

Portfolio

Linda Bucher

See music



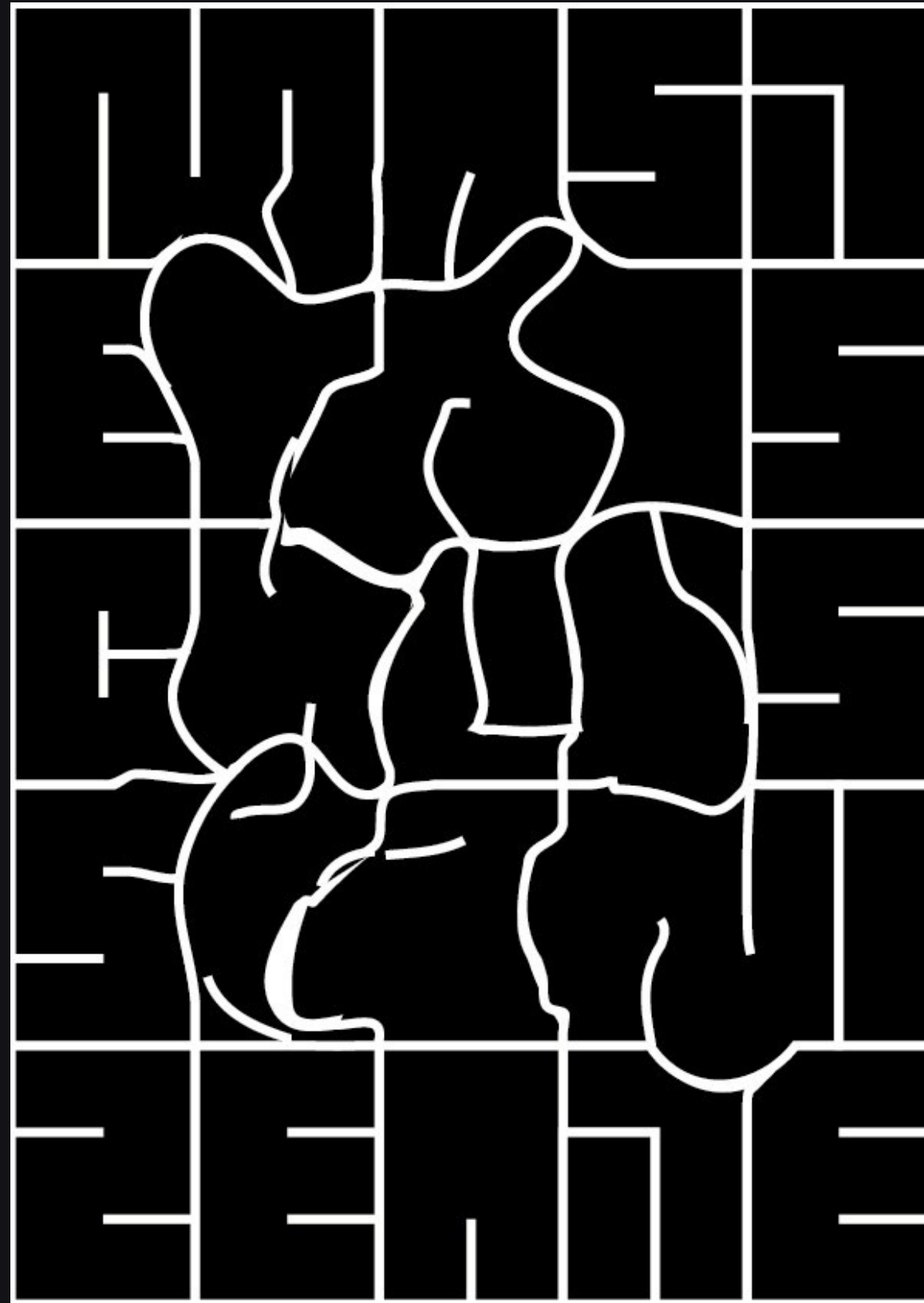
I hear music. I try to imagine something about this music: I see waves moving to the beat. And that's exactly what I tried to implement in this static and animated poster. I worked analogously with printed paper, which I moved back and forth with pens for the animation. This project was created on behalf of the University of Music as part of a competition. My work was selected as the winning project for implementation.

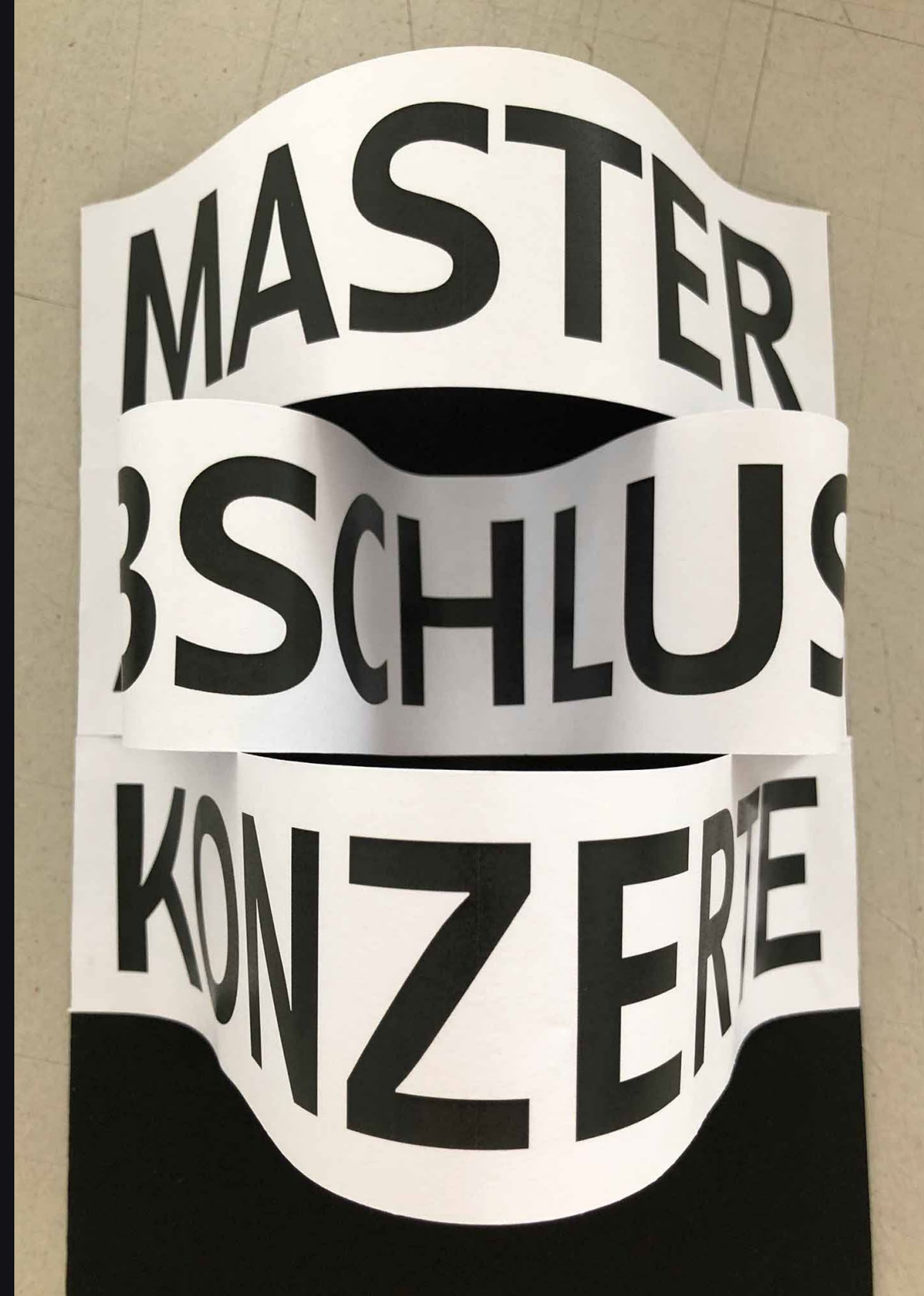
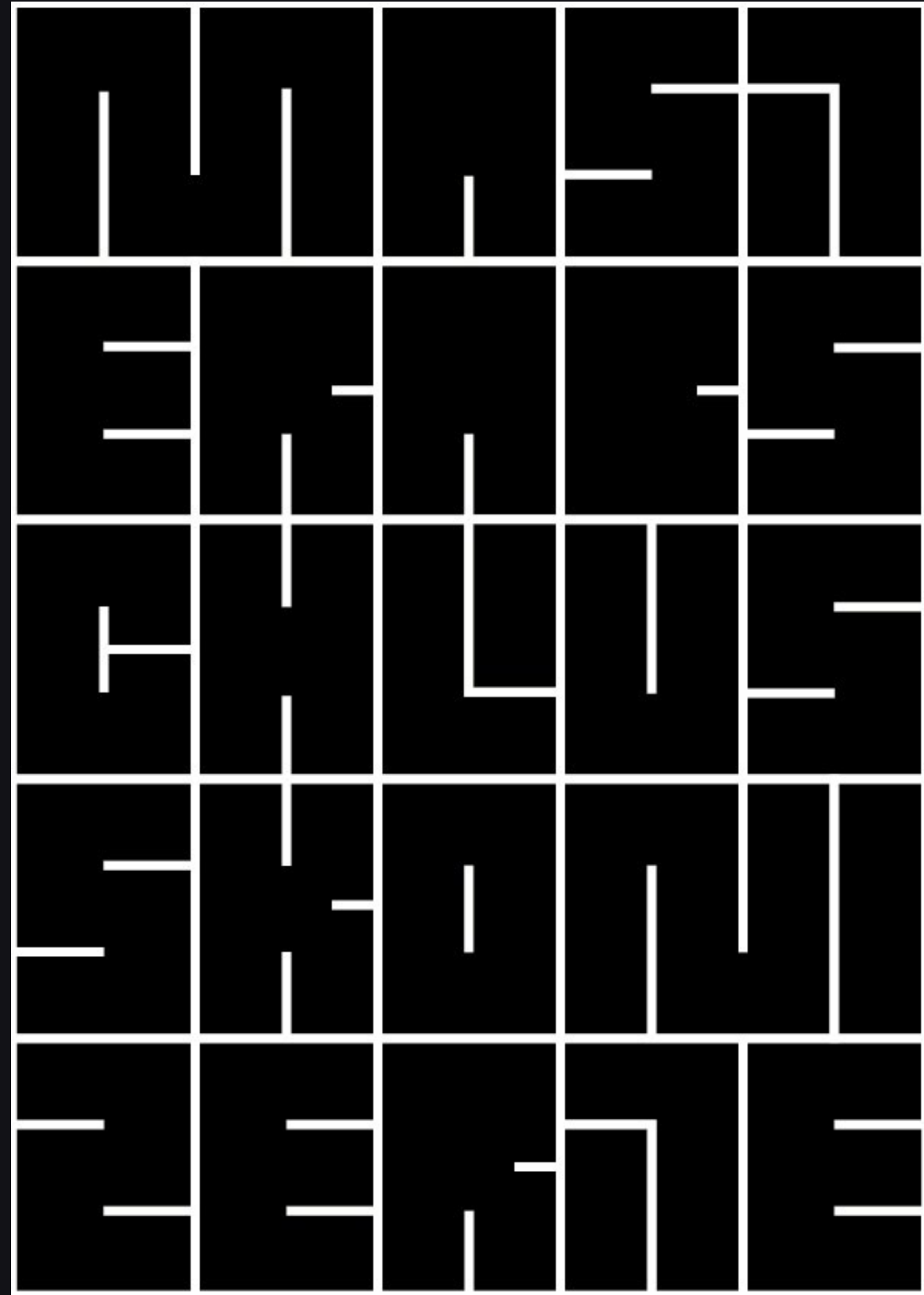
June 2023

Lectures: Flavia Mosele,
Patrick Portmann, Kaspar Pflücker

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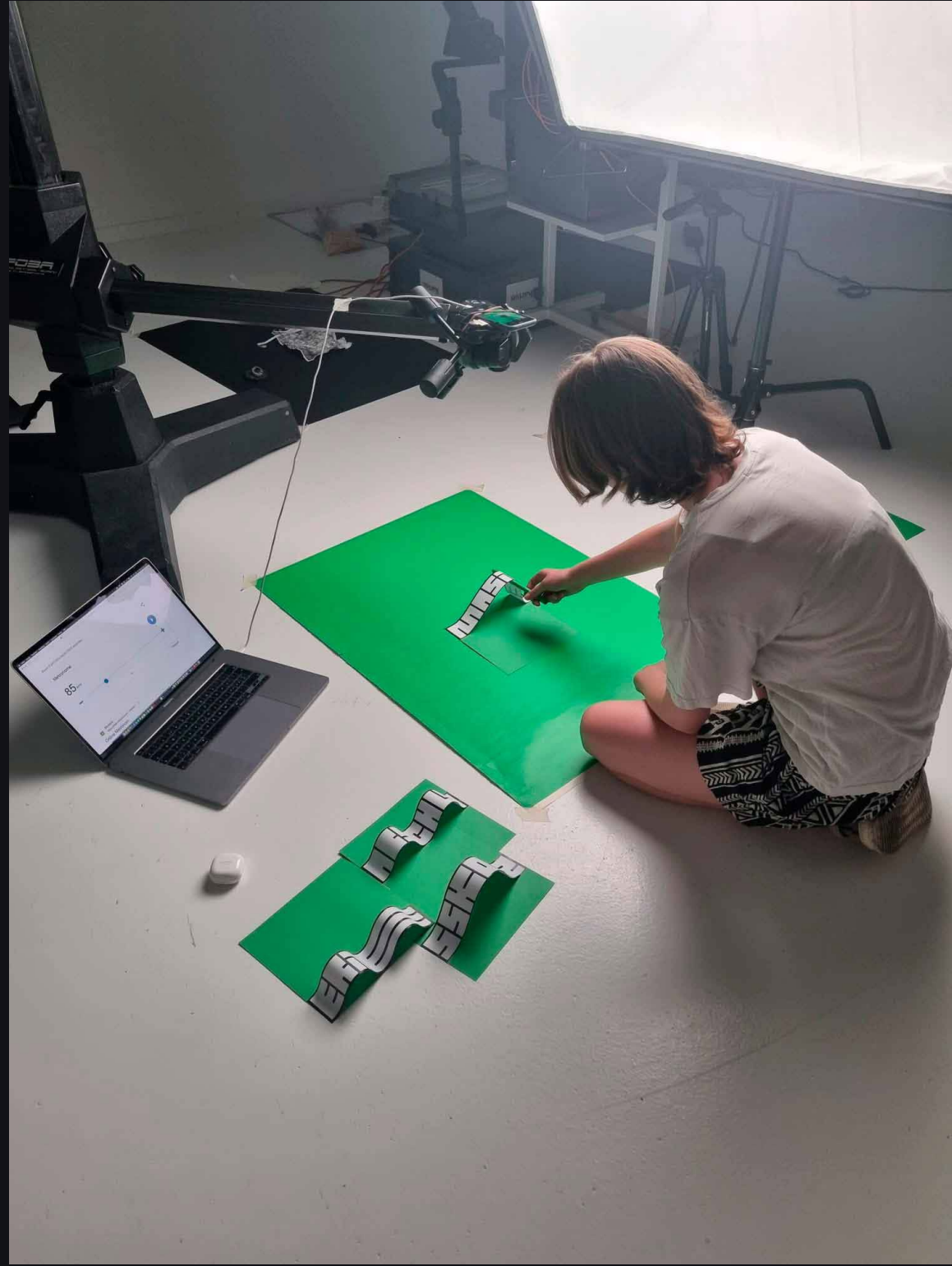




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GOLDBACH NEO

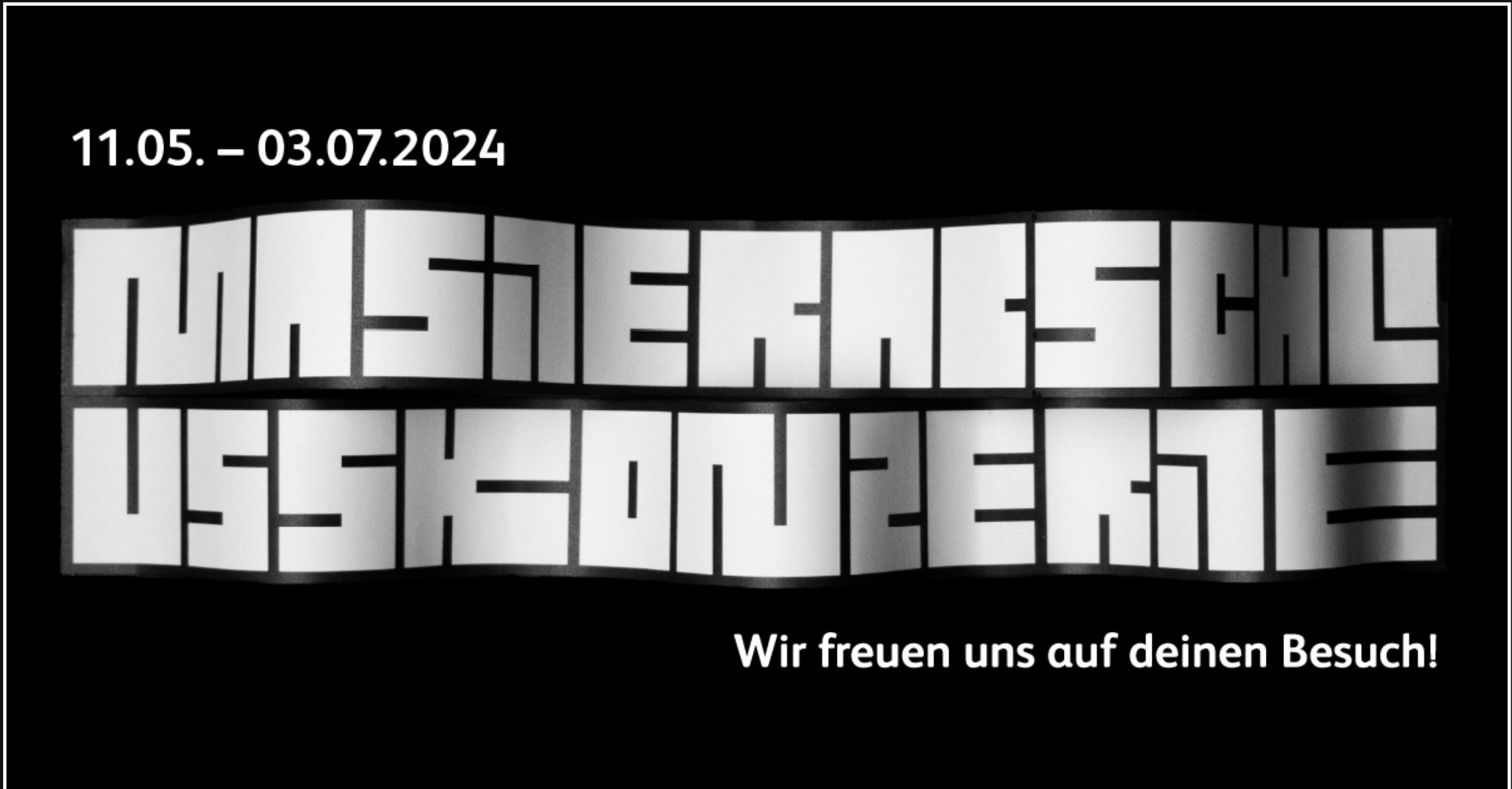
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Artistic animations

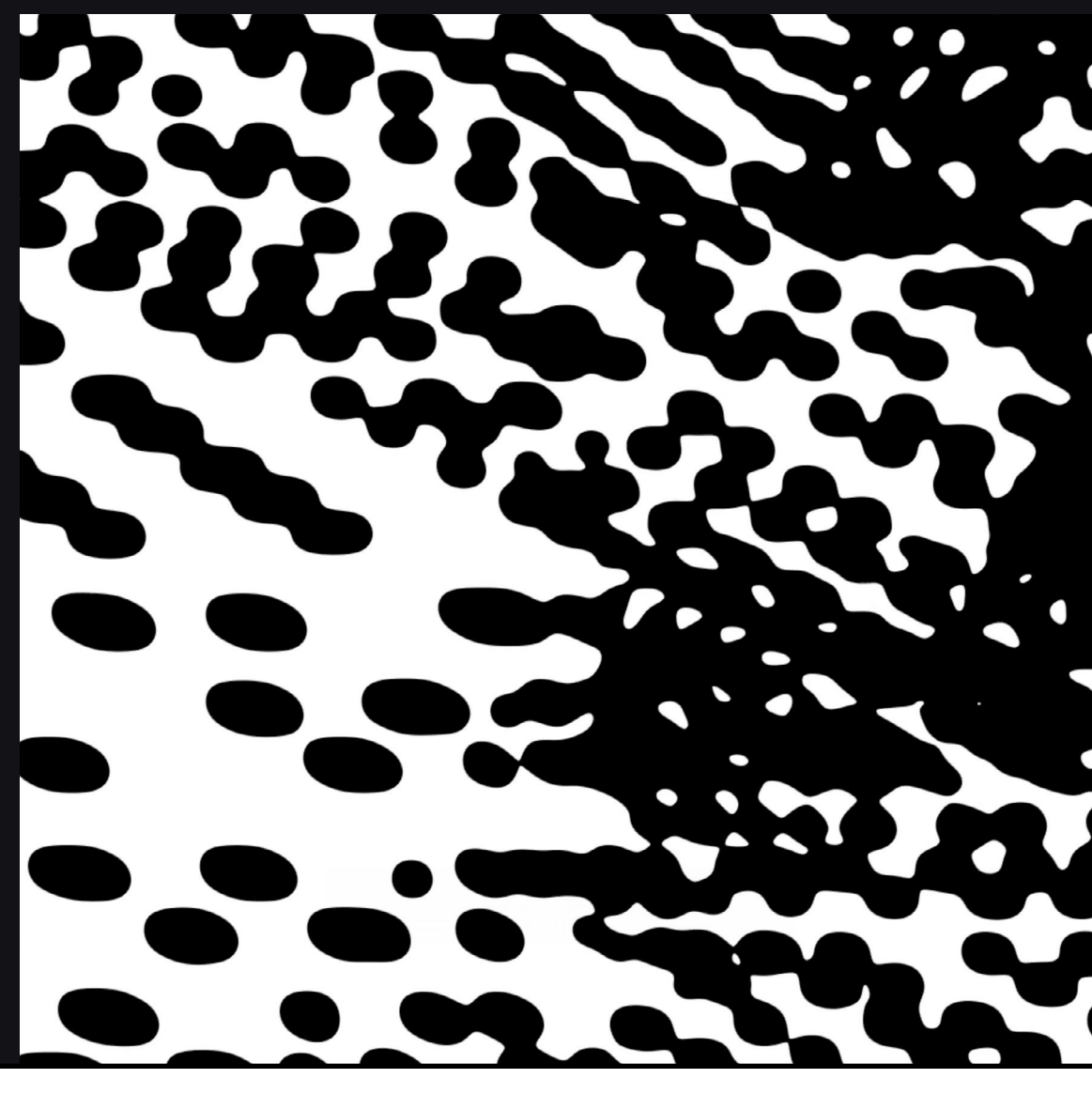
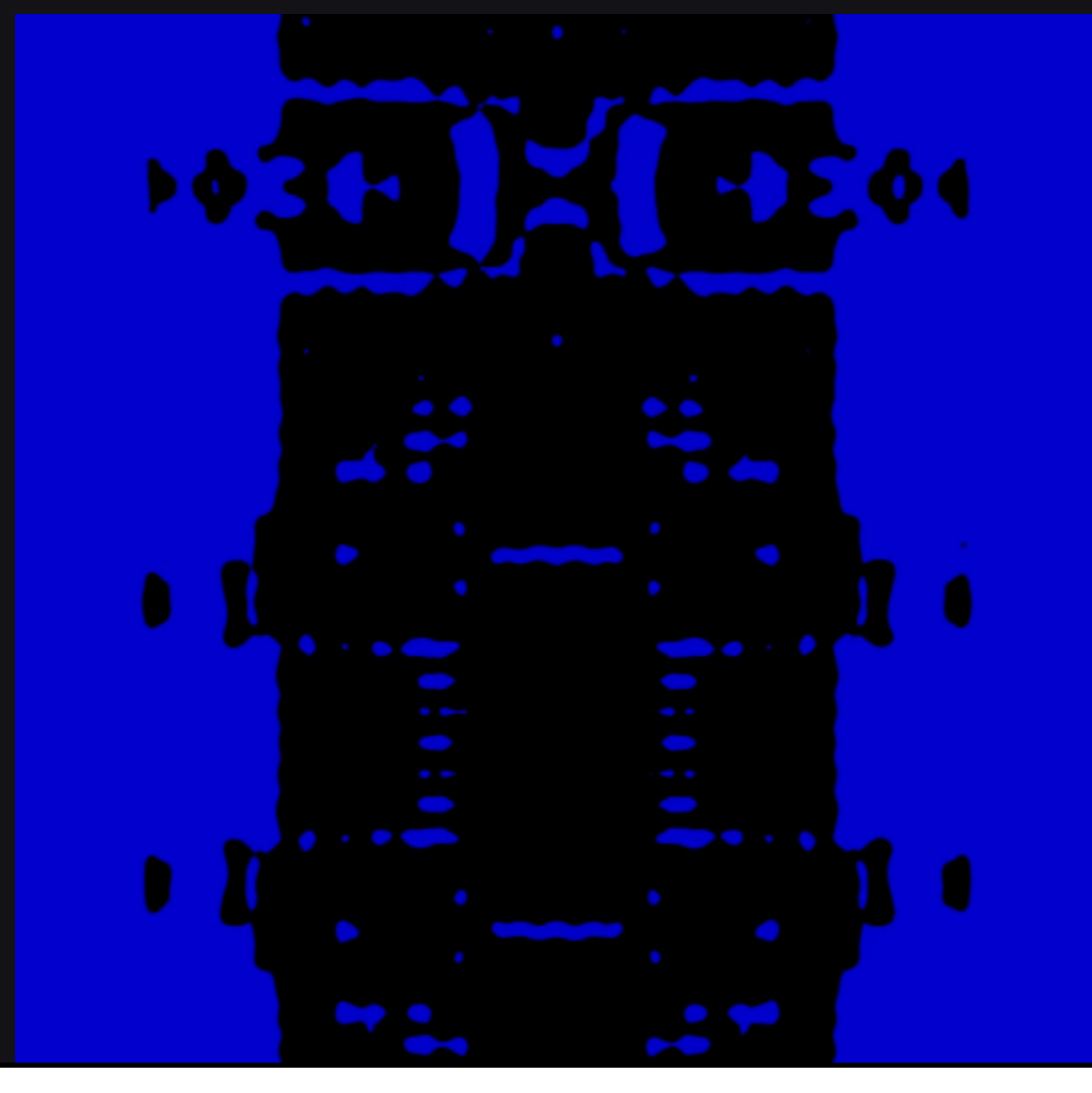
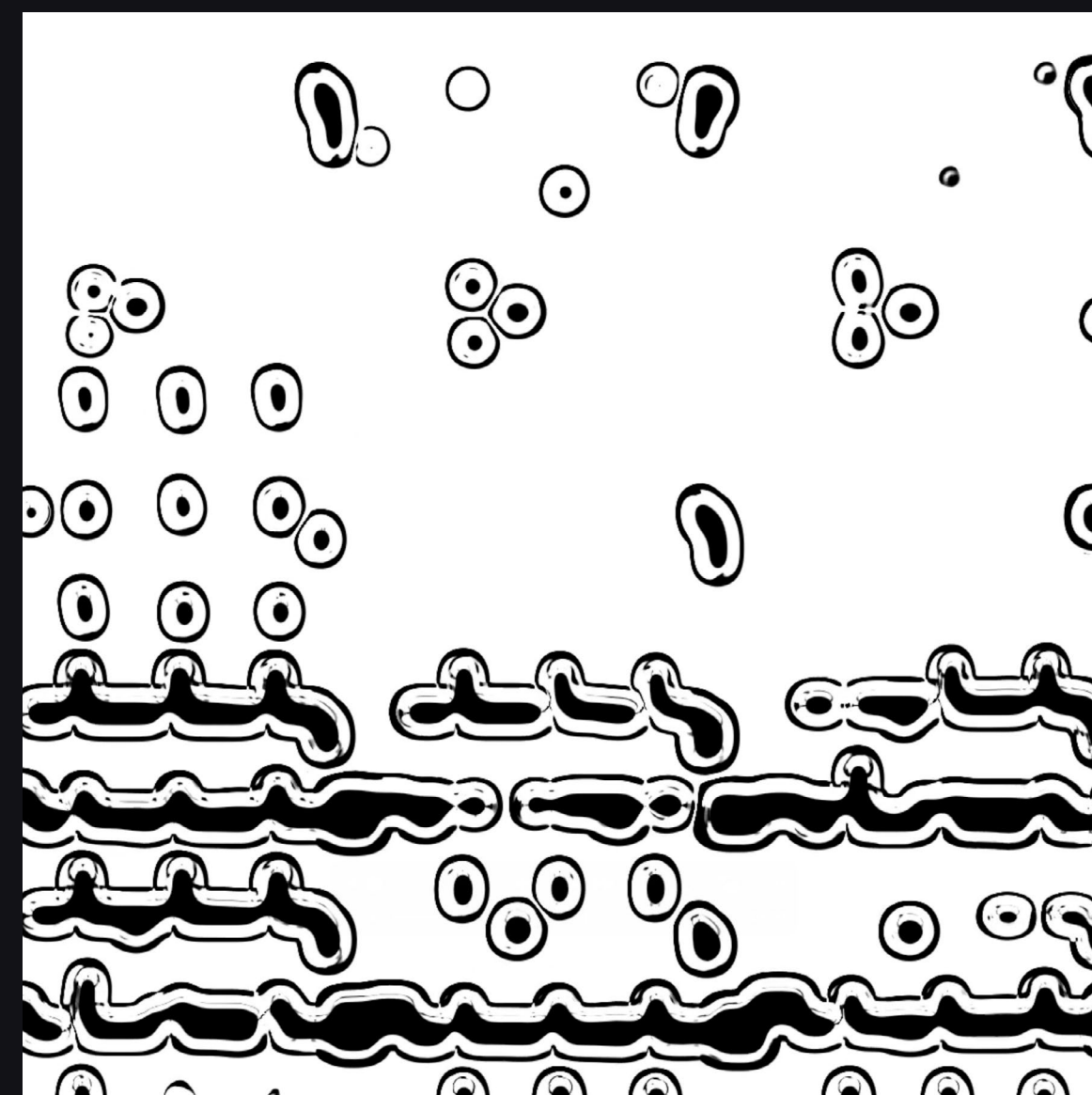


Flowing movement. Abstract patterns. Black. White. During my internship at Gabor Palotai Design in Stockholm, I had half a year to work intensively with animation. I produced a large number of independent art films. For most of the films I used old patterns from the studio's archive as a basis. I tried to create something new by making the patterns move in different ways. During the process I liked to be inspired by interesting coincidences. I also found inspiration in philosophical themes such as the idea of time or how water moves.

May – November 2024

Advisors: Gábor Palotai,
Tobias Thorell

Animation: Linda Bucher



To view the animation, please visit my website (lindabucher.ch)

How are you supposed to use that?



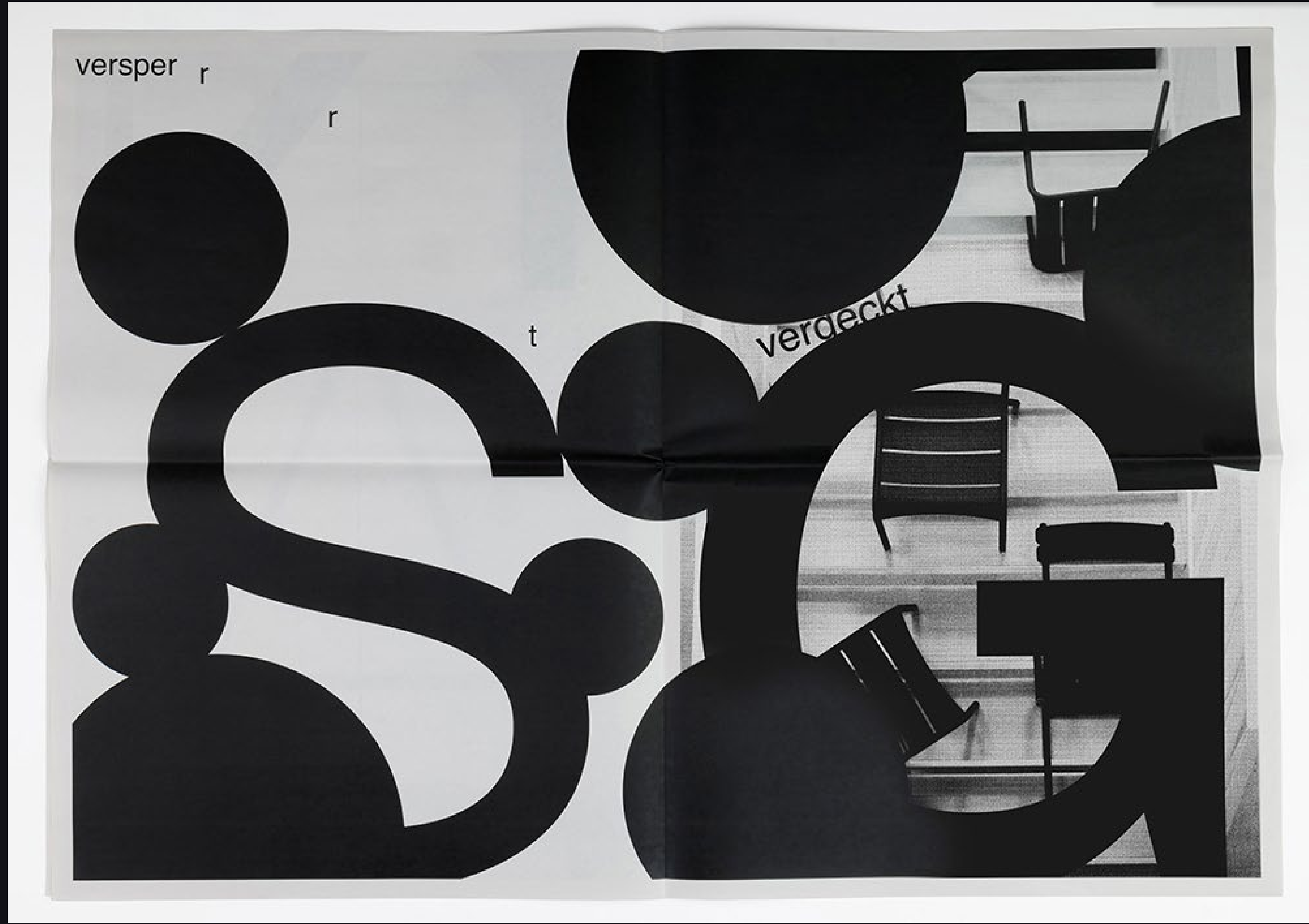
Large letters, clear shapes, obscure images. I used the images from my photo series (p. 28) for this newspaper. Both the photo series and the newspaper deal with the subject of accessibility. For the design of the newspaper, I asked myself, for what reasons can something not be accessible? I tried to illustrate these reasons using only shapes and individual letters.

May 2023
Lectures: Martin Woodtli,
Zvonimir Pisonic

End result

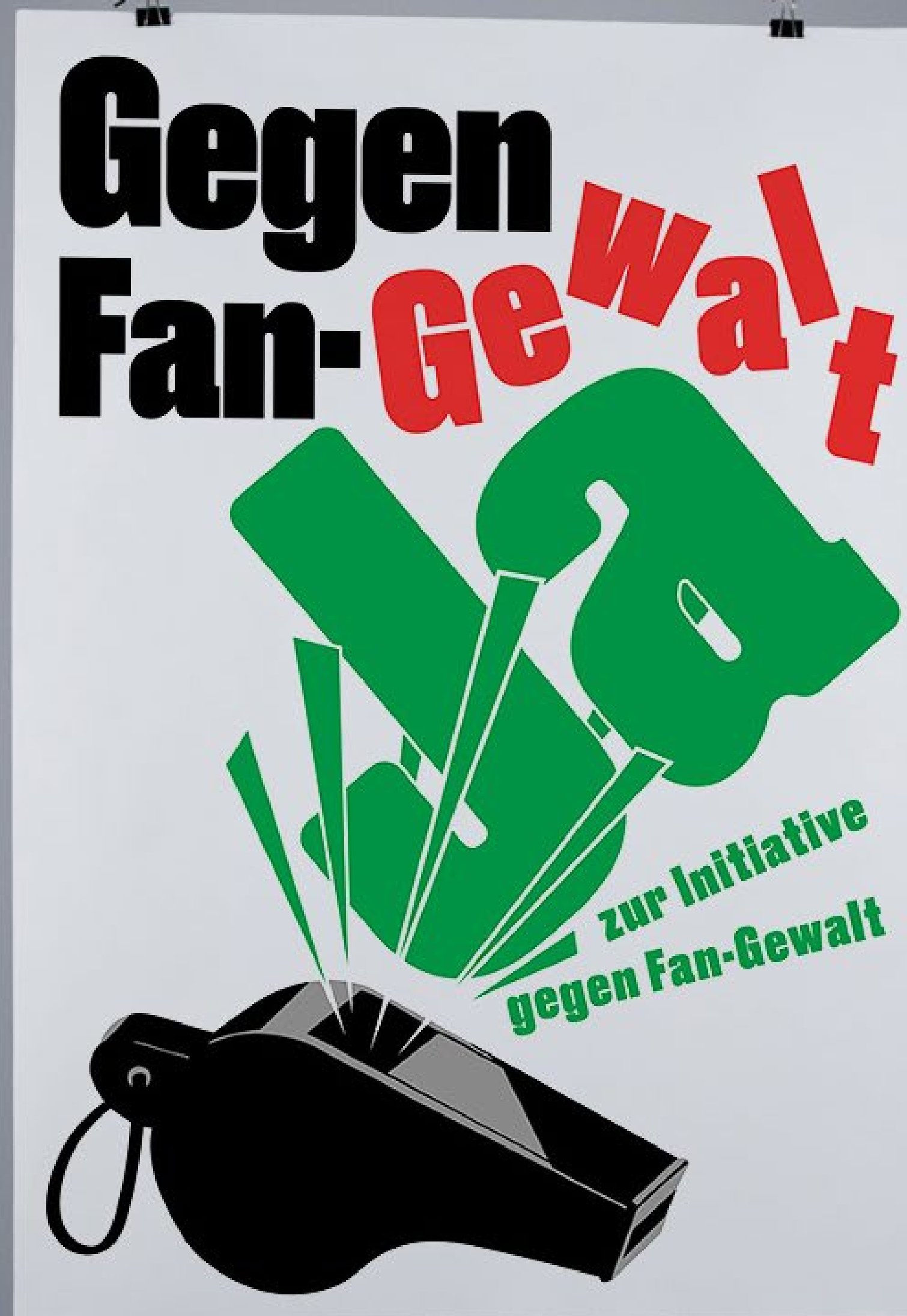
How are you supposed to use that?







Loud whistling

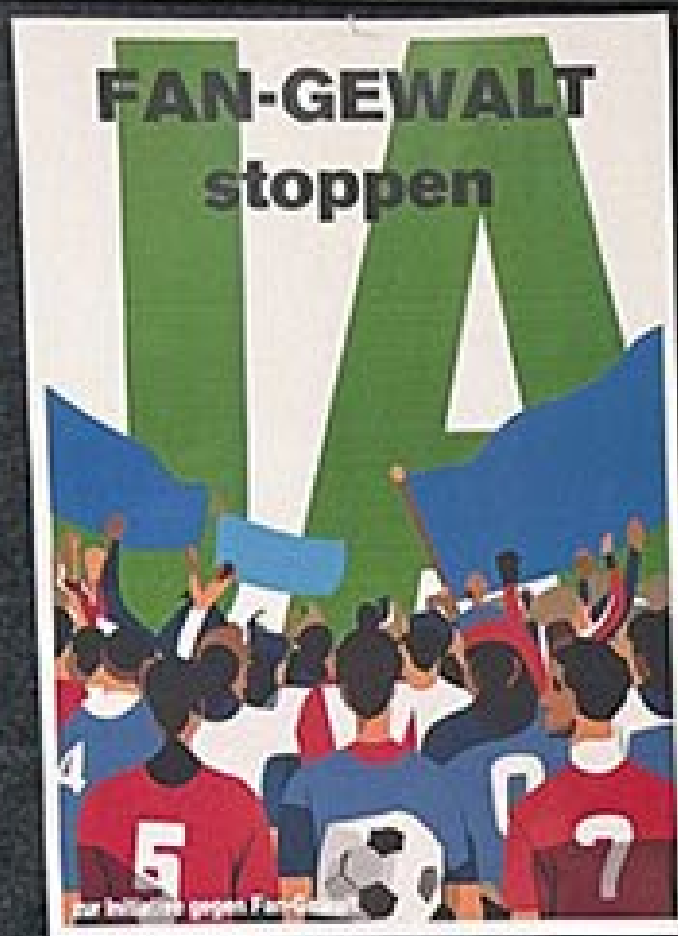


Loud whistling, from which comes the word Yes, the violence is being pushed away. Together with Leandra and Lien, I designed this campaign for the initiative against fan violence for the 'die Mitte Luzern' political party. The initiative is about convincing people that violent football fans must be kept away from the stadium.

„Rules must also be respected off the field“: that is the idea behind our final design. We chose the whistle to symbolise the referee's whistle, which is directed against violence.

December – January 2024

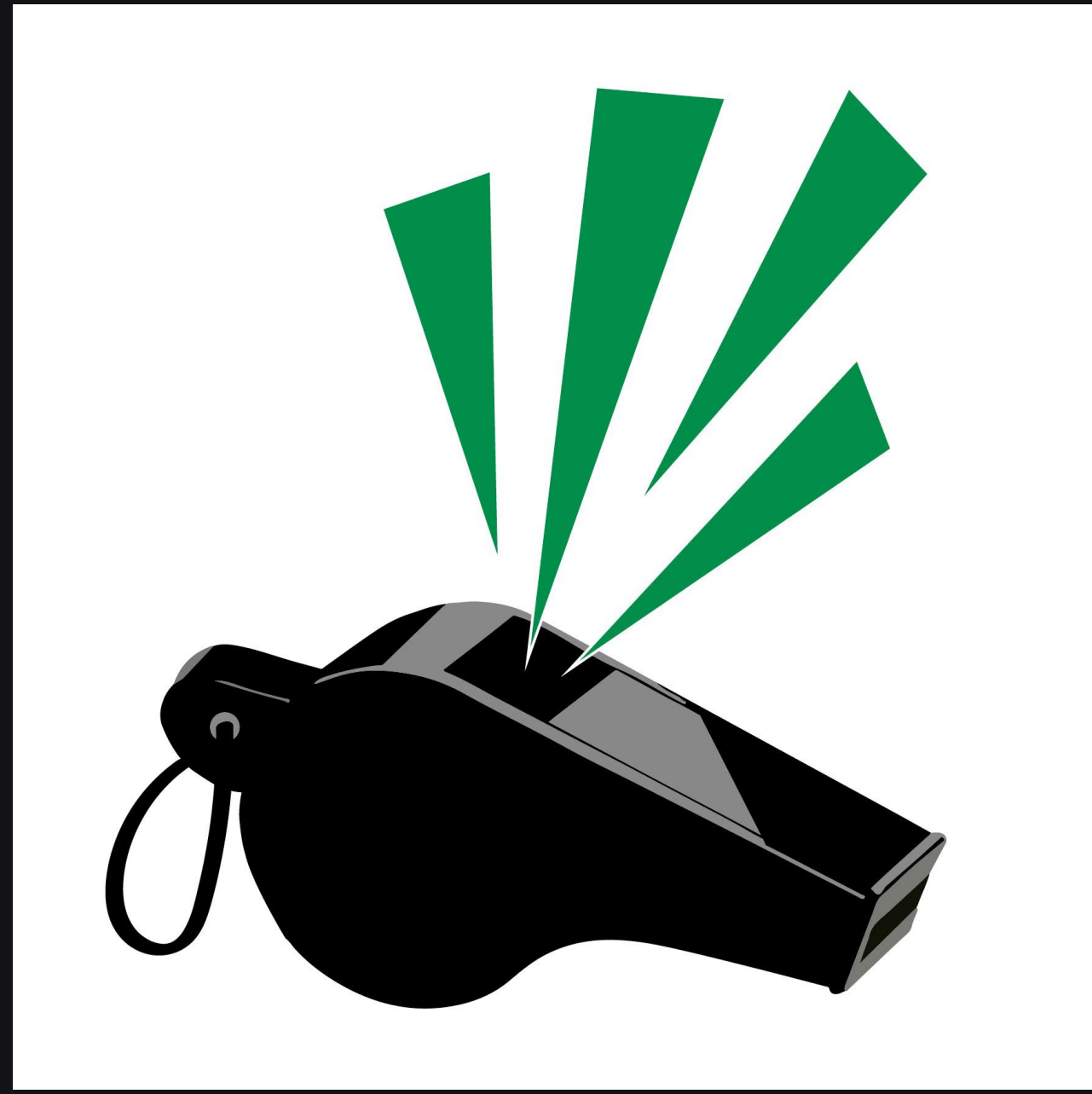
Design: Leandra Grüter,
Lien Jil Grossmann, Linda Bucher
Lectures: Felix Pfäffli, Simon Roth



Gegen Fan-Gewalt



*zur Initiative
gegen Fan-Gewalt*



Gegen Fan-Gewalt



*zur Initiative
gegen Fan-Gewalt*







Emergency exit



It's dark and threatening. There is only one exit, but it is much too narrow. What should I do? With this poster I wanted to encourage the viewer to put themselves in the shoes of others. In the photo series (see project "How should you use this?") I dealt with the topic of accessibility. More specifically, with the question: "Where do wheelchair users encounter obstacles in everyday life?" I developed an image from this series into this poster.

This poster was created in collaboration with Clear Channel and Zoda as part of a competition. My work was selected for realization together with nine other posters and has already been exhibited in Lucerne.

April – May 2023

Lectures: Martin Woodtli,
Martin Infanger, Felix Pfäffli



End result

Emergency exit



End result



Emergency exit



Lost in London



Which way do I have to go? Am I still on the right track? I asked myself these questions while traveling alone in London. I used wandering as a theme for the design of my book. My 21 classmates and I took the pictures and texts during our stay in London. In total I had 44 images and just as many texts. The images are sorted according to the criterion of recognizability. The texts are also set in such a way that they become more and more confusing towards the end. Can you manage not to get lost in my book?

August – October 2023
Lectures: Patrina Strähl, Markus Wicki,
Valeria Bonin, Hanspeter Künzler,
Michael Pilz, Marco Baker

No swimming! They do it anyway ...



14 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.



15 Springfield Park

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




24 At a standstill for 180 years.

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




25 Henry Pordes Books

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



34 Bustling Scene

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



35 Ace Cafe London

When the depth suddenly becomes the surface.



40 Cinema experience in the middle of the roundabout

Does George live here?



41 Houses, houses and more houses

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



46 The search of the green spot

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



47 St Katharine Docks

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



48 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.



49 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."

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

Primrose Hill Park, Primrose Hill Rd, London NW2 2EG
N 51° 52' 23.3056 E 0° 7' 38.7798

36 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.

Wonderfully 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 really has been a 'contacts' 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) Lalbajnie: "...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.

Primrose Hill Park, Primrose Hill Rd, London NW2 2EG
N 51° 52' 23.3056 E 0° 7' 38.7798

37 Alexis Lagos

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 project, 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 realised 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 dining tables, 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.

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Barge East, Barge East, Hackney Wick, London E14 7GJ
N 51° 52' 23.3056 E 0° 7' 38.7798

38 Pascal Bâsler

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.

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.

"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.

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 Abdullahi 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

Kilburn Grange Park, Kilburn High Road, London NW7 2JG
N 51° 52' 23.3056 E 0° 7' 38.7798

39 Paulo Do Carmo Domingos

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 I 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 Colosseum 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 Christie 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

Four Aces Club, Dalston Lane, London E8 3JG
N 51° 52' 23.3056 E 0° 7' 38.7798

40 Jael Küntz

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.

Clissold Park, Clissold Park, London N16 9JG
N 51° 52' 23.3056 E 0° 7' 38.7798

41 Chiara Bammert

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 while the waves make it fall. Mind the tide. It'll come as high as the gallows to scare away the pirates sailing by.

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 nook. 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.

Wapping Beach, Wapping Beach, London E14 7GJ
N 51° 52' 23.3056 E 0° 7' 38.7798

42 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 on the left 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...

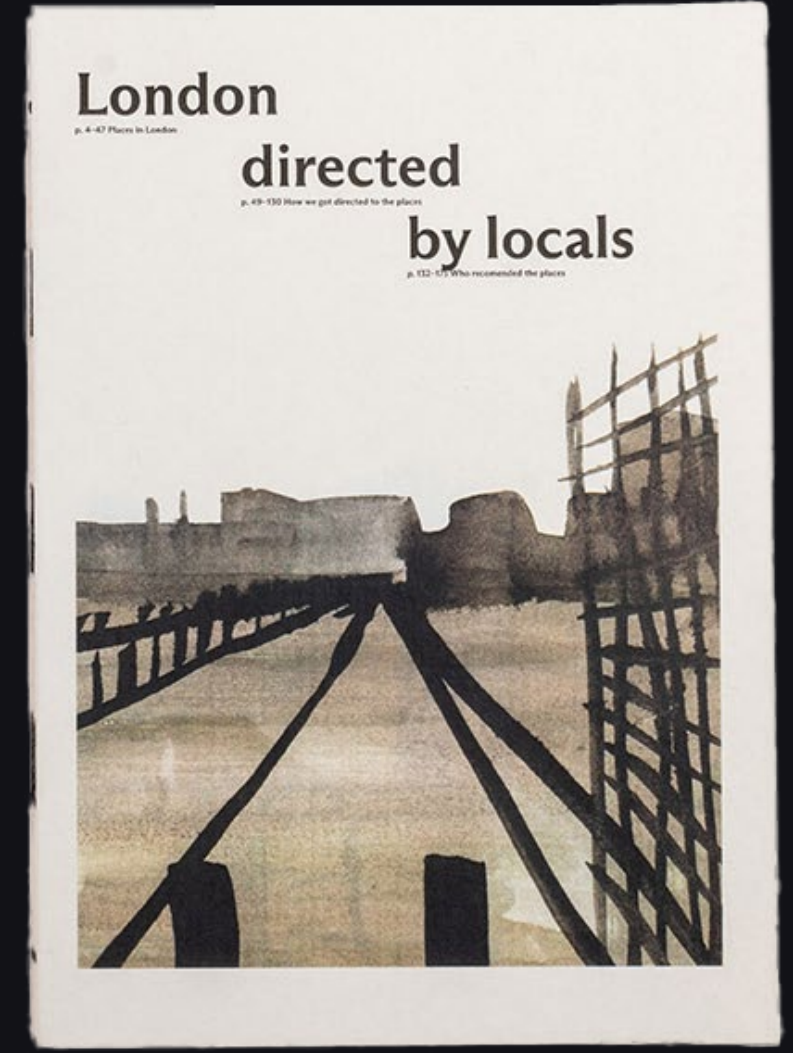
Prospect of Whisby, Prospect of Whisby, London E14 7GJ
N 51° 52' 23.3056 E 0° 7' 38.7798

43 Léa Grossmann

I give him a swift introduction about my project. Foremost, he told me the story of the barge. His grandfather was the captain who maneuvered the barge from Rotterdam to London. That happened over fifty years ago. His son, Jack's father, later opened a small diner on the barge. Finally, ten years ago, Jack converted the barge into a fine dining experience. Jack went on to show me around the barge. He showed me the kitchen and the different dining rooms. A quick look at their menu showed me the diversity of food they serve. I even got to test one of their delicious wines. Jack then had to do some work to prepare for an event that was planned for the next day. But he was ok with me roaming around the barge alone. That was ideal for me because I could only shoot analog film that day. I said goodbye to the team and left, after I used up the complete roll of film. That encounter, suggested through a recommendation by a stranger, showed me again how nice it can be to chat with strangers and get to know their stories.

Barge East, Barge East, Hackney Wick, London E14 7GJ
N 51° 52' 23.3056 E 0° 7' 38.7798

44



How are you supposed to use that?



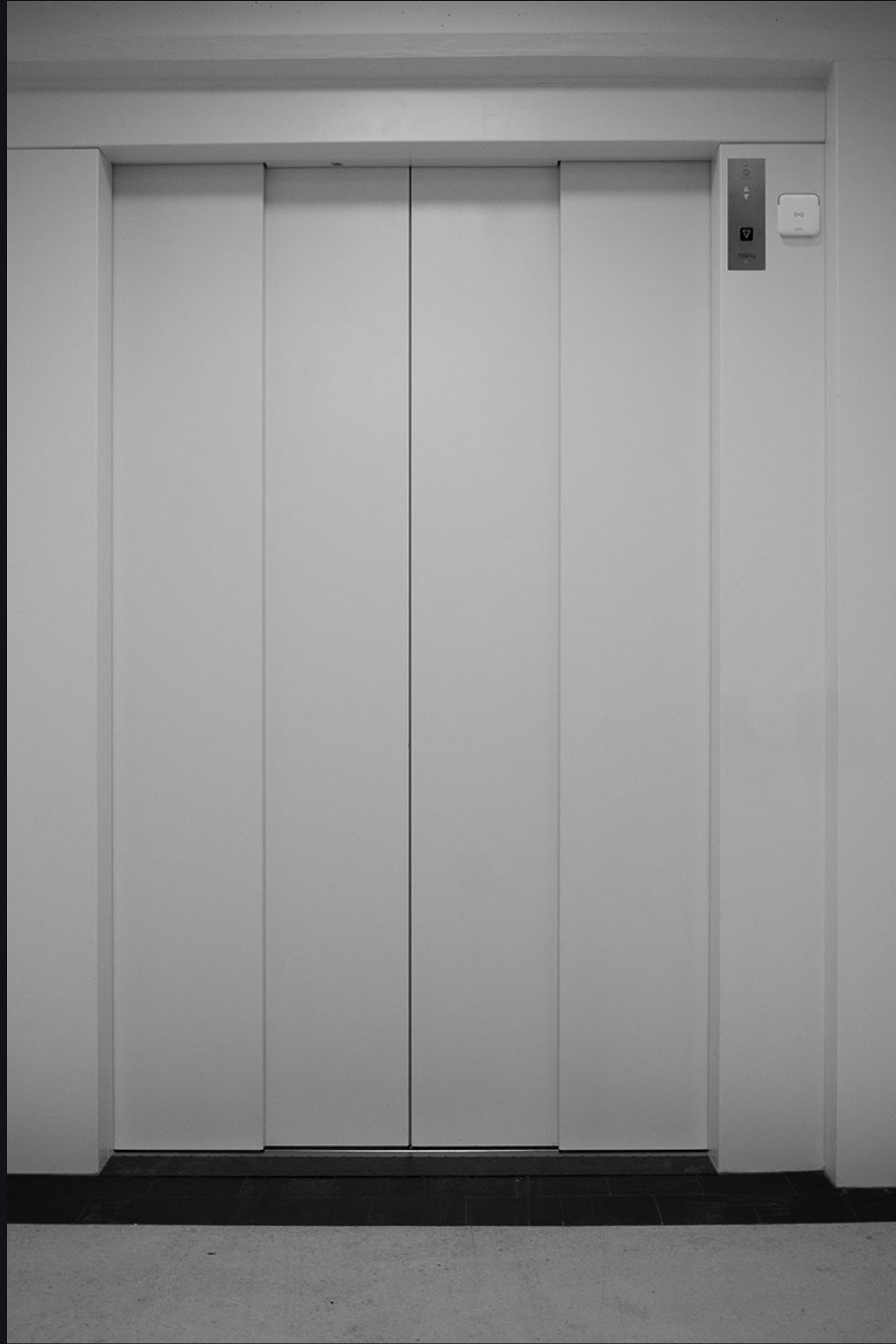
Huh? How are you supposed to use that? Who built something so stupid? These thoughts might cross the viewer's mind when they look at my photo series. During the project, I thought a lot about the accessibility of public spaces. I came across these five motifs. I set up and photographed three of the situations for the realization. I photographed the other two first and then reworked them in Photoshop to create an absurd situation.

March 2023
Lectures: Martin Woodli,
Zvonimir Pisonic

End result



How are you supposed to use that?



End result



How are you supposed to use that?



In the march of time



Dark, abandoned and lonely. During my research I came across very exciting visual worlds in which trees swallow up man-made structures over time. These images inspired me to create this series of pictures. I have illustrated the passage of time with the help of increasingly dark colors, slow destruction of the garden bench and trees that even grow out of the picture.

The series is about the change of time and fading memories.

April 2022

Lectures: Lorenz Meier,
Felice Bruno, Marianne Halter

End result



In the march of time



End result



In the march of time



End result



In the march of time



Linda Bucher

Education:

2021 – 2025: Graphic designer EFZ apprenticeship with vocational baccalaureate at Fachklasse Grafik Luzern

May – November 2024: Internship at Gabor Palotai Design in Stockholm

Since February 2025: Member of the graphics pool of the Treibhaus Luzern

Languages:

German	mother tongue
English	B2 First
French	approx. B1

Programs:

Adobe Indesign	very good
Adobe Photoshop	very good
Adobe Illustrator	very good
Adobe After Effects	good
Adobe Lightroom Classic	good
Adobe XD	basic
HTML and CSS	basic
Office 365	good

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Hello!

My name is Linda Bucher, I am 20 years old, and I completed my training as a graphic designer EFZ at the Fachklasse Grafik Luzern in July 2025. During my training and internship at Gabor Palotai Design in Stockholm, I was able to gain valuable practical experience in the design process.

I particularly enjoy working in the areas of animation, poster design, and corporate design. At the same time, I am always eager to learn new things and develop my skills in all areas of graphic design. I am a curious, patient, focused, and friendly person.

I look forward to further developing my design skills in a graphic design company.

If you are interested in collaborating with me, please feel free to contact me at linda.bucher05@gmail.com