

Issue 4
March 2006



Roger Ballen at the BnF

"In the Shadow Chamber"

21 february - 21 may 2006

<http://expositions.bnf.fr/ballen/index.htm>

The work of Roger Ballen is difficult to approach. A first encounter with his work can easily give the impression of joining in an ongoing debate without being sure of what the argument is... It is necessary to go back to the beginning.

The BnF does a brilliant job at easing the visitor in and presents, as an introduction, several drawings from Dubuffet, several photographs from Ralph Eugene Meatyard and Diane Arbus and a text from Antonin Artaud. They, in effect, have put Artaud in the position of the guide, with more of his words accompanying the visit, which sets a mood where screams, mouth-noises and furious insults might be normal elements of the commentary.

Diane Arbus' twin sisters conclude the introduction and Roger Ballen's twin brothers establish, right away, connection and differences. As we progress, the work becomes more abstract. Or is it more naive? More coded or more innocent? Is Roger Ballen getting older or younger?

Ending the exhibition, two dirty and deformed feet give birth to a tiny puppy and, as is customary at the BnF, the visitors find the exit by retracing their steps, revisiting the exhibition in reverse, allowing for a second look which, especially in this case, is another perspective.

Bibliothèque Nationale de France (site Richelieu, Galerie de photographie)

58, rue de Richelieu - 75002 Paris

tuesday-saturday 10am - 7pm, sunday 12am - 7pm

Entrance fee: 7€ (5€ reduced fee, please inquire on the premises)



© Roger Ballen

This month's issue has taken much longer than usual to put together, it has been feeling like if everything was conspiring to make everything else take more time than usual... What should I blame the most? Winter that didn't seem to want to go away, probably! Actually, today is spring and I'm seeing there is still snow falling here and there... No, there isn't really anything or anybody to blame, it has been one of these cases of things taking shape more slowly, of a need for a different pace. Looking back, I also think that it all stems from the rush of putting together the January issue, after the Christmas break, which led to a rush for February and so on... To avoid being stuck in such a permanent rush in the future, there will be ten issues of webphotomag a year: it remains a monthly magazine, but there will be two months skipped: in winter, there will be only one issue for December&January, while in summer there will be a single issue for July&August. I'm sure we all agree that quantity doesn't matter as long as the quality is there. And speaking of quality, I'm particularly happy with the photographers taking part in this issue.

Adam Clutterbuck's work is an interesting exploration of the world around him. For our regular read-

ers, the square format, the choice of black&white, the long exposures and the deserted landscapes will probably feel reminiscent of another photographer we presented in issue #1, Denis Olivier. It is interesting to see the similitudes and differences, notably how Denis' skies emphasize time while Adam's lines are more about space. I'm having the impression that this format is growing more popular with photographers and with their public too. Now, one might think that it is a sort of come back to roots, to medium format, to film, to the square 6x6 format dear to Hasselblad or Rollei... But it's not as simple as that: both use a digital SLR... I guess that it shows once more that the appeal of a photograph isn't down to the equipment behind it...

We then change format to enjoy a vision of Japan seen through 16/9 frames. Alain Davreux shows pictures that have seemed both extremely familiar and completely unique to me the first time I encountered them. Here, the geometry of the frame hides as much as it shows, brings you part of a story to better let you enjoy the idea of the rest of it.

With Ines Orsin, we're back to squares and even deeper in the idea of details evoking much more than is being shown as she takes us on a trip across

Scotland, from hotel room to hotel room, leaving our imagination do the wandering from this evocative starting point. A set that reminded me some journeys of mine and that, I guess, will do too for many of you.

We end on the work of Vieri Bottazinni who has been working on a different sort of juxtaposition, telling two stories in parallel and inviting the viewer to think a little further than the automatic response we might have...

Anyway, we're late enough already, enough talking! I hope you'll enjoy these series and, as usual, whether you do or don't, please send some feedback...

Jérôme Muffat-Méridol LRPS
editor
jmuffat@webphotomag.com

A Frank Horvat retrospective

75 photographs from 1945 to 2006

<http://www.horvatland.com>

Frank Horvat holds a very special place in my list of important photographers because he is the author of a most important book: "Entre vues". Fourteen interviews of friends and colleagues; Frank talking shop with the likes of Robert Doisneau, Edouard Boubat or Helmut Newton... An invaluable testimony! So much so that as the book became unavailable, Frank decided he'd put the whole content online*

But there is more than a book to Frank Horvat, in fact there is so much that publishers and curators have previously never attempted a retrospective, on the basis that his work might be that of ten different photographers...

I haven't visited this exhibition yet as I've only heard about it at going-to-press time, but I'm almost sure we'll be talking about it again in the next issue...

la Maison-près-Bastille

12, rue Daval - 75011 Paris

tuesday-saturday 1pm - 7.30m, sunday 12am - 5pm

lamaisonpresbastille@wanadoo.fr

* http://www.horvatland.com/pages/entrevues/index_en.htm

Frank HORVAT

Icônes et inédits



du 3 mars au 30 avril 2006

75 photographies en noir et blanc
prises entre 1945 et 2006

la Maison-près-Bastille 12, rue Daval Paris 11^e

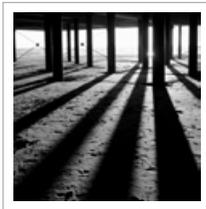
 EPSON
imprimé par Georges Lachaise, Brive

du mardi au samedi de 13h à 19h 30, dimanche de 12h à 17h tél. 01.43.55.30.39 e-mail lamaisonpresbastille@wanadoo.fr

Elements

Adam Clutterbuck

<http://www.adamclutterbuck.com>



Simple powerful compositions put together over the last three years, mainly taken from the South West of England. Each attempting to concentrate on one aspect, or element of composition – perhaps a texture, a strong shape or symmetry, a line or landmark. Each image is strong in its own right, simple and distilled.

Broken Wall and Tree

Adam Clutterbuck

<http://www.adamclutterbuck.com>



Field

Adam Clutterbuck

<http://www.adamclutterbuck.com>



Dam

Adam Clutterbuck

<http://www.adamclutterbuck.com>



Pier Remains

Adam Clutterbuck

<http://www.adamclutterbuck.com>



Pier Underside

Adam Clutterbuck

<http://www.adamclutterbuck.com>



Twelve Slender Trees

Adam Clutterbuck

<http://www.adamclutterbuck.com>



Sand Tracks

Adam Clutterbuck

<http://www.adamclutterbuck.com>



Six Poles

Adam Clutterbuck

<http://www.adamclutterbuck.com>



Slipway

Adam Clutterbuck

<http://www.adamclutterbuck.com>



Sunset Shadows

Adam Clutterbuck

<http://www.adamclutterbuck.com>



Ten Posts

Adam Clutterbuck

<http://www.adamclutterbuck.com>



Rhyne Fence

Adam Clutterbuck

<http://www.adamclutterbuck.com>



webphotomag: what is photography for you?

Adam Clutterbuck: Photographs are all about memories and I don't just mean those photographs that document and preserve memories of family and occasions. I believe that those strong memories that will always stay with you in your mind are distilled images of what you saw or experienced when that memory was laid down.

When I was a boy of perhaps nine or ten, I walked down to a beach on Tresco in the Isles of Scilly with my brothers and sister. We saw the most amazing thing on the horizon - a waterspout. I will always remember that moment. I recently returned to that beach and I tried to compare what I saw with what I remembered. I could see many other islets and rocks out to sea, I could see seaweed and debris washed up on the beach, I could see footprints, marram grass, sea birds, waves and clouds. Of course, the weather was different, but what was strong in my memory was the shape of the beach,

the vast sea, the waterspout (obviously) and heavy overcast cloud. Only the important details and not the irrelevant distractions.

It is perhaps this that prompts me to take a photograph, to compose or post-process it in the way I do, I am trying to capture only the important things, those things that might last in the memory.

WPM: a lot of geometry and numbers in your work, can you tell us something about it?

AC: Perhaps it is my background in engineering and mathematics, but that might be putting it overly simply. I have always enjoyed symmetry in everything, but I also try to explore asymmetry – each subject and situation is different, in some cases the symmetric front on photograph works, in others one must try to explore a quirky angle. I tend to avoid flowery names in my photography, preferring instead to find a literal description of what is important in the image. Hence if a photograph

has ten posts in it, I am very likely to name it 'Ten Posts'.

WPM: Long exposures, in B&W, in a square format is becoming quite a popular type of photography, do you have an idea why?

AC: Long exposures are satisfying for me, largely because of what I say regarding memories above. For example, in 'slipway' a short exposure that freezes the sea in one state shows a 'messy' sea, not something that would ever linger in the memory, a distraction. The long exposure in this image conveys the shape of the slipway and the way that this leads out to the navigation light that stands on the end of the slip.

Partly I enjoy trying to capture the passing of time, the waves, a flapping flag, tree limbs, and clouds and partly it is not knowing exactly what the camera will record.



落花枝に
かへると見れば
胡蝶かな

A fallen flower
Returning to the branch?
It was a butterfly

Arakida Moritake (1473–1549)

Beni-iro

Alain Davreux

www.alaindavreux.com



Toto
Alain Davreux
www.alaindavreux.com



Zukin

Alain Davreux

www.alaindavreux.com



Ayumi
Alain Davreux
www.alaindavreux.com



Sensu

Alain Davreux

www.alaindavreux.com



Maguro No Kirimi

Alain Davreux

www.alaindavreux.com



Sakedaru

Alain Davreux

www.alaindavreux.com



Ocharemusubi

Alain Davreux

www.alaindavreux.com



Jizo

Alain Davreux

www.alaindavreux.com



iki

Alain Davreux

www.alaindavreux.com



webphotomag: what's photography for you?

Alain Davreux: A lot more than a word! Sorry for the shortcut answer, but it is very difficult for me to theorise my approach, which by nature is bound to feelings. To keep this short and avoid being pompous, it is pleasure to share.

WPM: In your photography everything is in the details or, rather, things are presented through details. Is it a way to show better or is it an invitation for the reader to use these as starting points?

AD: My eye is attracted to details, I'm fascinated by their power of evocation. Emphasizing them is enough to give an impression of the whole subject. I love Japan, that's what my photographs say, they are a *madeleine** given to those who share this feeling. And for those who don't know it, sparking off their curiosity would be a beautiful thing.

As an example, *Zukin* shows statues dedicated to

* *madeleine*: kind of cookie dear to Marcel Proust...

the memory of deceased children, covered with their traditional caps, in a little temple dedicated to children, lost somewhere in Tokyo. It is a peaceful but melancholic image for who can read it, an invitation to travel for the others. It's perfectly all right this way.

I don't normally try to explain my pictures, simply because evocation and explanation aren't compatible, as much as declaring one's love is beyond explanation.

WPM: You show us what seems like a very traditional Japan while each image appears entirely modern, do you find it difficult to manage this balance?

AD: My symbiosis with Japan happened naturally. In fact, the Japanese culture is very accessible as it is visible so often and taking photographs is well accepted. It also is a very rich and visual culture, well documented and thus easier to decode. Finally, it is both a culture of details and one of contempla-

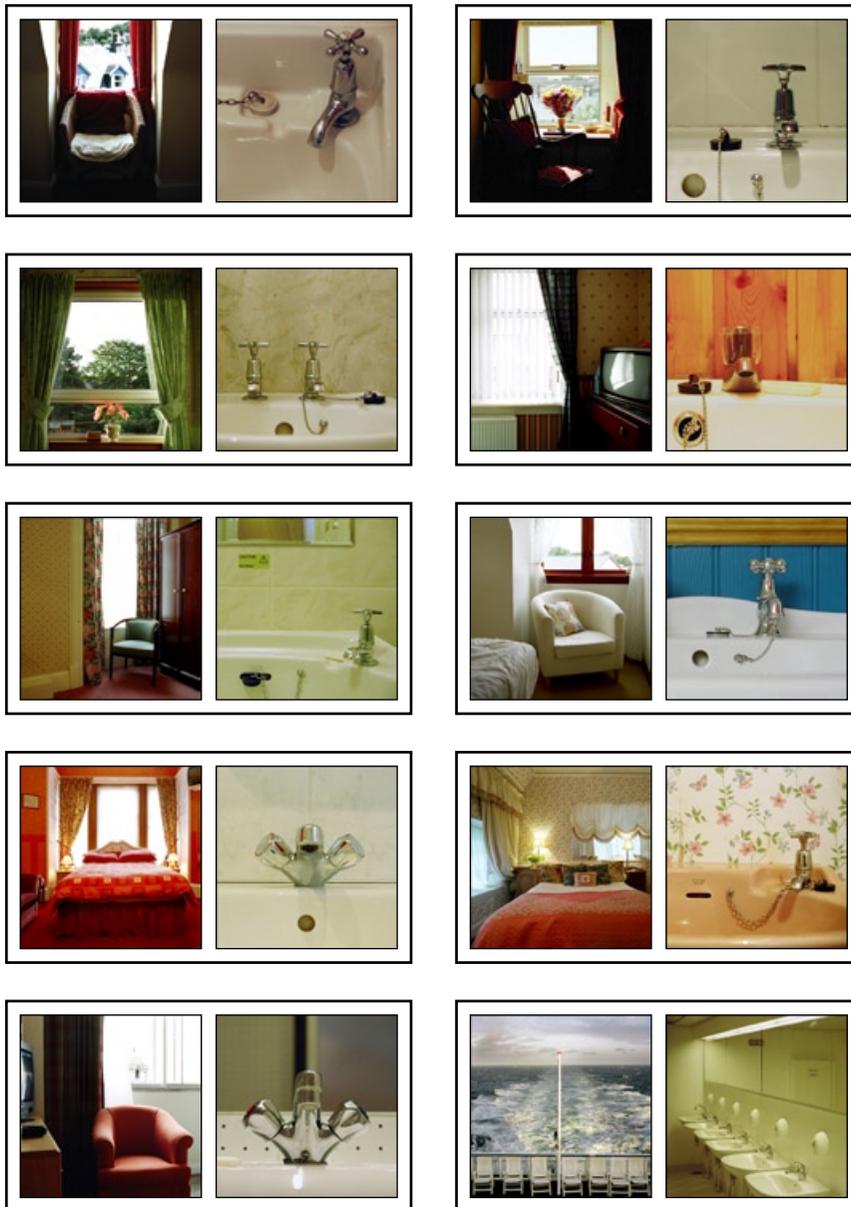
tion, which is very much in tune with my current sensitivity. The alchemy happened easily... It's a rare luck and one I owe very much to the Japanese themselves.

As a consequence, the opposition Modern Japan vs Traditional Japan that initially strikes the visitor becomes secondary, it simply vanishes.

The difficult thing will be to find such an osmosis, with others, in other places! The world is vast and inspiration flighty... I've got time, there are so many beautiful photographs to discover...

Private Rooms

Ines Orsin
<http://www.orsin.de>



The thought to make this set came while starting a journey through Scotland, in the summer of 2005.

The idea is comparable to the gesture of taking, secretly, a small soap from the hotel bathroom, as a souvenir. So, I took two similar details from each B&B and hotel we've been to, in that same spirit.

Combined with my diary entries, a special report about this journey came into being.

Private Room No. 1

Ines Orsin

<http://www.orsin.de>

Oban

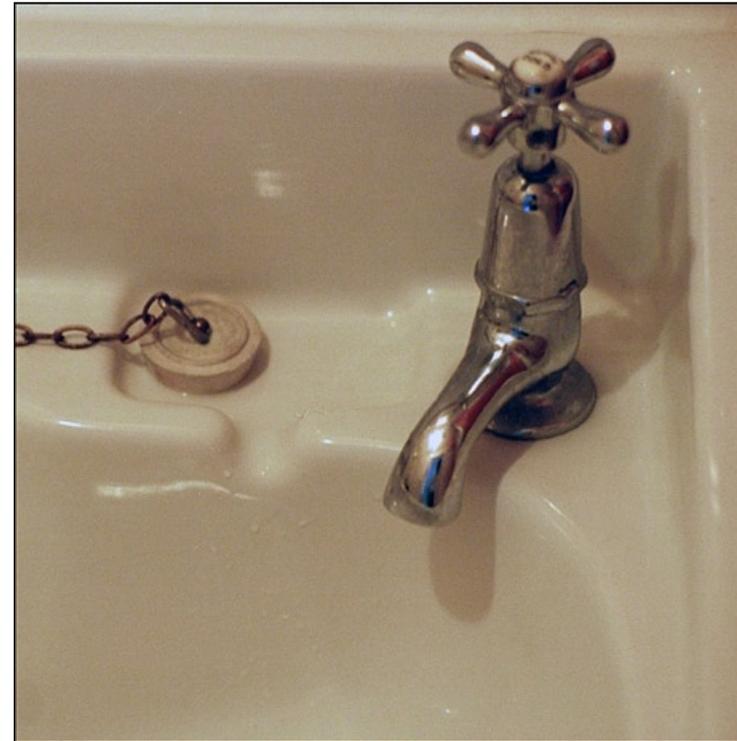
The «Columba Hotel» was fully booked and the front desk lady lost in her magazine, unperturbed. Outside the streets were flooded with people, hustle and bustle like on a funfair Sunday, we had better hurry and find a nice room for the night. It has to be a myth that the Scottish weather is dreadful because everything was

in brilliant colours that afternoon: the hanging baskets on the store fronts, the varnish of the boats in the harbour, the crawfishes in the weirs, the pink candy canes in the window display and the blue of your eyes.

Later, in the setting sun, people strolled around the harbour. We were sitting in the garden, having a drink and watching the scene

with favour.

By that time, we had booked room No 10 and boys were playing football on the green of the nearby roundabout.



Dornie

The blue of the sky was beyond all descriptions and, in the sparsely populated, almost inviolate landscape, I felt free. The endless road was as a string of pearls and our car the only pearl on it. It ran on wheels through the glens, amidst the green giants, their hills gently curved, like whales lying sunning up to the horizon.

I couldn't sleep in our small B&B. Once again, I stood by the window, looking outside over the illuminated «Eilean Donan Castle» which was so romantic in the dark silence. A cat was crying and then I heard a whispering welcome and the opening and closing of a door. Suddenly, from the distant side of the loch, came fireworks, with their small sparkling lights

and flakes of laughter. When the fireworks were over, the cat was sleeping and only the Castle was still standing in the night. Somewhere in the hills a bagpipe player began a longing song. The next morning, on the small gate to the garden, I saw this sign: «FAIRY CROSSING!». And there are moments in life, when you still believe that everything is possible.

Private Room No. 2

Ines Orsin
<http://www.orsin.de>



Private Rooms No. 3

Ines Orsin

<http://www.orsin.de>

Portree

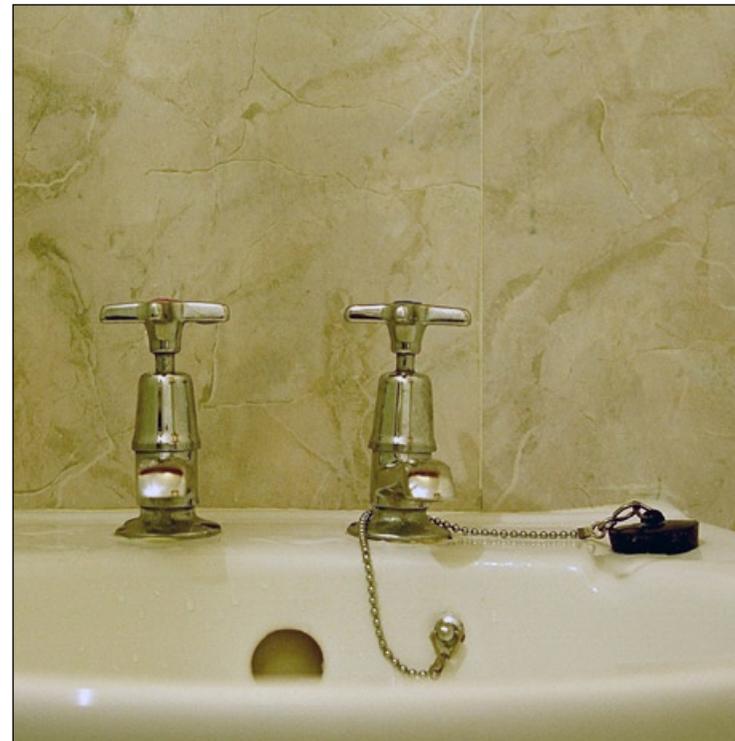
The greens of the "Isle of Skye" show thousands of variations. Here, on Skye, the streets belong to the fat-butted sheep and the «Passing Places».

Near «Dungregan Head» we enjoyed the view over the huge rocks, 300 meters high, and over the islands of the Atlantic, which is blue, blue, blue... Is it because

the sky is bathing its face in it?

At «Kilt Rock View», the stormy wind sprayed the wetness of a waterfall on our faces. And the wind was so intense and hard, that it left me almost breathless.

The wind chased us, climbed up to «Stormy Hill», accompanied us to our nightly accommodation, before it became tired, and fell asleep on the windowsill.



Ullapool

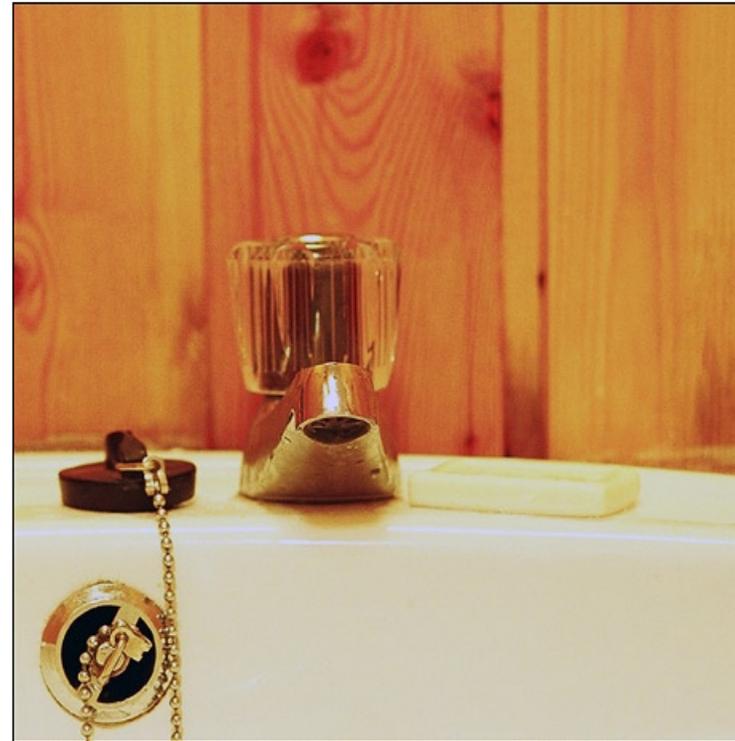
Tawdry looking boats and oily cutters anchored in the harbor. Whitewashed houses, doors open, inviting. Ullapool, last buoy to the «great loneliness» of the North. Here in Ullapool one meets travellers, those who come from there and those who will be longing for it, like us. In the pub at the pier an old vet-

eran soldier, dressed in a dark blue blazer with shiny buttons and a gorgeous emblem, told us about his battles in Korea and for the Royal Crown. For a jug of Whisky he told everyone his stories about the Royal Navy, the sea, and the homesickness of Ullapool. Then, he would be humming "The Flowers of Scotland" and receive the next drink. When we came back

from the harbour, after a while, peeping through the window of the pub, we recognized the old veteran again, talking to travellers. About the sea and the never ending longing for Scotland...

Private Room No. 4

Ines Orsin
<http://www.orsin.de>



Private Room No. 5

Ines Orsin

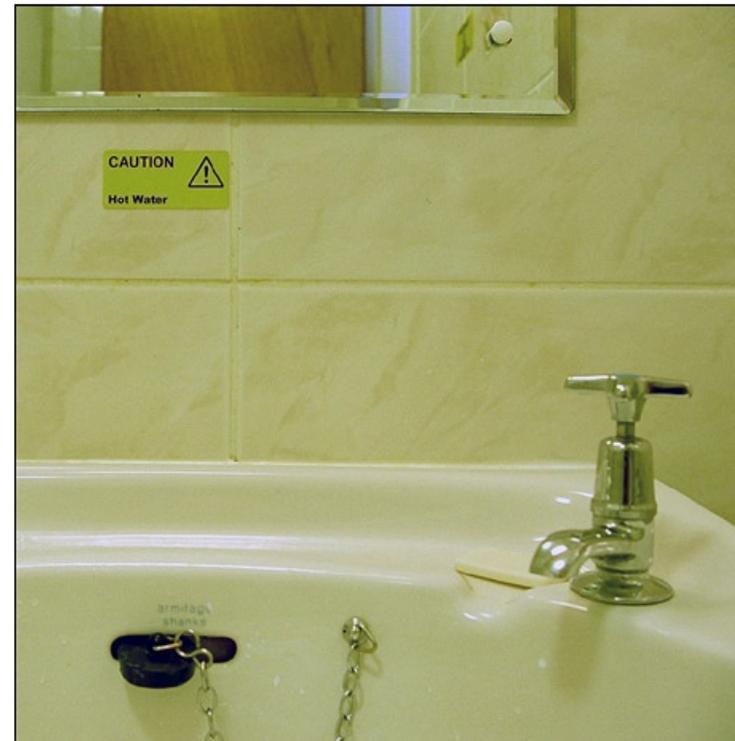
<http://www.orsin.de>

Thurso

The «Big Loneliness» of the North sounds great. And it matches! Single Roads loop through deserted, green-misty hills. The sky is grey, the air is humid. When we got out of the car it felt like entering a strange planet. Like walking on rubber-mats. Raised moss. Peat. And there isn't even a sheep. Near «Cape Wrath» the ocean

has turquoise colours, a white sandy beach and a Caribbean flair despite it being just 9°C. The route goes north-east. Everything seems to rarefy: the hills, the houses, the flowers, the colours, the light. B&B's, too. Finally there was nothing left – except for Thurso, a dawdling grey town at dusk. We were tired and were taken by the local hotel like an easy prey. The

next morning, a cleaning lady was polishing the brass buttons of the glassy revolving door that spitted us out, back to the street, back in the sun and southwards.



Forres

We're on the road south. Beneath «Dunrobin Castle» where we walked on the beach. It's a surreal weather today: the water surface or the ocean is smooth like quicksilver. Grey ribbons and turquoise stripes are decorating the sky..

When we arrived at «Forres» we found a tarted up town, with countless hanging baskets. In the

lovely park are millions of blooming flowers, all in a tumble. And there is the relaxing «Sunken Garden» with small fountains, where I find a place to dream and where I have the feeling to reach for the moment.

Private Room No. 6

Ines Orsin
<http://www.orsin.de>



Private Room No. 7

Ines Orsin

<http://www.orsin.de>

Blairgowrie

Today I am wistful. Miles flew past and the journey will run out all too soon. The day stays grey. The roads through the Highlands grow lonely and my green whales remain silent.

In the evening we reached Blairgowrie, rambled about in the town, with its bridge over River Ericht and the typical charm of

a small scottish town. When we became aware of the sound of bagpipes, we started to look for the players. They were standing around a round flower bed. We took a handful pictures and they began to perform «Amazing Grace». Goosebumps guaranteed!



Private Room No. 8

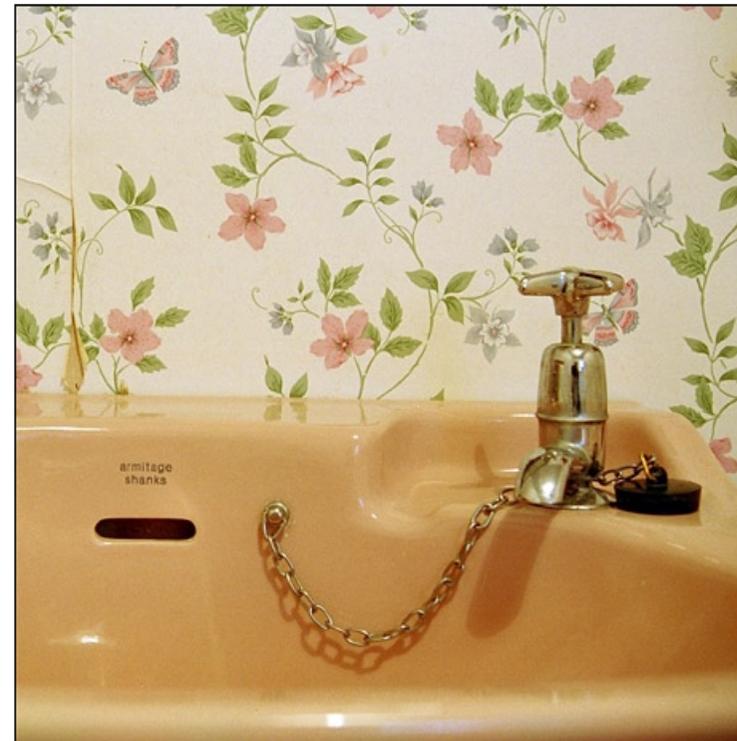
Ines Orsin
<http://www.orsin.de>

Melrose

We only had a rough sketch of the way to our next accommodation and it wasn't easy to find. Finally, we drove slowly, uphill, on a gravel path covered with rhododendron. Here, on the wooded hillside, overlooking the timeless «River Tweed», we found «Fauhope Country House». The door wide open, the charming landlady

bid us welcome like close friends. She presented us our room, and I could have leaped with joy: I felt like a princess - everything was made with attention to detail. When we came back from Diner, altar candles illuminated the vestibule, a chimney fire burned in the Drawing Room, and a piano was playing gently. In our room the curtains already

were drawn closed, bedside-lamps gave a warm light, and the coverlet was draped invitingly.



Private Room No. 9

Ines Orsin

<http://www.orsin.de>

Newcastle Upon Tyne

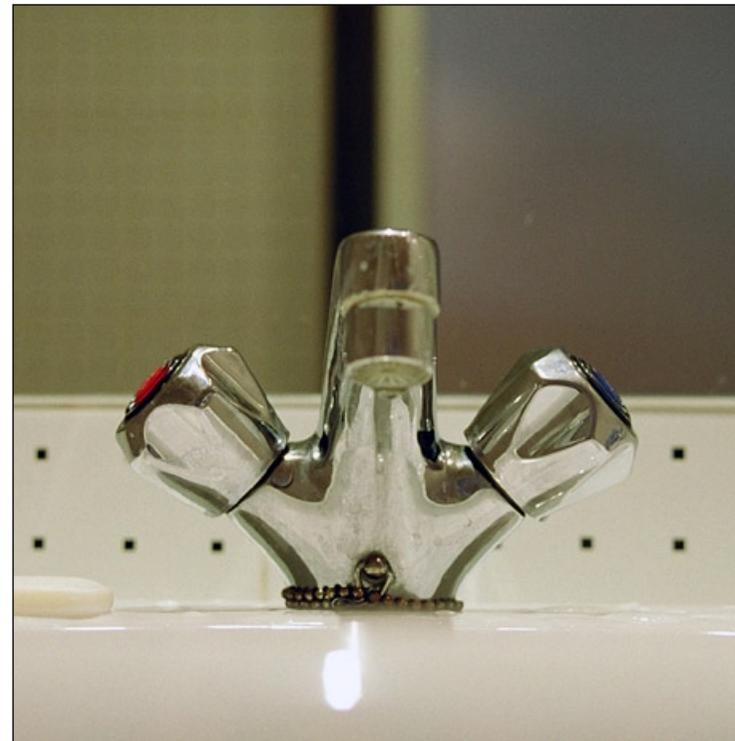
Still in Melrose, having breakfast in a china-blue dining room with silver plates. It is our last day in Scotland. The sky reaches down to the ground.

We will be in Newcastle in the afternoon, from there a ferry boat will lead us to Amsterdam. A last time, we are walking through

Melrose, its lovely streets, its ivy-covered houses, buying toffee and peppermint-chocolate.

We didn't like Newcastle, it felt noisy, strange, unfriendly. It was cold too. But we had to spend the night there, due to a mistake with our ferry booking. We couldn't sleep, so we stayed lost in thoughts of the bygone choral of

the monks at "Melrose Abbey", the ruins of which have been braving the elements for over 900 years...



Aboard the Ferry Boat

Today we'll say goodbye. We're leaving Scotland and my green whales.

We leave behind the amazing views over glens, bens, lochs, the sheeps, Fish'n Chips "to go", our always friendly hosts, the left-hand side driving, Single Malts, Passing Places and all the castles .

We're leaving the Silence of the Highlands, the wild ocean, and the melancholy of a nightly "Amazing Grace". Each night we slept in a new bed and each day was filled with a simple kind of felicity.

Today we stay with a feeling of both happiness and sadness, having a last look at the coast, which

is getting smaller and smaller.

This journey ends here, but I picked two or three flowers every day, and pressed them in my book of memories.

Private Room No. 10

Ines Orsin
<http://www.orsin.de>



webphotomag: What is photography, for you?

Ines Orsin: A good photograph is like good lyrics, or a good movie. Because they all can have multiple layers of meaning, they leave space for your own interpretation. With my work, I'm inviting the viewer to get involved with the picture, not to just consume it. My wish is that the viewer can *feel* my pictures and that he takes this feeling along with himself. When my pictures can have this effect, then I'm happy.

WPM: What sorts of memories does this set bring back to you?

IO: I guess I'm a collector... I pick flowers from the wayside, where I've walked with friends, and press them in a book. I have pebbles and coloured pieces of broken glass. I collect letters. Concert tickets, to remember them. Exhibitions... So I can bring back the feelings when I want. And I'm collecting

moments. It is impossible to remember each lonely Loch or road or village I saw in Scotland, although I made countless pictures... But with this collection of «Private Rooms», with this «memory-marker» it is possible to remember so much more.

WPM: Although they never show Scotland, it feels to me like I've actually travelled with you, and actually got a taste of the place. Why does it feel like that, according to you?

IO: Oh, thank you! So, you see your own «Scotland»... Because the sets are in place of your own thoughts, in place of my thoughts too. Today people are totally swamped with information that always takes the same form. In photography too. Everybody knows pictures with landscapes and castles, presented like postcards... That way of photography is not really interesting for me. I wanted to find a pregnant detail, to attract your attention, to tease you for a «Scotland» journey.

WPM: Do you intend to do more series like this, during future travels ?

IO: I don't think that I will continue this kind of series during further travels. But, anyhow, I will make pictures! And it will always be about the taste of the place, the people and their imprints; it will always be from the way the clouds look and the sky, from the feeling of the moment, that I'll take my inspiration. I will be glad to make pictures that inspire people to use them as a vehicle to explore their own fantasies, experiences and thoughts.

Stories, untold

Vieri Bottazzini

<http://www.pbase.com/vieribase>

photo@vieribottazzini.com



The other side of life in a metropolis, the one we normally like to keep under silence - six images telling six untold stories. Home is a couch on the road, walls are plastic bags pinned to a tree; work is servicing others and the city, in very difficult conditions. Interlocked with them, aesthetically connected by shape and feel, six different silent stories told by hands that lost their creative freedom and potential: captive hands. Humanity on the border, and the border of humanity.

Untold #1

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Untold #1

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Untold #6

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Untold #6

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photo@vieribottazzini.com

WPM: Do you see yourself more as a street-photographer or a travel-photographer ?

VB: Besides studio work and other photographically «constraining» jobs, when I am free I do love to take pictures around Istanbul and its streets, and around Turkey.

When I get a chance to travel, either on assignment or for pleasure, I try as well to tell stories about the places I visit. I have in mind some different themes, and I go for them; most of what I shoot is either photography of some (hopefully!) social interest, or formally oriented photography, abstracts, shapes, colours, and such - always with a theme or a guiding idea in my mind. I have to admit that at times I also fall into reproducing beauty, landscapes and city-scapes, but even when I do so I try to imagine a story the image will be able to tell. I haven't yet planned any trips as a travel photographer, but will soon do - many places are on my list, I am not sure yet where I will start from...

I am actually a foreigner living in Turkey, so in some ways this is like being on a permanent travel photography assignment! Istanbul is a wonderful city, full of contradictions and problems but, at the same time, full of beauty and, as far as I can see, a vitality that I rarely have seen elsewhere.

WPM: is there any photographer who inspired you in particular?

VB: I am not sure if there is one or a few specific photographer that inspires or inspired me in particular; I take my inspiration from the real world, from cinematographic photography definitely, and from whatever images I see around for sure, of course: we live in the Internet era, and we can get in touch with a huge number of images this way (not necessarily made by world famous photographers), images that can leave a trace in our own work, whether we like it or not, and whether we want it or not. So, while I definitely think that on a subconscious level I am inspired constantly by what I see and by what images I see, on a conscious level I am not able to mention any photographer in particular.

I know, I'd had it easier by making a list of big names...

WPM: You mentioned social interest, and it does show in this set, how do you see the role of photography in this context?

VB: In social photography... Hmm... I think, in a way, when you go out and take pictures and represent the world around through your eyes trying to tell a story, you do social photography; different people

(or even the same people on different occasions) will see different aspects of a culture. One purpose of doing street photo, to me, is to give representation to people and situations you normally do not get to see through the media as «role models»; and show their humanity; but of course, not pity them, not trying to have viewers becoming teary in an easy way - more, picturing them in a strong way, with their expressions, the signs of life around their faces, showing their profession or their life style, and trying thus to tell their stories: stories that are normally untold.

Maybe this is a good way of saying it: social photography's purpose is telling untold stories to those who are willing to listen. This in turn I hope will eventually, as idealistic as it might seem, and if the number of listeners is high enough, bring the viewer to a different level of social awareness and bring hopes for a better world. I told you this was idealistic!

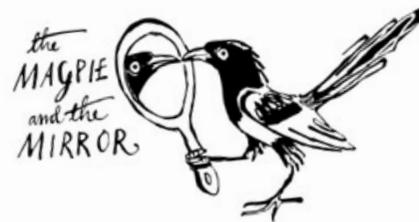
On a lesser scale, if one or a few of my images can reach out and touch someone, even if just one person, I will be satisfied: changing the world starts and proceeds by changing the people in it, and this can only happen if they are willing to listen and change from the inside.



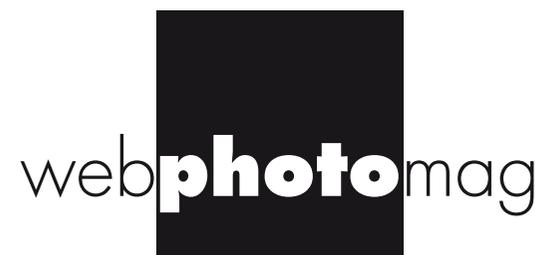
elements

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