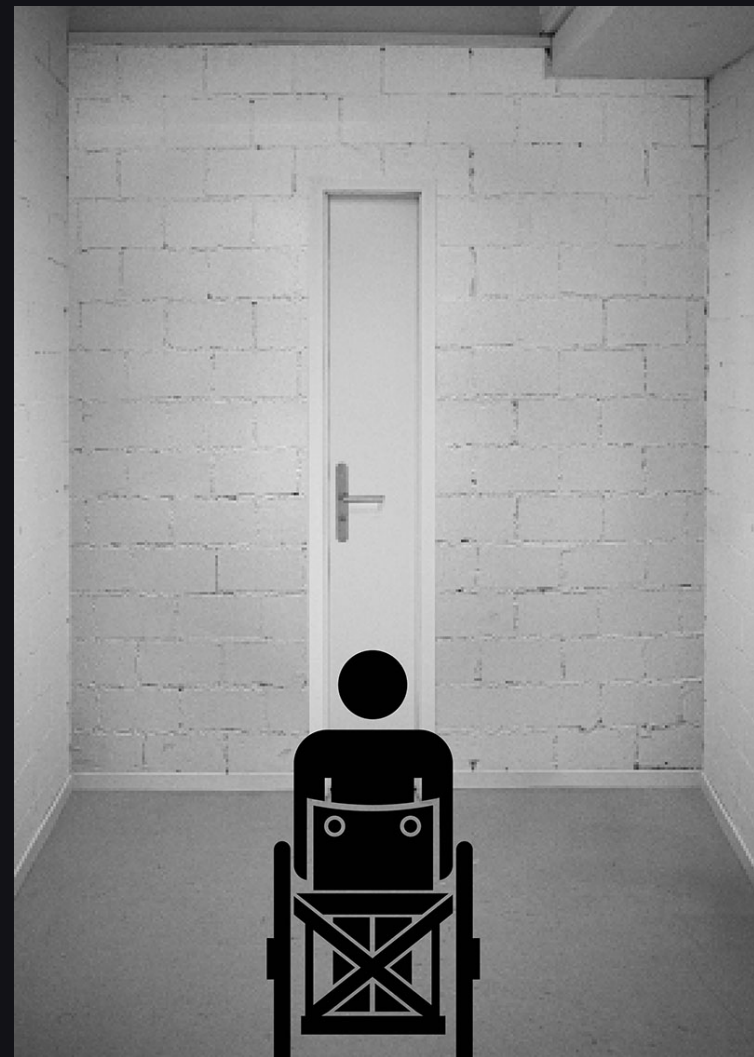
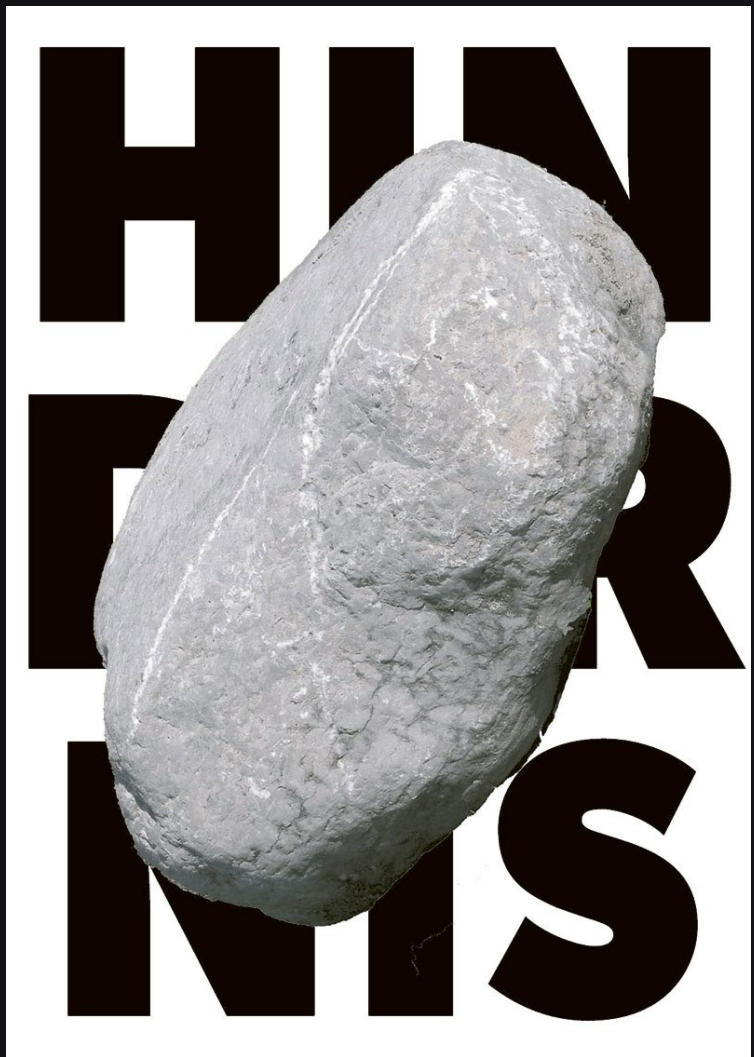


Es ist dunkel und bedrohlich. Es gibt nur einen Ausgang, dieser ist aber viel zu schmal. Was soll ich tun? Mit diesem Plakat wollte ich den/die Betrachter:in dazu bringen, sich in die Situation Anderer hineinzusetzen. Bei der Fotoserie (siehe Projekt «Wie soll man das benutzen?») habe ich mich mit dem Thema Zugänglichkeit beschäftigt. Genauer gesagt mit der Frage: «Wo treffen Rollstuhlfahrer im Alltag auf Hindernisse?». Ein Bild aus dieser Serie habe ich zu diesem Plakat weiterentwickelt.

Dieses Plakat ist in Zusammenarbeit mit Clear Channel und der Zodas im Rahmen eines Wettbewerbs entstanden. Meine Arbeit wurde zusammen mit neun anderen Plakaten für die Umsetzung ausgewählt und ist bereits in Luzern ausgestellt worden.

April – Mai 2023

Dozenten: Martin Woodtli,
Martin Infanger, Felix Pfäffli







Verloren in London



Wo geht es lang? Bin ich noch auf dem richtigen Weg? Diese Fragen habe ich mir gestellt, als ich allein in London unterwegs war. Das Umherirren habe ich als Thema für die Gestaltung meines Buches genutzt. Die Bilder und Texte haben meine 21 Mitschüler:innen und ich während unserem Aufenthalt in London gemacht. Insgesamt hatte ich 44 Bilder und genauso viele Texte. Die Bilder sind nach dem Kriterium der Erkennbarkeit sortiert. Auch die Texte sind so gesetzt, dass diese gegen Ende immer verwirrender werden. Schaffst du es, dich in meinem Buch nicht zu verirren?

August – Oktober 2023

Dozent:innen: Patrina Strähl, Markus Wicki, Valeria Bonin, Hanspeter Künzler, Michael Pilz, Marco Baker



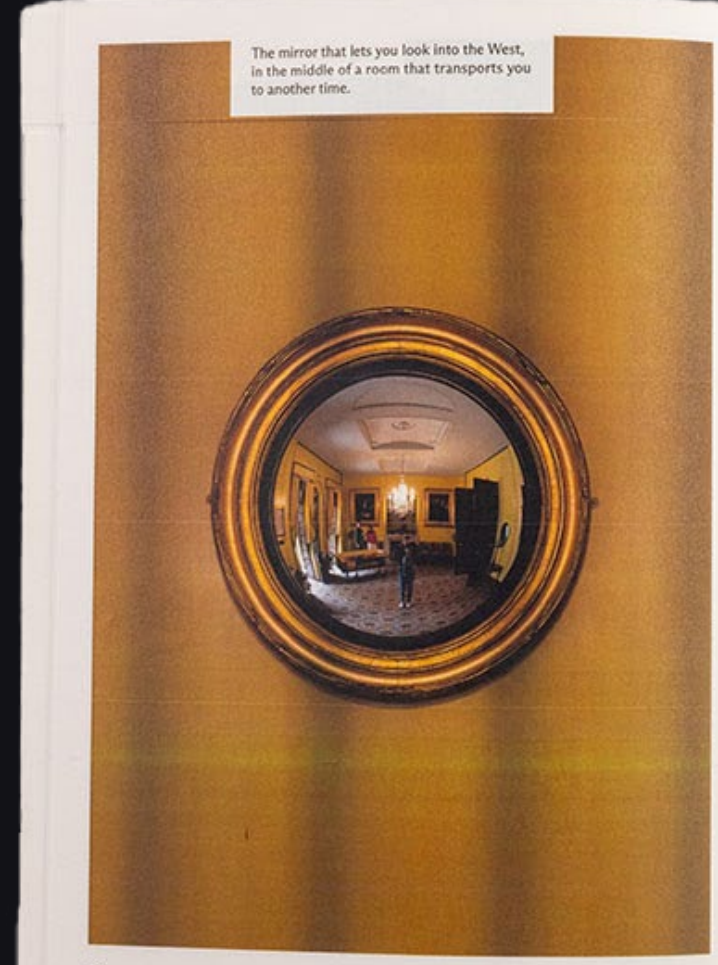
No swimming! They do it anyway ...

Old trees, big meadows and cold water



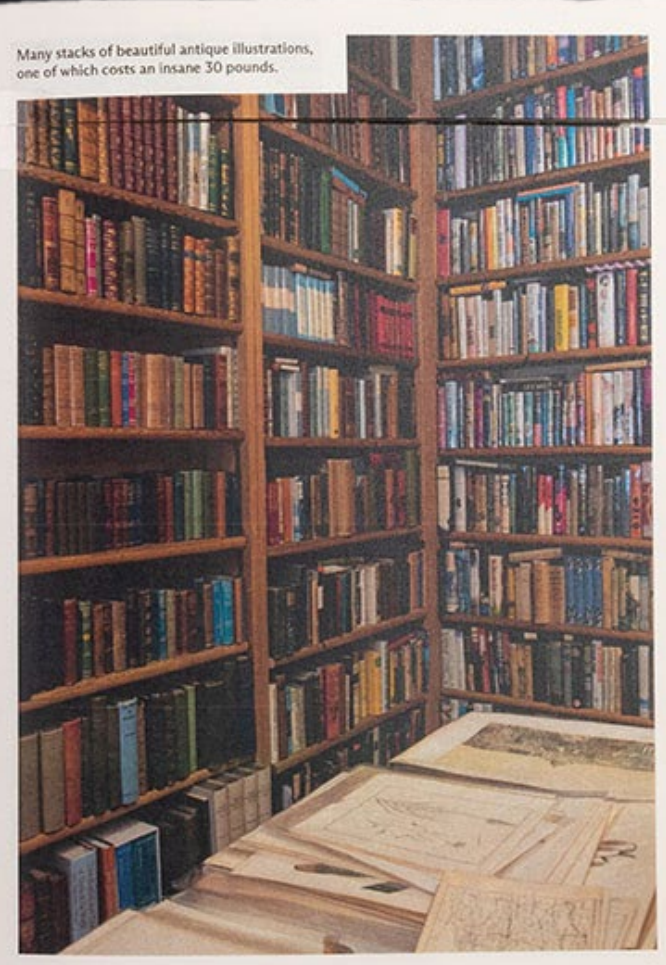
I drew the view from the Springfield Park Café on the park itself. I used a fine liner, a marker and gouache.

Springfield Park



The mirror that lets you look into the West, in the middle of a room that transports you to another time.

At a standstill for 180 years.



Many stacks of beautiful antique illustrations, one of which costs an insane 30 pounds.

Henry Pordes Books



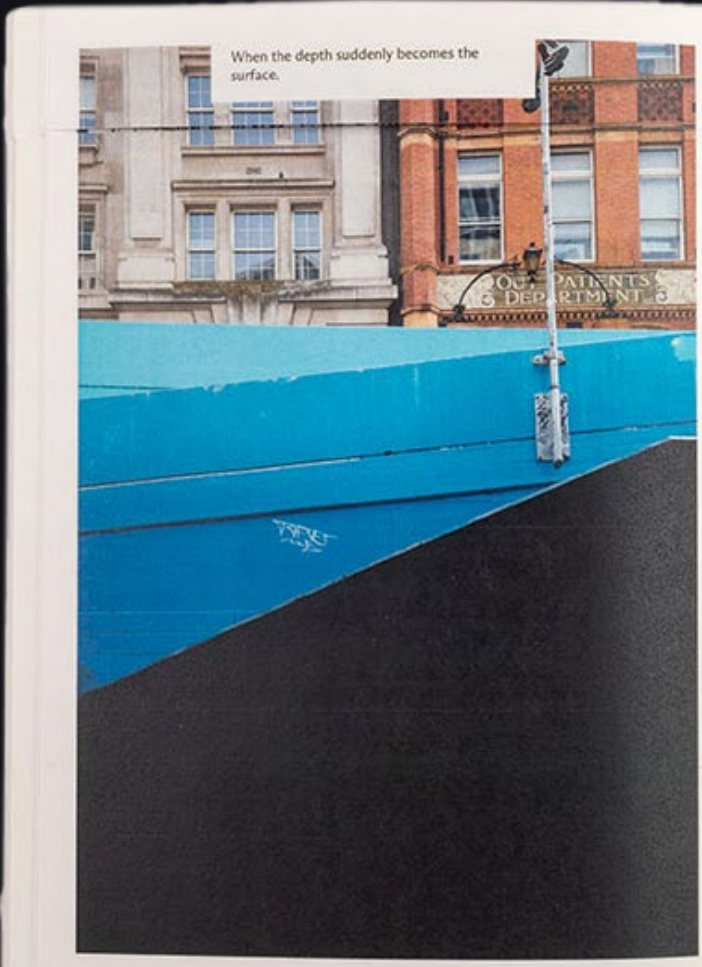
On the Queen's Walk in front of the Southbank Centre you meet about 96 people in four minutes.

Bustling Scene



Capturing the serenity: A view from the rearmost table in the rarely quiet and empty space of the Ace Cafe.

Ace Cafe London



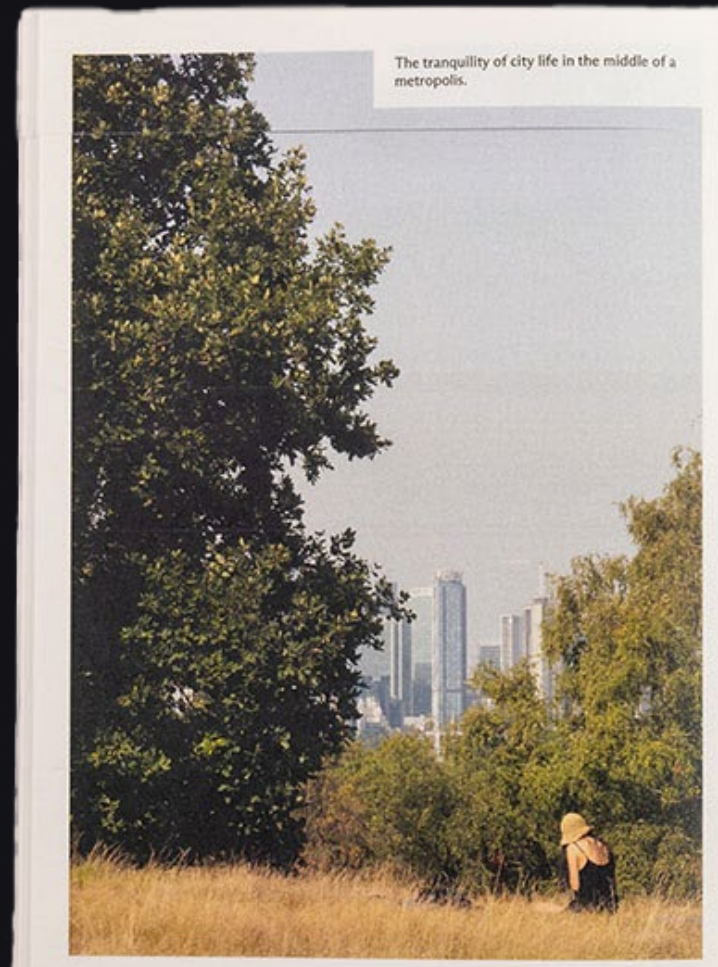
When the depth suddenly becomes the surface.

Cinema experience in the middle of the roundabout



Does George live here?

Houses, houses and more houses



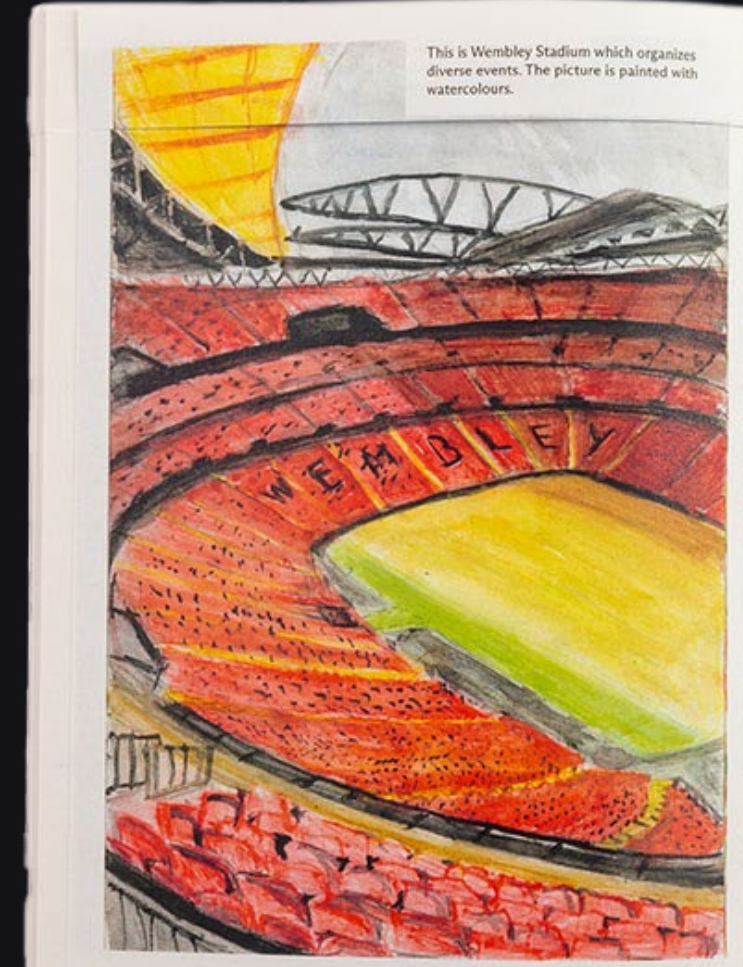
The tranquility of city life in the middle of a metropolis.

The search of the green spot



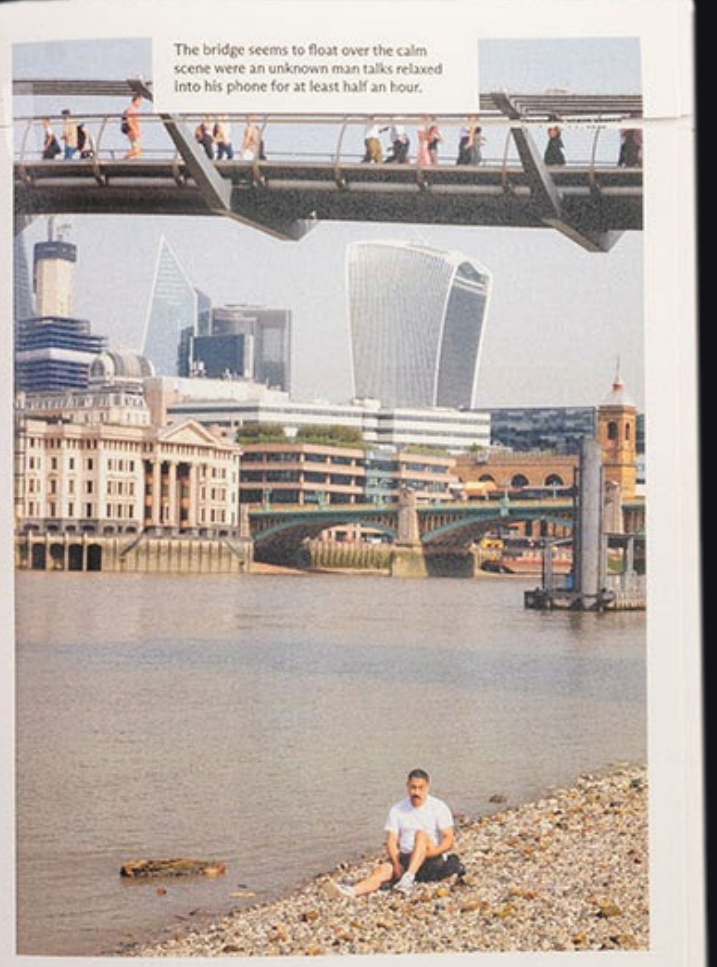
The photographed view from St. Katharine Docks Marina over residential buildings to the Shard on a sunny noon.

St Katharine Docks



This is Wembley Stadium which organizes diverse events. The picture is painted with watercolours.

The Wembley Stadium



The bridge seems to float over the calm scene were an unknown man talks relaxed into his phone for at least half an hour.

Riverbank by the River Thames

works are presented and arranged all around the house. The many different colours and materials are fascinating. Mostly there are Islamic patterns on the rugs and mosaic on the walls. All colours are carefully matched and still create an individual atmosphere in each room. In the centre, there is a little water fountain and a big chandelier. The walls are all covered with mosaics, and it looks like a temple where the water fountain creates a mystical sound. The whole house is stuffed with art, stylish antique furniture, and a lot of fancy details. On his workspaces, you can find drawings and handwritten notes. It makes me feel like he just worked there an hour ago. The home experience is combined with a changing art exhibition. You can also watch interesting videos about Leighton's lifetime downstairs. This house wasn't built in one go; it grew over time. Other artists followed his lead, and soon a unique area of studio houses appeared near Holland Park. On Sundays, all the artists showed their latest work to the public in their houses. His death because of a heart attack marked the end of the most brilliant years around Holland Park.

I MET THE SUN ON PRIMROSE HILL

Join me on a tranquil, and strangely philosophical journey to Primrose Hill Park, where serene moments, friendly vibes, and panoramic London views await. From London transportation opinions to quirky bench inscriptions, experience the unexpected in this charming escape.

Cat (not the four-legged kind)
Cat, who is a person, not an actual cat. Despite her name's spelling, she is the girlfriend of a lovely Greek produce seller named Gerosimos at the Borough Market. She is a wonderful delight to be around with an infectious smile. She suggested I take a look around a serene and tranquil park where she likes to go in order to unwind and escape the busy city life. The park is called Primrose Hill. She describes it as a green oasis amidst the city chaos. You see, Cat has this great taste for finding zen in the midst of the urban buzz. A wonderful talent indeed, if you ask me.

The Journey to Primrose Hill
In terms of transport, you have two options if you'd like to visit Primrose Hill from Rosebery Hall: taking the crowded, sweat-inducing Northern line for a few stops and then walking for a few minutes from Chalk Farm to Primrose Hill Park, or sacrificing ten to twenty more minutes of your day and have a go at taking the bus. Based on this description, I suppose you can guess which method I preferred. I frankly find the bus to be a more comfortable way of travel by far in London in general. It is much cooler than the Tube, and you also get to actually see things and enjoy a city or neighbourhood scene rather than the pure, honestly depressing black outlook from the Tube's windows.

Setting the mood
The second I set foot on Primrose Hill, I realised that my usual rock and punk playlist wasn't quite right for the warm, quiet, and relaxed vibe of the park. By switching to a calmer playlist and removing an earbud to take in more of the park's essence, I can immediately tell that this Park has a very friendly energy. It is mainly frequented by, well, all kinds of people.

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Alexis Lagos

There are jiggers, dog walkers, families, couples, friends... basically anyone you can think of that might want to have a nice Saturday walk. I'm starting to enjoy choosing to follow this specific recommendation of cat's Wonderful Philosophical Views

I find it to be quite time-consuming to walk through the entire park, but if you go up the hill you will not only see a good chunk of it, but also a wonderful panoramic view of London. And, of course, just as I sit down and finish taking my pictures for now, the sun decides to show up and shine directly onto me. At least it didn't do that while I was walking up the hill. It then proceeded to hide itself whenever I switched from my prescription glasses to my sunglasses. Perhaps it's always been a contact's day.

Regardless, it's very amusing watching people going on about their day from the top of the hill, it has the same energy as watching cars move around from the airplane right after take-off or just before landing. There are other people, all going on about their lives, the same way as I am for as you, the reader, and. There's something so beautifully philosophical yet incredibly humbling about moments like these when we realise that everyone is the main character in their own lives. For example, there's the dog owners taking a casual stroll as their dogs are energetically zooming around the lawns circumscribed by paths. Or the children playing as their parents are catching their breath while enjoying a nice picnic. It's quite a lovely feeling, or rather a mix of feelings that I cannot describe in words, at least none that exist in the English dictionary so far.

Shoutout to Tony
Despite the fact that there's a good number of benches around, a majority of people seem to prefer sitting on the grass. The benches in question have plaques on them with an inscription from individuals, or in memory of various people. Some of the most amusing or notable ones I read are: "On my Bench, you must speak French", "The Professor's Bench For Thinking", "Thinking starts on our favourite place. Love always". And my absolute favourite: Percy Charles (Tony) Lalbaigne! "...Self-proclaimed genius and inventor, a very amusing man."

Alex and the bees
I must say, I enjoyed sitting on the grass taking pictures and drawing. It felt more like relaxing rather than actually working. I seem to have both underestimated and misjudged this park when I first heard of it. I believed it would be boring, to spend multiple days documenting it. I also love watching animals going about their daily lives - whatever those may look like, and the park is inhabited by some lovely birds that are perfect to observe. All in all, spending my time here was a very nice decision. Despite the fact that the bees seemed to develop a weird liking for my art supplies and my face. Well, mainly my face. Especially around my eyes. It was quite an experience.

Alexis Lagos

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BARGE EAST

I never expected to visit a barge located in a former industrial quarter in London. In the end, it brought me joy and a good glass of wine.

Talking to strangers is hard. Especially in a big city like London, where most people want to mind their own business. But there are a few tricks. It helps to have something in common. From clothing to attitude, anything that seems similar can be a great start for a conversation. In the beginning of the night, I preferred to get spoken to. That changed over time. After three to four days, I even started to enjoy my encounters with locals I've never met before.

Once, I was walking down a street with some friends of mine. We tried encouraging each other to meet strangers. I let my eyes wander around. On the other side of the street, I spotted this well-dressed young man. He seemed quite outgoing and friendly. I decided to go and meet him. He turned out to be a nice person. His name was Leo. Normally he worked in marketing. But on that day, he helped a friend on a jewellery photoshoot. Our encounter wasn't long. He was only outside for a smoke break as his friend was waiting inside. He gave me a recommendation. I should visit the Barge East in Hackney Wick. It's a restaurant, located on a barge. After that I took some portraits of him. I quickly realized that he probably had some experience in modelling. So, I asked him if he had done any modelling before. He said yes. In the past, he worked as a model for different fashion brands. I didn't have to take many photos until I was satisfied with my results. We exchanged our Instagram and said bye.

After a quick lunch break, I decided to visit Hackney Wick. It wasn't easy to get there from where I was. I had to take two different Tube lines and one overground line to get there. Hackney Wick was quite a busy place. As it was a Saturday afternoon, many young couples and families were strolling around. My first impression of Hackney Wick reminded me of Amsterdam. Hip cafes, a canal with many barges and live music. Instantly I had that laid-back feeling that you get on holidays. Hackney Wick, a former industrial area of London, is renowned for its artistic scene. There are rumours that Banksy had an atelier there until five years ago. The canal was a great place to start conversations. Out of six people I've talked to, four were working in photography or graphic design. The creative energy of that district was unmatched to any other part of town I visited during my stay. While approaching the Barge East, I started to notice music and laughter. The barge was full of dancing people. I even spotted someone with a parrot on their shoulders. It turned out to be a wedding. I decided to visit the barge on Monday as I didn't want to interfere or even harass the guests.

The canal side wasn't as lively on a normal weekday. But it still was a beautiful place to investigate. The Barge East restaurant had its red day, so I wasn't planning to meet anyone there. That's why I only brought my analog camera and my sketchbook with me. After ten or fifteen minutes of sketching the barge, I got approached by a young woman named Milly. We talked a bit about my work. She then told me that she works at the Barge East as a waitress. But in a few months, she's going to start her studies as a microbiologist. She introduced me to Jack, who was the owner of

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Pascal Bäsler

I sat down on a bench in Kilburn Grange Park to eat the chicken shawarma and the coke I ordered at the Lebanese restaurant "Spoon". Although Kilburn High Road wasn't far away, there weren't any sounds of cars or buses. The only things I heard were twittering birds and the voices of people. They probably had the same idea as me, to spend their lunch break in the park. A guy sat next to me on the bench and told me he really liked the shawarma I was eating, and he ate it the day before. The guy introduced himself as Ahmed Abudullahi and told me he's from Somalia. He must have recognised that my name and English accent weren't British, so I told him that I live in Switzerland.

"How did you find out that I'm not English?" "It wasn't difficult, but you don't look Swiss." "Yes, my dad is Portuguese. I get that a lot that I don't look Swiss." "To me you look more like Moroccan or someone from North Africa." "Really, yeah I can see what you mean."

He was very interested in the project I was working on, so I showed him the photos and drawings I made. He told me about his family and places in Somalia he likes a lot. I love any places where I can pray and feel the presence of Allah." So, he recommended me the Islamic Centre Imam Khoel, which he visits from time to time. The Islamic Centre "Imam Khoel" was in Chevening Road between Queens Park and Paddington Cemetery, and about 15 minutes away from Kilburn High Road. In the same road as the mosque there were Islamic schools for boys and girls. The mosque was

"THE WAY TO GOD IS THE BEST PLACE TO BE"

A part of being a good Muslim is to pray five times every day and study Arabic to learn how to read the Qur'An. There are many Islamic Centres all over London that offer a place to study and to pray.

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Paulo Do Carmo Domingos

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an! She takes care of the family. The male, the man. He with the afro. He can't survive without the woman. He can't go hunt on his own. He can't run. He's the one who is on top of the mountain and when someone comes near the family, he scares them away."

Suddenly he said he had talked too much and contradicted him. It was very interesting. I asked him if he had a place that meant something special to him here in London.

"Right over there", he said. "The club I told you. Where all the bad boys used to be. I was a drummer, too. I was in a jazz band. And I formed the first funk band here. We used to practice and write there."

Then we got up so he could show me the place. We walked around the corner and he pointed to a nail salon 50 meters. He said across the street. "There was the nightclub "Four Aces". That was the name", he said. "You see the four?" I look at the nail salon where with large letters stood "Nails 4 U". The club no longer exists but the name remained the 4.

In front of the nail salon, I said goodbye to Junior King and thanked him for his time. It made him very happy to talk to me, he said. I think he is very lonely here in London. After he gave me his e-mail and phone number, he hugged me and left.

I went in the nail salon and asked permission to take a few photographs. The employees looked at me sceptically, but they gave me two minutes. I had to hurry. The nail salon stank terribly, so I could hardly wait to leave. Used paper towels were everywhere and nail polish bottles were standing around. In the end, I was unfortunately thrown out but luckily I was able to take a few pictures.

Since the nail salon disappointed me a lot, I wanted to know more about the former nightclub.

Memories of the Four Aces
Apparently, The Four Aces Club was a pioneering music and recreation venue on Dalston Lane. The club was located in a building that used to be the North London Coliseum and Amphitheatre and then a movie theatre.

In the 70s the club remained a favourite of musicians and locals alike, with Bob Marley, Bob Dylan, and Chrissie Hynde attending, as it began showcasing sound systems and DJs from the reggae scene and the new sound of Lovers Rock. Joe Strummer and Johnny Retten hung out at the club as the influence of reggae on the punk scene was becoming evident. This music scene continued into the early 80s, until the Thatcher government and their 'divisionist' politics arrived. The racial tensions were building in up the area, and the harmony the club had previously experienced was dissipating, as it became a target for police, who arrested and harassed both clientele and owner Newton Dunbar.

This changed in the late 80s, when a new night club called Labyrinth - with a predominantly white audience - took over the Four Aces club and

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Jaël Künzli

attached theatre auditorium. Labyrinth already had a reputation for throwing raves around London in ad-hoc locations; and it found a permanent home on Dalston Lane. In the expanded space, it could entertain 5000 clubbers a night. Those that graced its wheels of what were then still steel included Kenny Ken, Billy Bunter, and The Prodigy. Labyrinth's reign lasted well into the 90s, but problems continued to dog the club and it finally closed its doors in 1997 and was demolished in 2007, despite a lengthy campaign to save the venue.

BUSTLING SCENE

Amidst Southbank's charm, I found my way. Food stalls' delights in the light of day. Dumplings, sweet, and savoury treats, a bustling scene where cultures meet.

Meeting Strangers
The commute to Clissold Park was easy. I just had to catch one bus. On the bus I enjoyed watching all the different neighbourhoods and houses pass by, although most of them seemed uninhabited or derelict. I was so absorbed in my own thoughts that I thought that I missed my stop, so I went down and then realised that we were just stopping at a red light and I was by the door too early.

The bus stop was right outside Clissold Park. I already knew how big it was but in real life it felt even bigger. There were lots of people walking their dog, some of them had about five dogs around them. Parents were walking around with their children in prams. There was a big tennis court and right next to it were a bunch of kids who had what I assumed to be a football training session. Near the little old church was the animal enclosure with deer, goats as well as birds. The deer were all lying down until a man dressed in all white came along and threw a bunch of apples over the fence. Suddenly, they were all chasing after an apple.

The streets of Stoke Newington were quite busy even on a Tuesday afternoon. Most of the people here seemed to be in a hurry. Most shops were empty despite the many people. Stoke Newington had a lot of small-er grocery stores with crates full of fresh fruits and vegetables. I'd say there is a good mix between newer and more trendy boutiques and older, more specific stores.

Towards the evening there are a lot less people in the park. It has become a bit colder and windier. Fewer people are walking their dogs and there are children are enjoying the water fountains and animal enclosures. There is, however, a guy with headphones on who is "singing" the beats he is hearing out loud. After walking for so long I feel quite tired.

The first person I started talking with was a girl about my age. She was reading the sequel to "Dune" and drinking something out of a paper cup. She was from the Ukraine and moved here about 5 years ago. She loved reading in parks and is also a big fan of hot chocolate. She recommended about 3 different places for hot chocolate, but her favourite is Knop's, which is in Covent Garden. She also enjoys Covent Garden in general.

Chiara Bammert

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They are talking to each other. They look up at me and the mother says to me. "My daughter told me there is a lovely backpack, there must be someone."

WAPPING BEACH

Different coloured stones and old phones lying on the ground. Moss is growing on the wall until the waves make it fall. Mind the tide. It'll come as high as the gallows to scare away the pirates sailing by.

Don't tie the tie too tight
At Tate Modern, there are a lot of hectic people walking around with somewhere to go. The big entrance hall is filled with people of every kind. I walked towards the end of the big hall, which seemed like a quiet place to study my environment. Some children are running around, enjoying the free space. On the opposite side of the hall, there are some benches. Only the last bench is occupied by a young man in a white shirt tucked into his black clean trousers held in position by a belt. Next to him, there is a backpack. What could be in there? His laptop is already lying in his lap, and his ears are covered by headphones. I think he must be a young businessman on a break who likes the clean aesthetics of the big hall. Somehow, I got interested in talking to him to find out what he's up to. "May I ask you a question?" was my hook line. He was very open-minded and interested to hear more about my project. It was great that he had some time left before his online job interview, which he is going to do in the quieter end of the hall.

He talked about a very old pub with a story. It's called Prospects of Whisby. "If you walk to the back of the pub closer to the water, mind the tide, there is a noose. There was a judge who liked to hang people here to scare the pirates off River Thames. It was renovated, and it still stands on the spot where so many people died." I asked Thomas if he'd be okay with me taking a portrait of him. He was up for that, but he had only five minutes left until his job interview started. He told me he never had his picture taken by a photographer. He even put his tie on. While he was putting his tie on, I shot some pictures of him. The act of tying the tie reminded me of the image of the noose.

Southbound by overground.
On my way to Wapping station, I'm floating over the ground. It's a much quieter sound. Then driving in the Tube. As I usually do on my London journey, I'm seeing the city from above, all the houses in half. You can see into apartments where people are having a laugh. The sun is shining, the weather is bright. It's one of those lovely days for birds to take flight. All sorts of traveling people getting in and out, but no one talks in here with their mouth. They are all on the way to the south.

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Moira Zürkichen

History and nature collab

At Wapping station, I had to get off the overground to continue my journey to the Prospect of Whisby on foot. I walked through almost empty streets without any shops or open doors. Sometimes a refreshing wind came from the right-side alley where the Thames River is located. It felt a little bit like I was next to the sea. The smell in my nose and the feeling of the wind made it a whole different experience from all the London streets. A few people walked by me and some of them shared a smile with me.

In front of the pub, I could see an alley to the right side of the house called Pelican Street. I took it, and it led me to a gate through which I could already see the water and the stony beach-like underground. Old, steep, rotten, and mossy stairs took me down to the riverside. The greens of the moss are fascinating and appear in many different shades. The whole stone walls are covered in it. Time has generated beautiful patterns with the moss and stones. If you take a close look at it, you can explore another natural universe. Next to a mossy wooden cross that was made to stabilise the house, there is the historical gallows. Its white knot is held by a wooden construct as we know it from the game hangman. The main trunk looks very old and you can see the water levels of high and low tide by the lines the water has left on the moss. From that point of view, I turned my head 360 degrees around where my eye focused on a vanishing point at the structure holding up the terrace along the river. Between the support pillars, there are metal chains with metal rings hanging down.

Inside, the pub looks very old. It was built in the year 1520. Many celebrities have enjoyed their time here. From the upper terrace, you have a great view over the Thames. A lot of people like to sit in the shadow under the hanging elm tree outside. The view of the green leaves and the skyline of London are amazing. There are people of every age inside. You can explore interesting paintings and pictures from old times. Even though the staff don't get along with each other very well, it makes you feel more like you're back in time with pirates.

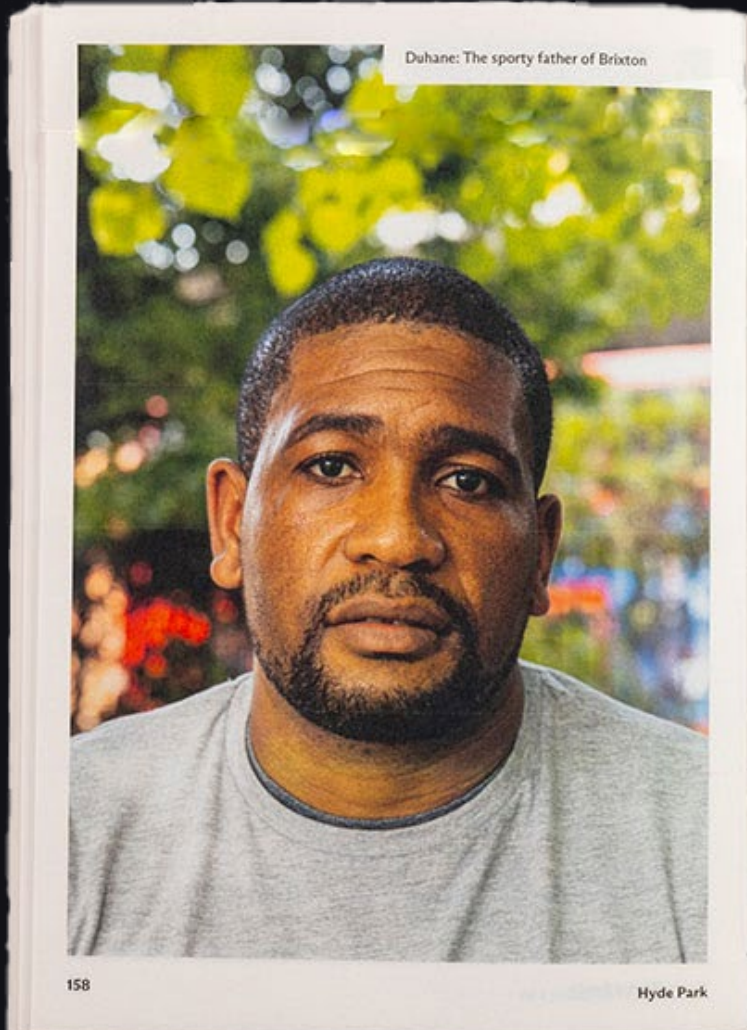
THE SEARCH OF THE GREEN SPOT

The unknown Brazilian man and me searching for the green spaces in London. There is no much left of the city until I follow the crowd...

Near the BFI, I meet two women at the pedestrian crossing. My sneaking up on them and my quiet hello startled them. First, they walk a few steps farther and then stop in the middle of the road. I am a bit confused. I suggest that we go onto the pavement as I would like to ask them something. The two nod in a friendly manner. I start talking to them and I find out that they are on their way to a restaurant. One of them, who is a bit more reserved, tells me that she loves walking from China Town to the British Museum. The other one who has a heart on her T-shirt tells me that she loves to spend her time in Angel, discovering new and quiet cafes. A few days later...

Lies Grossmann

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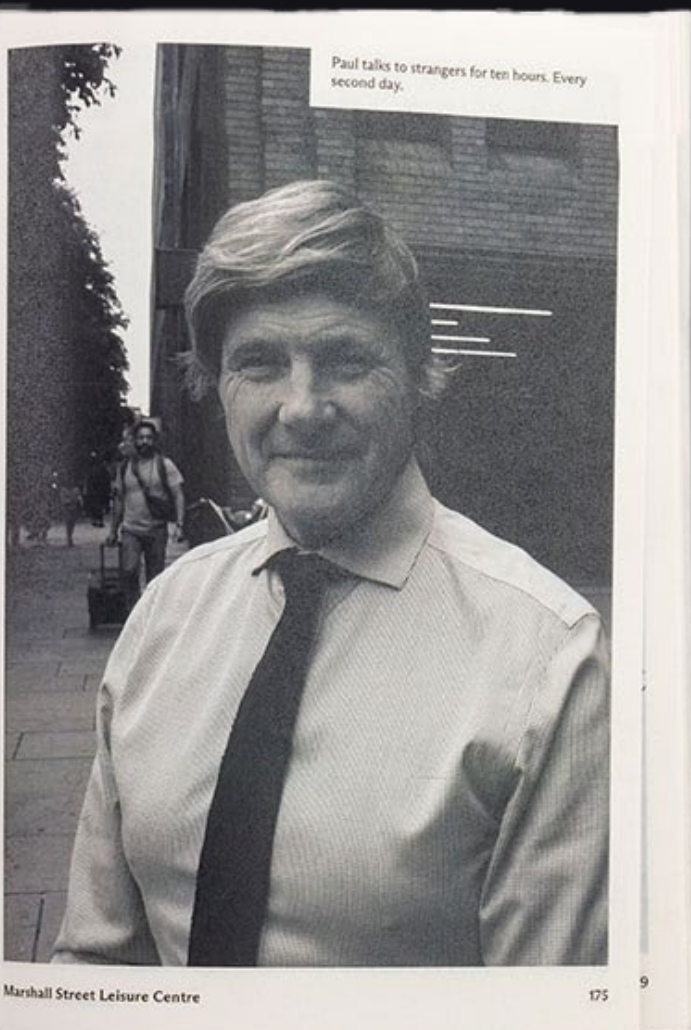
Duhane: The sporty father of Brixton



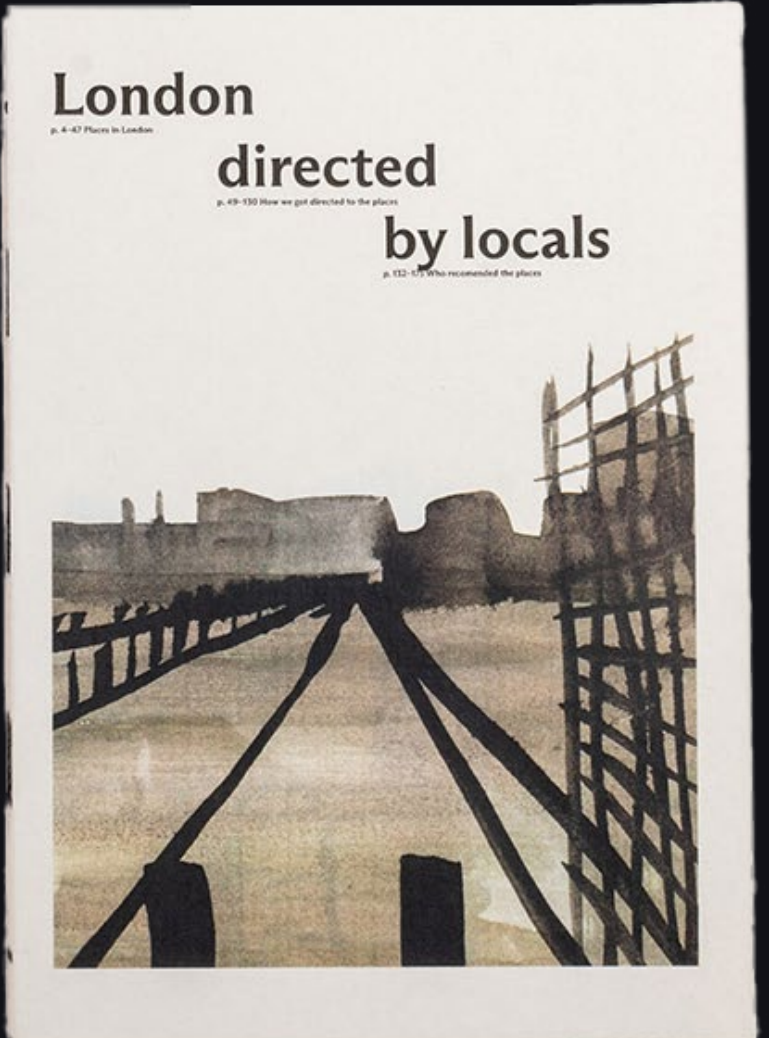
This are Ashley and Kate. Ashley could not stand still she was so nervous.



Gerostimos, our beloved host, standing proudly amidst his exquisite Greek produce, notably his fine selection of spirits, at Borough Market.



Paul talks to strangers for ten hours. Every second day.



Wie soll man das benutzen?



Hä? Wie soll man das benutzen? Wer hat so etwas Dummes gebaut? Diese Gedanken könnten dem Betrachter durch den Kopf gehen, wenn er meine Fotoserie betrachtet. Während dem Projekt habe ich mir viele Gedanken über die Zugänglichkeit des öffentlichen Raums gemacht. Dabei bin ich auf diese fünf Motive gestossen. Für die Umsetzung habe ich drei der Situationen aufgebaut und fotografiert. Die anderen zwei habe ich erst fotografiert und im Nachhinein in Photoshop zu einer absurden Situation nachbearbeitet.

März 2023

Dozenten: Martin Woodli,
Zvonimir Pisonic

Endprodukt



Wie soll man das benutzen?





Im Laufe der Zeit



Düster, verlassen und einsam. Bei meiner Recherche bin ich auf sehr spannende Bildwelten gestossen, auf denen Bäume mit der Zeit menschengebautes verschlingen. Diese Bilder haben mich inspiriert diese Bildreihe zu erschaffen. Ich habe den Lauf der Zeit mithilfe von immer düster werdenden Farben, langsamer Zerstörung der Gartenbank und Bäumen, die sogar aus dem Bild herauswachsen dargestellt.

Die Bildreihe dreht sich um die Veränderung der Zeit und um schwindende Erinnerungen.

April 2022

Dozent:innen: Lorenz Meier,
Felice Bruno, Marianne Halter







Linda Bucher

Ausbildung:
2021–2025: Grafikerin EFZ Ausbildung mit Berufsmaturität an der Fachklasse Grafik Luzern
Mai–November 2024: Praktikum bei Gabor Palotai Design in Stockholm
Seit Februar 2025: Mitglied des Grafikpools vom Treibhaus Luzern

Sprachen:

Deutsch	Muttersprache
Englisch	B2 First
Französisch	ca. B1

Programme:

Adobe Indesign	sehr gut
Adobe Photoshop	sehr gut
Adobe Illustrator	sehr gut
Adobe After Effects	gut
Adobe Lightroom Classic	gut
Adobe XD	Grundkenntnisse
HTML und CSS	Grundkenntnisse
Office 365	gut

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Hallo!

Ich bin Linda Bucher, 20 Jahre alt, und habe im Juli 2025 meine Ausbildung an der Fachklasse Grafik Luzern als Grafikerin EFZ abgeschlossen. Während meiner Ausbildung und meines Praktikums bei Gabor Palotai Design in Stockholm konnte ich wertvolle praktische Erfahrungen im Gestaltungsprozess sammeln.

Besonders gerne arbeite ich in den Bereichen Animation, Plakatgestaltung und Corporate Design. Gleichzeitig bin ich stets offen dafür, in allen grafischen Disziplinen Neues zu lernen und mich weiterzuentwickeln. Ich bin eine neugierige, geduldige, konzentrierte und freundliche Person.

Ich freue mich darauf, bald mein gestalterisches Können in einem Grafikdesign-Betrieb weiterentwickeln zu können.

Bei Interesse an Zusammenarbeit kontaktieren sie mich gerne über linda.bucher05@gmail.com