

SURREAL STREET PHOTOGRAPHS

1000

VOLUME 2 - COLOUR

2015-2020

5 YEARS SCP

TEXT AND COVER BY **MICHAEL MOSCHOLIOS**

THE 5 LAST YEARS IN SURREALIST STREET PHOTOGRAPHY

BY THE “UNKNOWN SOLDIER”

This is the second volume (colour) of the 100 surreal street photographs. Colour is an understatement in itself. This makes it very difficult to operate the necessary abstraction in order to get into the essence of the photographer's message,

When HCB was defining a successful photograph as the perfect harmony between form and content there was no colour film around, His insightful words are still standing but I would add: “The perfect harmony between content and form, if you manage to break the wall of colours”

There are so many talented photographers in the world nowadays. And the greatest thing of all is that we can discover their work through the globalisation of media channels and of social networks.

This book does not have the ambition to cover all of them. However, it contains 100 contemporary images by artists who might never had the means or the social support to become acclaimed. The democratic character of the Internet may not be that democratic after all.

That is why the book is focusing on the photographs which have been courageously shared by the authors in our community of Street Core Photography (SCP) in the last 5 years.

“Photography is a peculiar state of mind. After many years of quest, people get ‘healed’, they stop photographing only to come back after a while.

Others simply cannot take the burden and they stop. Most of them stay anonymous, as do their subjects, as do their dreams.

Some just create a picture and they are gone. Others seek obsessively the body of work that will set them free.

These are photographers that come and go in SCP, they come and go in photography, they come and go in life . . .

Michail , Jan21

-
- **Website:** www.moscholios.com
 - **Instagram :** [instagram.com/balkan.collective](https://www.instagram.com/balkan.collective)
 - **Facebook :** [facebook.com/groups/496641317130357](https://www.facebook.com/groups/496641317130357)
 - **Web:** www.bulbphotos.eu

 - **Read online :** www.issuu.com/michailfotografia
 - **DL free pdf :** www.bulbphotos.eu/the-books.html

MARMELADE SKIES

Funny thing, I am starting a colour collection with a black and white picture!

Do we dream in colour or in B&W?

Backspace, rephrase this! Do we daydream in complementary colours?

And by mentioning complementary I am not referring to the colour theory. Because in theory, complementary colours, when put together they cancel each other out, when put side by side they create the greatest of the clashes.

Close enough but not my idea! The complementary colours I am referring to, are the ones we daydream in. The ones that are carefully hidden from the others, never revealing their and our secrets. And ultimately creating the greatest paradoxes.

People shoot in B&W and with a great dexterity. Iris is one of them. But why? The "why" is the most important question to be answered in photography, in any single image. Why a photograph has been taken? And then, why it has been taken in B&W? Or better, why it has been stripped down to some greys? Superbly rendered, without doubt, but still greys.

I don't have the answer, I can only wonder and ask more questions. This is what I do. And here are my wondering and wandering thoughts.

The photographers that shoot, edit or interpret in B&W are full of colours. But they know by hard experience that these very colours are not seizable during their life time. They can be the destination but never the voyage, not for them. They can be a secret dream but cannot become reality, not for them. And what is bad for them can be good for us, the viewers. Their visual paralysis in front of colour, is channelling all their talent and energy towards the grey palette. If one day they will find and embrace colour when awake, nothing will be the same anymore.

The present picture, more than its original visual architecture (foreground used as a barrier or an observation point), its symbolic content (horse/freedom, river/life, man/solitude), it bears a powerful narration on rural whereabouts of today .

Imagine this same picture with earth tones, clay shades, dirty blue waters and dead green flora. It would be a betrayal to the eyes of the author. Because, that would be so remote from the secret colours never rendered on a film (or sensor). So remote from the:

"Picture yourself in a boat on a river, with tangerine trees ..."





© IRIS MARIA

ANTONIO OJEDA (ES)

It is difficult to talk about a picture, it is even more difficult to talk about a person.

Antonio is performing photography every day, he is one of the most obstinate members of Street Core Photography. He is also stubborn. He knows what he wants, where to find it and how to capture it. For many years in a row he is with us delivering constantly, almost daily, fine pictures, and I admit that, even if sometimes I stay very shortly on them, he has made a huge step ahead. He has a stamp!

I think there are very few people that do not recognise his visual signature of B&W highly geometrical and graphical compositions.

And then comes the day when he is deciding to match the pastel colours of Eggleston and Webb and of tens of great photographers who travelled the globe to find that special light (Mexico, Haiti, India, you name it).

Only that he is doing it differently. He doesn't need exotic places and light. He just goes around the corner where he is measuring the shadows cast by anything under the sun, and where he is measuring himself against time.

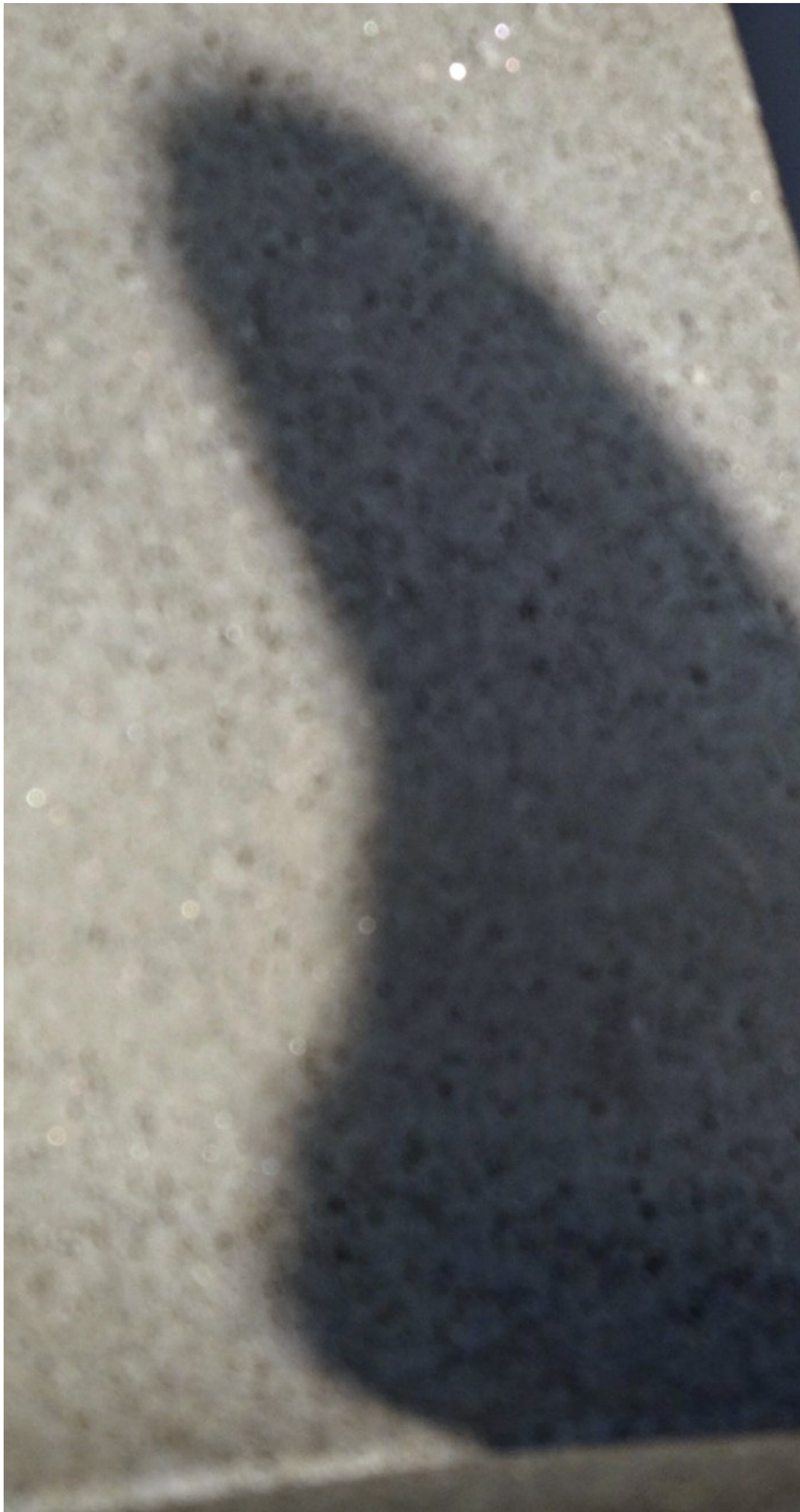
And boldly he is declaring: "You want colours, then have lots of them. Half a frame of them. The other half is for my own pleasure."



You would have done it differently, wouldn't you? The lady's shadow before she enters the obscure part, some mutilated human parts in the foreground, a flash bouncing on everything that moves ...

Well, whenever your critique is on how you would have done it better, trust me, you are only lagging behind. Find your own good angle, slice your own slice of time, and from time to time be honest with your surroundings. Let them take you, because simply "the picture takes you, not you the picture" as Henri was saying.

© ANTONIO OJEDA





© ANTONIO OJEDA

EDUARDO KAMINSKI (BR)

Unlike most of their predecessors, whose colour work has been either formless or too pretty, a new generation of young photographers (Eggleston) has begun to use colour in a confident spirit of freedom and naturalness. In their work the role of colour is more than simply descriptive or decorative, and assumes a central place in the definition of the picture's content.

These photographers work not as if colour were a separate problem to be resolved in isolation "but rather as though the world itself existed in colour, as though the blue and the sky were one thing," Szarkowski writes (MoMA press release May 25, 1976)

Why MoMA has adopted some colour works so late? What makes the difference between the "piss and blood" extravagant works of Serrano and the colour works of B&W masters?

Kaminski does not provide answers on this but he knows what is colour: A code of multiple interpretations, a non-verbal panegyric!

Combine this to a pure compositional instinct, and the burns are permanent!



© EDUARDO KAMINSKI

FLORINA LUPUT (RO)

A great photograph adapts its meaning.

In this image, it's up to you to see Bresson's Sifnos girl, or just a jump to freedom, an escape, or effectively a trap.

On the other hand we know that such projections are as frivolous as a morning eagerness.

The only certainty is that as long as a photograph pins you down for a few seconds, then it is a meaningful picture.

In a masterful exercise of subtraction, Florina's instant drawing contains very few shapes. Gracefully outlined already, they are then colorised with residues of oil pastel crayons. Sky blue, lava red and smoked white, on rugged black paper.

Pure luck, some would say. Visual anticipative intelligence I would argue back. The attentive photographer uses previous trials and errors to construct an educated intuition and thus apprehend the brief blessed moments of an ephemeral flow.



© FLORINA LUPUT

ARTH FIGUEROA JUMAGDAO (PH)

When I saw the picture I thought: One more photograph of suffering and pain. The photographer is aware that we connect if we understand the message, and pictures of human suffering have an immediate impact because we all have experienced pain. Surely, he tries in a subtle way to boost such feelings.

I was wrong! Here is what builds the extreme artistic value of this image: It plays with certainty and uncertainty. Will we ever know if the person lying down is lifeless? Are the adults and/or kids above him crying or just assisting to some kind of ceremony? Red is blood but not the main subject's, or is it?

You certainly try to understand where is the left foot of the adult (coal worker?). If he has it bended holding his hands around it, already he is not in grief! And so many other mysteries unsolved.

The uncertainty in us is so powerful that the more we try to decode the picture the bigger is the feeling that we know less. Great photographers have this charisma to put our beliefs in suspension!

The author already has captured our attention and thoughts much more than two minutes and this is a very long time in photography!



© ARTH FIGUEROA JUMAGDAO

TAMAGHNA SARKAR (IN)

What does a street photographer seek? What makes her/him to be "there"? We may use the ambiguous terms of obsession or addiction. But we can also talk about an internal need, a style of life, a state of mind.

They are all correct. The more the above "motivations" are present the more you (we) will be amazed by the result of a street photographer's work.

In the present image, the choice to leave out the approaching boat, the event, the happening that makes those humans wait or observe, is the geniality of the author at this particular moment. By taking the risk to fail in his photographic composition the author goes beyond a clear visual statement and implements a transcending understatement.

This reduction, this subtraction, takes what would be an ordinary scene at a portal point and transforms it into an abstraction, an allusion of a universal truth expressed symbolically. The universal human concerns: the seeking of a meaning, the expectation of better, the lightness of youth, the abandon of the few.



Add up the graceful, varying and distinct postures of the human portraits, the multiple levels of motion (idleness, agitation, stepping up, down), the diverging direction of the glances, and you will have decoded the "why's" of the impact created by the image at all the stages of the reading (entry by the frontal look of the man in the white shirt, circular flow through all the subjects to arrive at the concrete wall with informative texture and graffiti).

Humanity at its best!

© TAMAGHNA SARKAR

STEVEN JENSEN (UK)

Almost a 100 years of street photography since Kertész.

The still pictures of the so called living theater changed a lot in all those years. Greys became colours, the plot became experimental, arbitrary, without a start and an end, unlike the compositional gems of HCB.

The odd, the peculiar and the anecdotic, became the norm. As if the less we understood, the greater the artistic breakthrough of the photographer. Freaks and monsters (sensu largo, including half bodies entering and leaving the frame, juxtaposed in Siamese twins postures) became and stayed a dear subject for the street photographers because of their clear and immediate impact (punch) in people's delightful suburban lives.

Presently, the once most fearful situation when assembling a scene (seeing fragments which do not fit in the frame) is almost what makes a street photograph stand out in the "experts" eyes.

Unfortunately, the people who tell you that, that is the curators who convince you to be as odd as possible, well they spend their lives indoors in verbose symposia, colloquia and round tables.

What a waste ... (of time mostly).



Steven is out there at dawn, at night, by any weather, under any light, mostly alone, and he is shooting like there is no tomorrow. And he's right! There isn't!

Whoever in front of Steven's picture didn't feel on their skin the chill of the night, whoever didn't admire the meticulous construction of the scene piece by piece, whoever wasn't moved by the muted dialogues of the buyer/seller and of the primary colours, is invited to come forward and throw me the first stone.

© STEVEN JENSEN

ANDREAS KATSAKOS (GR)

From the "Get out" movie 2017:

Chris is a photographer. Jim Hudson is a blind art dealer, curator and critic.

JIM: - *I am an admirer of your work. You have a great eye. You've got something. The images you capture. So brutal, so melancholic. It's powerful stuff, I think. Believe me, the irony of being a blind art dealer isn't lost on me.*

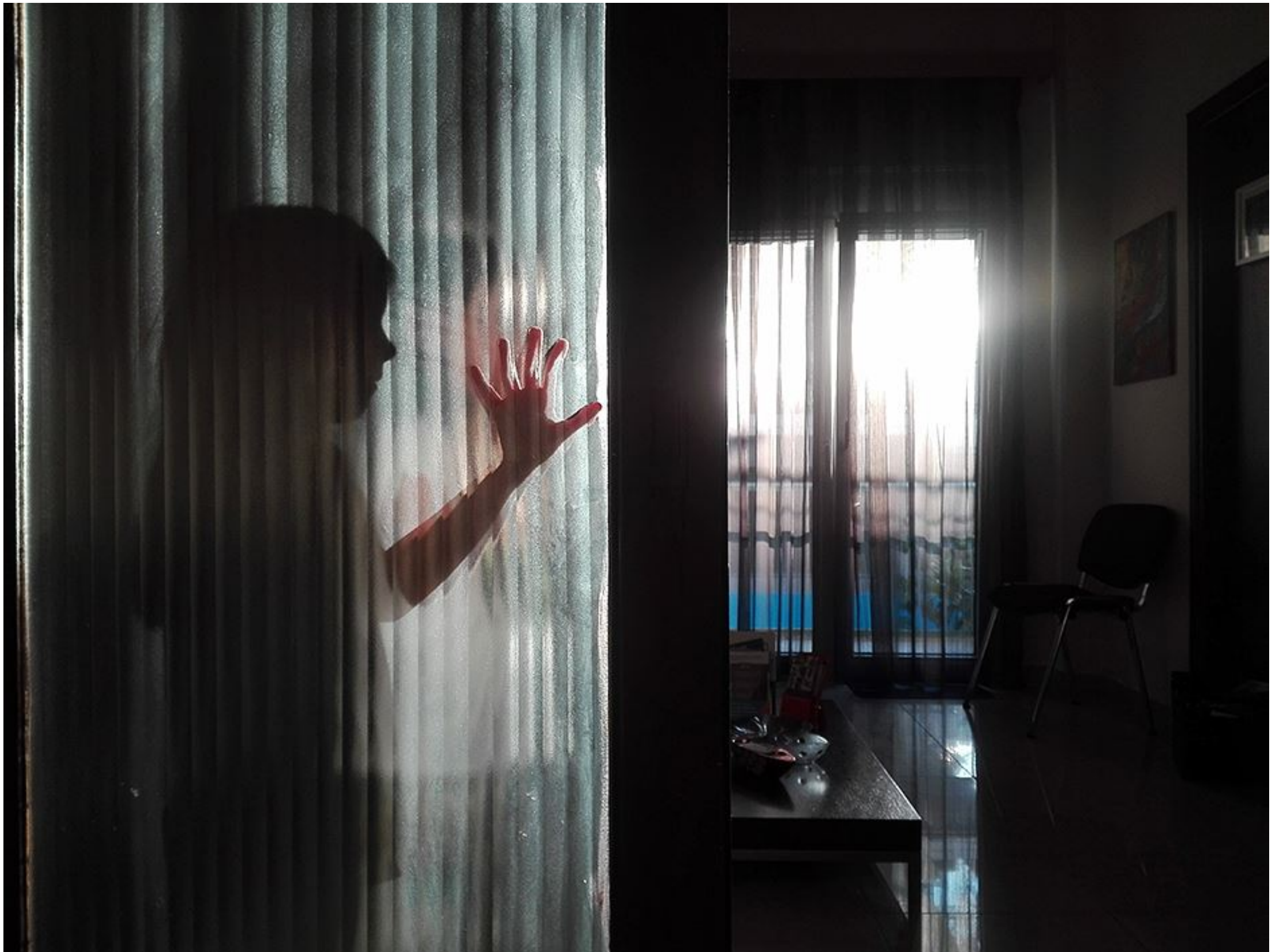
CHRIS: - *How'd you do it?*

JIM: - *My assistant describes the work to me in great detail.*

Of course the allusion was that critics are little, if not at all, related to visual faculties. Having said that, and even if it may seem a dull exercise, let's start describing Andreas' picture,

There is this arm and hand with open fingers behind transparent curtains. The light is frontal and the high contrast isolates the arm from the rest of the scene. We then realise that it belongs to a little girl with her profile emerging only as a silhouette.

The scene is set in a house interior with the left side (curtains in contre-jour) replicating in the background using the pattern as connecting thread.



The image is in colour but the approach is black and white with only the arm's skin rendered in bright colours and some blue hues here and there.

Description is the first and essential step to arrive at a meaningful judgment. It is the moment when we collect data or facts. We answer the what, the where ... we acknowledge the content and the form. Decoding pictures is a step further: answering not the What, Who, When and Where but the Why!

© ANDREAS KATSAKOS

EMERTY WOLF (ES)

Maybe it's just me! I am a sucker for Pink Floyd's Animals album cover. For the symbolic chimneys and the saturated blue-yellow mood. The vinyl version, meaning a 30x30 cm nicely printed cover, is hung up on my wall.

Should my strong preference to guys who knew how to make insightful music but also to pick pictures for their covers; should it interfere in any way in selecting and critiquing this image? I'm sure that Waters would make a fine curator, Ozzy a great collage artist, as Jim was a great poet and Kubrick an inspired street photographer.

Art is only a druid's jar where different magic potions are created based on the same ingredients, just varying the dose (or changing the druid).

Who put these pigeons there? And how did these humans break the safety net of the power plant? But most of all, how does this blue sea continue to enter the industrial landscape?

The surrealist juxtapositions were different throughout the decades of photography. This is what we have now. Use the contemporary elements as creatively as the author of this inspiring composition. Or rather decomposition; of the modern values and of our certainties.



Here is when reality becomes, through the photographer's mind, a highly decorative abstraction. But also disturbing. Would we hang this landscape in our living-room? I think we should, for the sake of keeping our neurones alive!

© EMERTY WOLF

CORNELIU SARION (RO)

Photography is appropriating the world and it makes it obsolete at the same time. A blessing and a curse.

"A capitalist society requires a culture based on images. It needs to furnish vast amounts of entertainment in order to stimulate buying and anaesthetize the injuries of class, race, and sex." (S.Sontag. On Photography).

Corneliu does exactly the opposite. He "saves" us from the paralysis created by the "aesthetic" invasion. He is capturing the bare essential of the human being in front and around us. He transforms people's vulnerability into a powerful presence. I am convinced that his subjects' lives are metamorphosed the moment they realise "how they look photographed".

Swarowski is claiming that Cartier-Bresson's 'decisive moment' was not decisive because of some particular event but because in that moment the flux of changing forms and patterns was sensed to have achieved balance and clarity and order – because the image became, for an instant, a picture.



Corneliu, a scientist and a philosopher, finds a picture in "every" moment. Moved by post-communism realities, minimalism and daily obsessions he does not hesitate to capture literally everything, including our admiration!

Doing very good pictures is very rare, doing exceptional images is almost impossible. And anyway, not with that rhythm.

© CORNELIU SARION



© CORNELIU SARION



© CORNELIU SARION

I am about to commit another "blasphemy", another betrayal of self.

I have to talk about something I just do not understand. About hidden emotions unable to be described. About the unseizable differences between fake talent and "talented faking".

Or about how mannerism (feel free to use any definition of it, it would fit) is the worst enemy of originality and change.

And I realise that I need once more to take huge distances from the established, to take vacation from myself.

So, it is with extreme precaution for the curating qualities of the undersigned, that I am inviting you to discover a fine example of obsessive photography and of a liberating art essay.

It goes against the rules, and I would say, it goes even against the mannerist breaking of the rules. It offers the essentiality of the photographic endeavour as this is best expressed through the spontaneous, but mentally prepared, petrification of self and of the other.



Corneliu with a chromatic discordia (Eris) ignores every taught chromatic harmony and in fact, as the name of Eris implies, he disagrees with everything in order to lure us to explore the other elements of his frame.

© CORNELIU SARION

Should we care about the wrong white-balance settings, the absence of lead-in lines or of punctum, the "ugly" intrusive objects?

Should we confuse, art history, where rules and scientific approach are sine-qua-non, and the latent metaphysical freedom of art?

Everything in art and in photography has to do with the artist's attitude, point of view ("le regard") and ethos (pathos is understated).

Corneliu comes (and systematically I must admit) to make tremble the purists and the critics with frames that, no matter how long we analyse them, do not unveil their secrets.

He gives nothing away. And on our side we got nothing! Or so we wrongly think, because we have everything.

I am able to smell the air of the street, where hope and tranquillity (blue) are at the basement, and the cure for nostalgia (sepia) is around the corner.



© CORNELIU SARION

YUJI ISHIZAKI (JP)

Someone said that history evacuates the past (keeping only major figures and events) and photography populates it (with unknown figures and places which existed) and brings the irrefutable proof.

When a photographer like Yuji is photographing the Laundrettes is he seeking the quiet revelations of the street or is he just creating another proof that this world (including himself) really exists?

Am I trying to redefine the boundaries between documentary and street photography? Of course not! I am not in a position to do something like that. Art critics and historians do it better!

Yuji is photographing in his home country (and I feel indignation by the attitude of famous photographers who connect Japan with martial arts). I am also persuaded that no "stranger" will ever do better than Yuji. But then, surprise! His pictures are *not* defined by the place but by their astonishing, unbearable "cruelty".

Let me explain: We cannot as viewers have a light interpretation of Yuji's world. The scene is sitting there, with a visual burden, with no prospects of alleviation. Cruelly real or hauntingly unreal those scenes are made of an extreme density with a multitude of objects and subjects highly compacted and condemned to an undivided state..



Flirting with conceptual contemporary photography, Yuji is obsessively seeking the frontal vision with horizontal frames where some viewers would see an effort from the photographer's part to keep a distance, to give a documentary touch to his frames.

How wrong they are! Welcome to Yuji Ishizaki's maximalism of modern street photography.

© YUJI ISHIZAKI





© YUJI ISHIZAKI

ALVARO VEGAZO (ES)

"The most popular use of the photograph is as a memento of the absent." - Understanding a Photograph, Selected Essays and Articles: The Look of Things, 1972 by John Berger.

Berger explains this by referring to the absent elements of a photograph which are more or less effectively invoked by the subjects recorded in the actual picture. The presence of grief, for example, invokes a tragedy, absent in a frame but highly influencing the spectator's reading.

Alvaro's night scene uses a minimal colour code and a simplified geometry to accentuate our pursuit for the absent portion of truth.

Do we find ourselves in a downscaled reality, in a maquette?

If not, we won't ever be grateful enough for the photographer's ultimate sacrifice: detaching himself from an idyllic, almost dreamy, world and offering us the spectacle of yet another utopia.



© ALVARO VEGAZO

What an absolute shot!

Absolute in its hyper-realism, where even the unwanted elements (photographer's shadow, ads, billboard ...) are there to underline that the staging of a meaningful photograph is merely impossible.

Absolute horizontal lighting, to blind the protagonists and push them in inflicted expressions.

Absolute subject separation due to the vigilance and the resolution of the photographer.

What a meaningful shot!

Meaningful in its contemporaneity, its honest urban colours, and its lack of any mannerism whatsoever (avoiding the inflational exoticism).

Pure street observation by a talented adept of Baudelaire's "flâneur" (1).

(1) « *C'est un moi insatiable du non-moi, qui, à chaque instant, le rend et l'exprime en images plus vivantes que la vie elle-même, toujours instable et fugitive.* »



© ALVARO VEGAZO

XIMENA ECHAGUE (USA)

I have given up trying to do street photography in the prosaic Belgium. True, Oostende was a surprise but it still remained within the tourist trap of the long beaches and of the ordinary architectural shots.

And here comes the author (another expat) to teach me that I am wrong. Well, I am wrong and delighted.

There was (is) a trend with conceptual colour photography. With projects trying to transmit the atmosphere of a decadent bourgeoisie. With series of photos taken in swimming pools with the residents staged in front of the camera and with the photographers in the role of a director. Very respectful results, with medium format cameras, excellent execution under perfect lighting ... the works.

And here comes again the author of the present picture to remind us that all these fancy and complex projects with huge logistics, we simply ... don't need them.

If this decadent society has a reason to be recorded and documented (for the historians), there must be also a reason that it even exists. Or is there? A reason that is?

The position of the human subjects is so significant if we want to look for an answer to the above question. Man's best friend is at the same time the only alert mind around.



The photographer saw the frame materialising in front of her eyes and she didn't even have the need to lower down for a better perspective. And indeed, the surreal background is a mountain of doubts about the use of these hills of sand and construction material. The very clear context given by the product tags (Visit Oostende, Betafence, Julius Canine) is serving the opposite of clarity: It underlines the absurdity of the occidental organisational delirium.

© XIMENA ECHAGUE

REINER NOWOTNY (DE)

The present picture can be defined as a representative example of metarealism. A honest comment on reality.

We all know this is a pre- or post-carnival scene. Nevertheless, it is not journalism nor allegory.

It's a mere comment but what gives all its power is the lack of any judgment.

Of course, the viewer will identify many elements of the contemporary street photography as it is performed nowadays. Infinite sharpness (due to bright lenses in hyperfocal by default), hyperreal colours (due to AWB doing a super job), anecdotal by contradiction (a surprisingly extraverted behaviour of a dull society), are some of them.

However, the keen observing eye of Reiner goes beyond the above, embraces the subjects with empathy and lets his fellow citizens to populate his frame without judging them.

Last but not least, the compositional qualities of a seemingly snapshot are well present in order to keep us in the frame and our interest going (leading lines, variety of gestures, stillness-motion, diverging-converging glances).



The contextual elements are informative but at the same time discreet (dead-end, 30 km limit, underwear drying outdoors, protection poles), avoiding this way any extravagant perspective which would lead to a surrealistic interpretation (in surrealism judgment is omnipresent and, whatever the scene, the photographer's ego is the sole and only protagonist).

© REINER NOWOTNY

MARTIN ILIEV (BG)

"An educated critic should have known the author of the painting." I said to myself.

"Unless it is not a famous one and the painting is only there as the result of a family portrait, another vestige of yet another dethroned aristocrat", was my second thought.

As I am not one of the former, an image search would have helped. *"No results found! Best guess for this image: **the keeper!**"*

Time to ask for a higher resolution of the picture to decipher the mystery. Or should I?

"No need!" I have concluded. Martin got me! In the frame, in the frame of the frame, in the mystery of a mystery, in the secret of a secret.

"Truth is not objectivity, authenticity can stand without veracity" they say. And yet this image beats any logical conclusion drawn from essays on representations in art. It beats any aesthetic argument based on which we may explain (partially by default) its impact.

Because, dear readers, the painting just flowed out and recreated a room where only the blue shirt stayed in place. Even the "obvious" keeper denies her role through her posture.

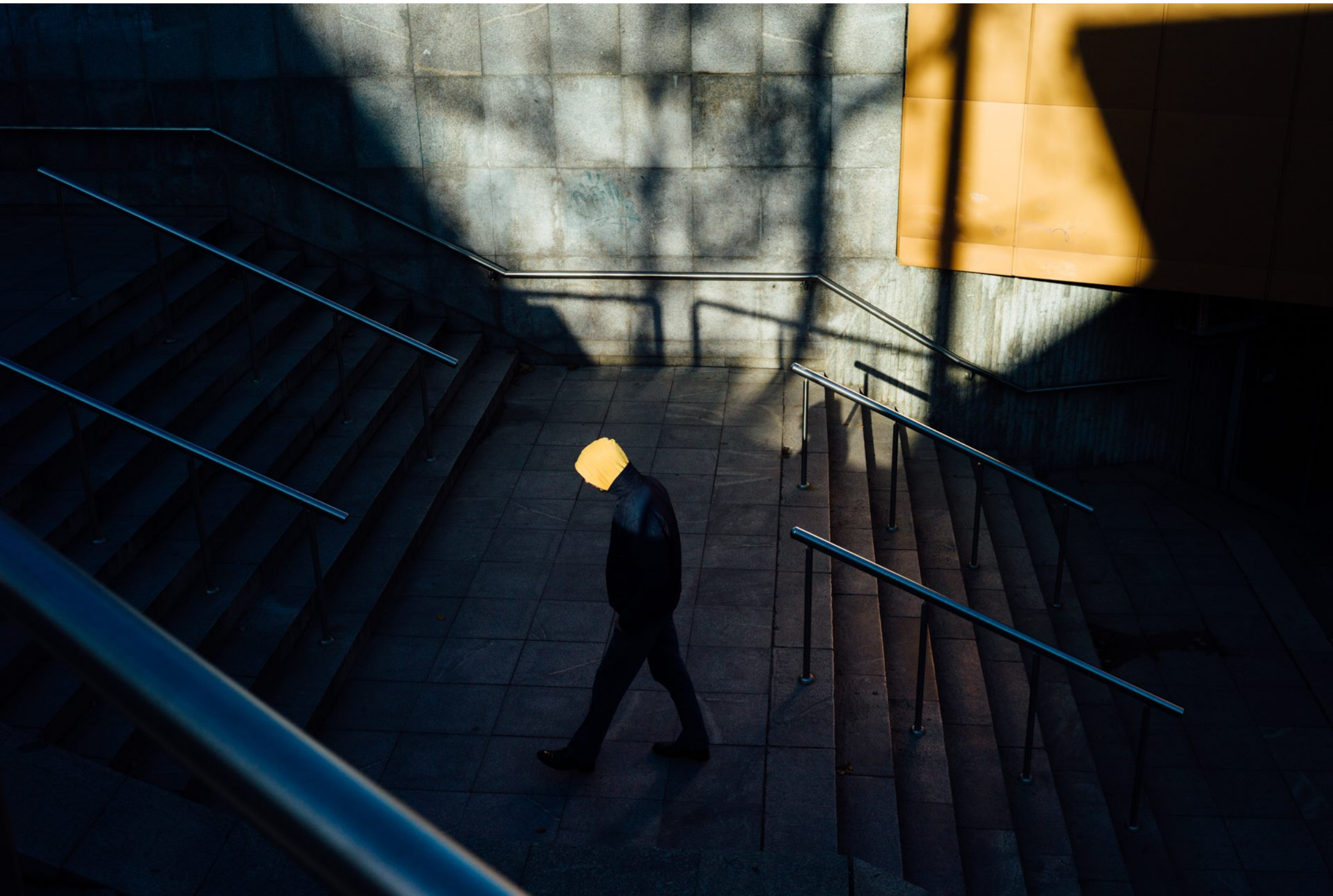


Everything switches continuously back and forth. The lady into a girl, the walls into screens, the mouldings into puzzle pieces, the floor into Aladdin's magic carpet.

Sometimes (if not always) we should not try to explain nor talk about principles or aesthetics, but this time, for sure.

The image is a cry out: "Purists keep out, pure viewers welcome and step in!"

© MARTIN ILIEV



© MARTIN ILIEV



© MARTIN ILIEV

NILANJAN KARMAKAR (IN)

Do you like bets? Is there someone who wants to bet that (s)he can do better than the author presented here?

Yes, Picasso did better in cubism. But that was a long painting process. Here, the fragmentation of reality is performed using the mirror in a sumptuous way. The photographer does not limit himself in spotting the emerging scene. He approaches the subject gradually (probably with a continuous shooting) in order to get in-his-bag the outstanding frame.

His state of alert is such that he never leaves the subjects out of his viewfinder (hence the eye-level shot).

And the result is more than rewarding. A frame in frame, yes, but what an entry into a parallel world. Apart the unrepeatable surrealist creature, the contextual information is provided by the image step by step. Nothing is obvious and yet everything is so "ordinary" taken separately.

Where does the world end and where does its replica start? The author bravely avoided the crop which surely would have created the "perfect" puzzle, but which would have prevented us to "walk" through the image and discover the mysteries while interpreting the factual information.



The modern Atlas carries on his back his burden but at the same time, through the mirror, invites us to have a different look at his surrounding reality. Where the revamped facades melt with the walls in decay. Where the colours compete in tenderness. Where another Calvino's invisible city is inhabited by Muses. And when we are about to leave thinking that we saw it all, the questions are coming to protect the secrets of this photograph. Why the scarf around the neck in a hot day? How the arms look like legs? Are these electric wires or dry branches, or both?

© NILANJAN KARMAKAR

MARIA RICOSSA (CAN)

Albeit the extreme sharpness (impossible back then), the vintage faded colours of the picture get me back to the Iron Curtain times and to the worst film ever, Orwochrom (East Germany produced, often expired, positive film). These exact characteristics are also the entry point of the picture. But that's that.

Because the seemingly holiday memories snapshot, passes the B&W test and keeps all its interpretational content even naked down to the grey palette.

The docks photographed at eye level, with the sea and the sky meeting halfway, is a very dear subject to the photographers, as it represents the grip of the Homo Faber on nature and destiny.

But here the author is not satisfied to limit herself to this symbolism and she is using the solid symmetrical composition as a stage to place her drama(tic) play.

What is impressive, is the fact that every single actor of the image, taken separately, has its own power of presence, its own concealed existence.



Diverging glances that will never meet and lock, mother and child looking to a far end (a timeless metaphor of the unsettling tranquillity in front of the unknown) and the main actor costumed as surreally as it gets.

Intriguing, contradictory, iconic!

© MARIA RICOSSA

FAISAL BIN RAHMAN SHUVO (BD)

Observe how Faisal's image oscillates between paint strokes and photographic sharpness.

Upon entering the frame all is blurred, abstract, like an unfinished painting. This last impression is accentuated by the delicate colour palette and the white tones due to the reflexions.

Once we concentrate to the subjects/objects they become sharp enough to uncover their details.

And what surprising details!

The horse (with its head caught in a graceful position) looks appended to what appears to be a broken rear view mirror support.

The deteriorated wall is melting upon the horse's back making of it half alive and half painted on the wall's surface.

The busy man, otherwise unrelated to the scene, connects through his shirt's Indian blue symbolic colour, found also on the car's parts.



Don't you ever wonder what made the author to go for this shot? Why is he attracted by a seemingly ordinary scene? And why was he in a rush to frame it letting a huge part of a car to interfere and "ruin" any compositional attempt?

Start wondering, because the majority of us would have left the scene with a picture of a horse or with a street portrait looking right to the lens. Shoot now, the next second it doesn't matter.

© FAISAL BIN RAHMAN SHUVO

MARCO GIUSFREDI (IT)

A photograph has, among other, «a conventional “aesthetic-historical” moment, less definable in its boundaries, in which the viewer's argumentativeness cedes to the organismic pleasure afforded by the aesthetic “rightness” or well-formedness (not necessarily formal) of the image.» *Rosler Martha*

I am opting for a more plain discourse. I am sorry to admit I do not understand the above verbose lines even if the bottom line is always the same. Our perception of the world is as complex as our biological code.

We do not have to confuse the actual subject of the photograph (both when shooting and during the evaluation of the result), with its aesthetic meaning.

Here today, Marco is providing an instant reference to the cruelty of the metropolitan life. Why National Geographic should limit itself to the wilderness when wild life is among us in the urban space!



© MARCO GIUSFREDI

GEORGIOS VOUTSINAS (GR)

What can be more religious than the dedication to a purpose. For Georgios this purpose is to serve photography everywhere he feels inspired to transform reality into an internal dialog.

Then he slams the result to us, the viewers, in the form of questions which, the more they remain unanswered, the more they have a powerful impact.

Who is this central subject? A priest or a goat-like mythological deity? And in the latter case, what kind of tragedy is happening? Which is better? Mass manipulation or herd worship?



© GEORGIOS VOUTSINAS



© DRAGOS-RADU DUMITRESCU



© DRAGOS-RADU DUMITRESCU



© ALPHAN YILMAZMADEN



© AYL A GÜVENÇ İMİR



© БОРИ СЛАВ КОВАЧЕВ



© БОРИ СЛАВ КОВАЧЕВ



© ANKIT BANERJEE



© BENEDETTA FALUGI



© ANDREAS KATSAKOS



© BOGDAN COMISEL



© COSTAS ARVANITIS



© COSTAS ARVANITIS



© MIHAI CIAMA



© CRISTINA MINA DALEA



© AMALIA TSAKIRI



© AMALIA TSAKIRI



© RAUL TIMIS



© PANAGIOTIS KALKAVOURAS



© EMRE CAKMAK



© PLAMEN YANKOV



© EVA MILKONSKAYA



© STELA PATRULESCU



© ALEX VASILYEV



© LORENZO CATENA



© CHILUN LEUNG



© SERGEY MAXIMISHIN



© RYAN TACAY



© LEONTINA CHIRICIOIU



© ROY ROZANSKI



© ALEXIS MACHET



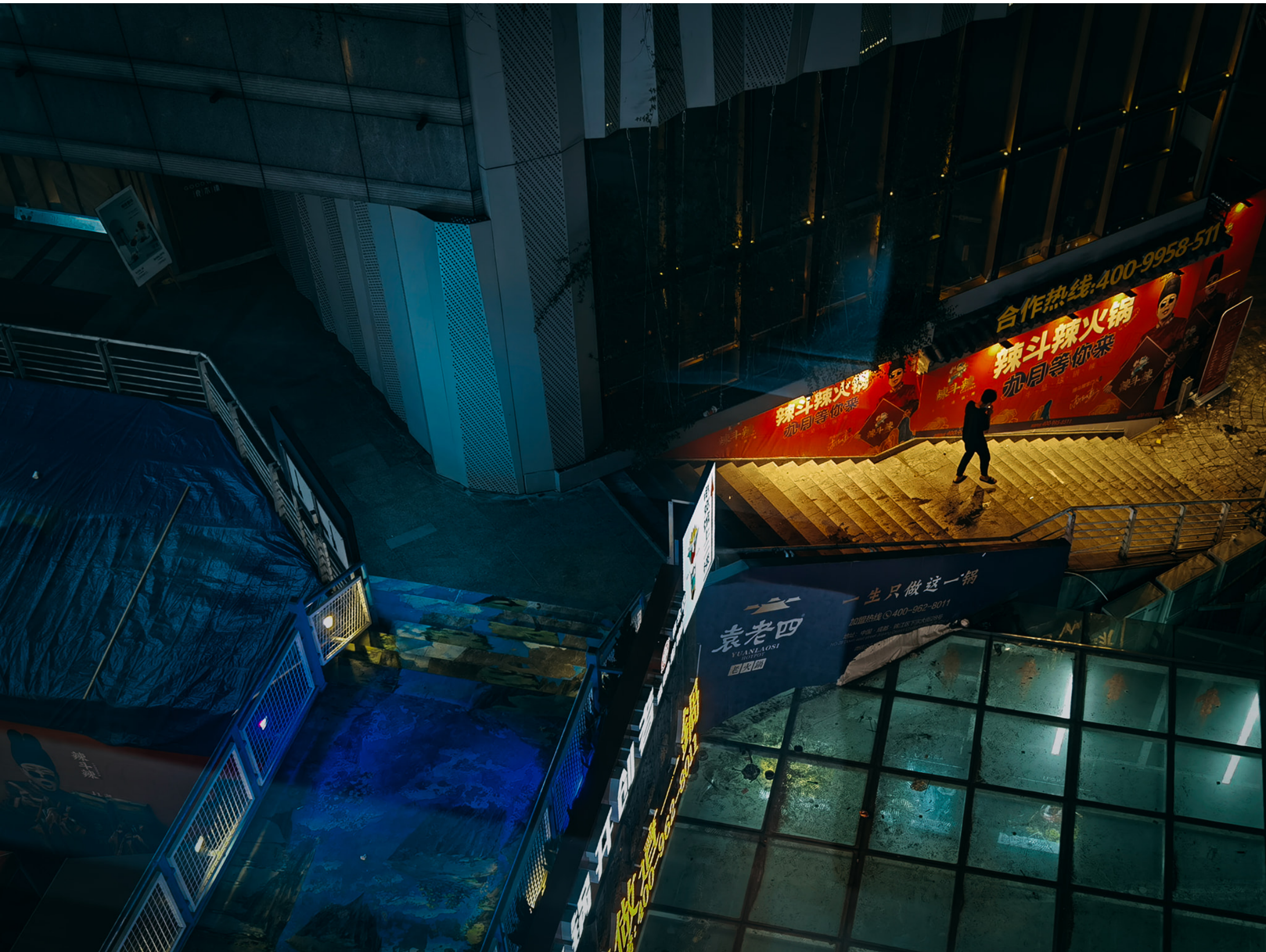
© RODRIGO ROHER



© SVILEN NACHEV



© ZHUOWEN AO



© ZHUOWEN AO



© TASOS BIRIS



© JOAKIM MÖLLER



© ALEXANDER BRONFER



© ANDRZEJ FLOGISTON



© FLORINA LUPUT



© EVGENIYA GOR



© RAUL TIMIS



© JURE MATIČIĆ



© NATELA GRIGALASHVILI



© FILIP MACHAC



© ELENI RIMANTONAKI



© FERMIN GUZMAN



© VASSILIS VASILEIOU



© VASSILIS VASILEIOU



© IONUT MAGA



© MIKY RUTIGLIANI



© VANESSA PALLOTTA



© SWARAT GHOSH



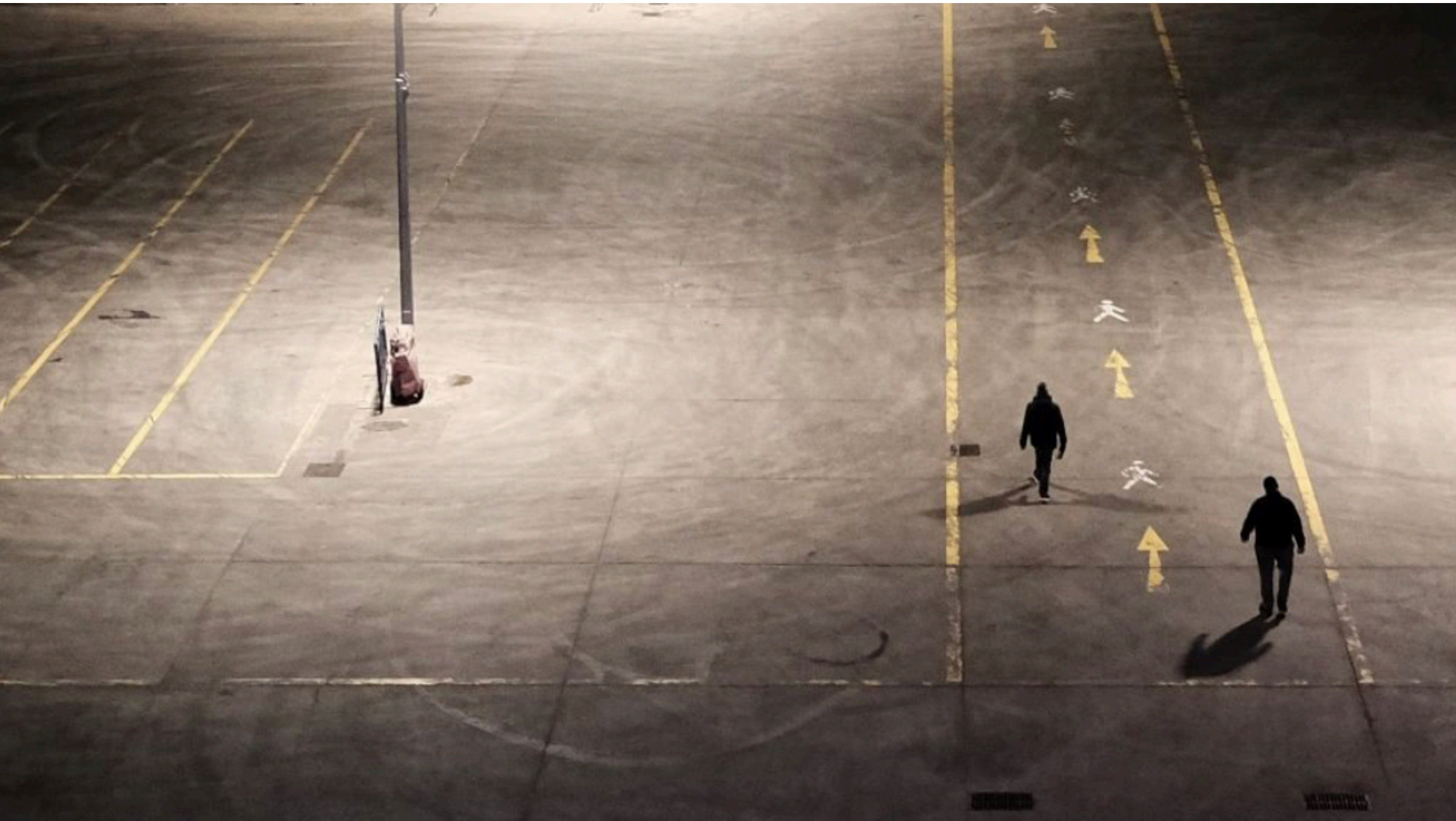
© VENTSISLAV LALEV



© OLIVER TAKAC



© MARIUS PETRESCU



© KOSTAS KATSOURIS



© EFI LONGINOU



© MAGDA FULGER



© MANOLIS NEGRIS



© STELA PATRULESCU



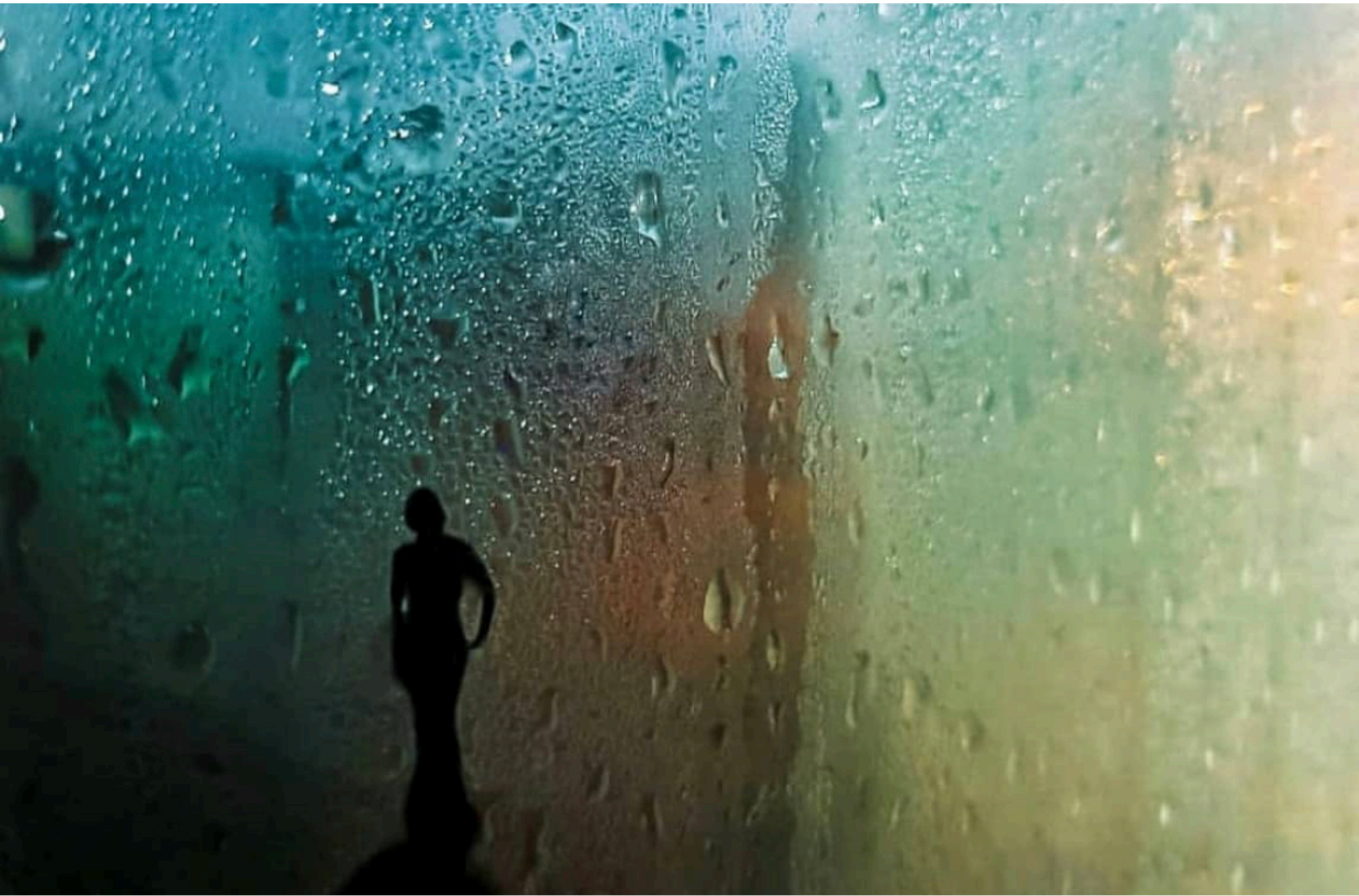
© DIMITRIS MYTAS



© MARIUS PETRESCU



© TASSOS SPETSIERIS





© JULIUS ANDRES MANZANO



© MARIA MALLIOU



© RANDY ARISGADO



© SAKIS DAZANIS



©TZEN XING

AUTHORS IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

Alex Vasilyev
Alexander Bronfer
Alexis Machet
Alphan Yilmazmaden
Alvaro Vegazo
Amalia Tsakiri
Andreas Katsakos
Andrzej Flogiston
Ankit Banerjee
Antonio Ojeda
Arth Figueroa Jumagdao
Ayla Güvenç İmir
Benedetta Falugi
Bogdan Comisel
Chilun Leung
Corneliu Sarion
Costas Arvanitis
Cristina Mina Dalea
Dimitris Mytas
Dragoş-Radu Dumitrescu
Eduardo Kaminski
Efi Longinou
Eleni Rimantonaki
Emerty Wolf
Emre Çakmak
Eva Milkonskaya
Evgeniya Gor
Faisal Bin Rahman Shuvo
Fermin Guzman
Filip Machac
Florina Luput
Georgios Voutsinas
Ionut Maga
Iris Maria
Joakim Möller
Julius Andres Manzano
Jure Matičić
Kostas Katsouris
Leontina Chiricioiu
Lorenzo Catena
Magda Fulger
Manolis Negris
Marco Giusfredi
Maria Malliou
Maria Ricossa
Marius Petrescu
Martin Iliev
Mihai Ciama
Miky Rutigliani
Natela Grigalashvili
Nilanjan Karmakar
Oliver Tacac
Panagiotis Kalkavouras
Plamen Yankov
Randy Arisgado
Raul Timis
Reiner Nowotny
Rodrigo Roher
Roy Rozanski
Ryan Tacay
Sakis Dazanis
Seda Unnu
Sergey Maximishin
Stela Patrulescu
Steven Jensen
Svilen Nachev
Swarat Ghosh
Tamaghna Sarkar
Tasos Biris
Tassos Spetsieris
Tzen Xing
Vanessa Pallotta
Vassilis Vasileiou
Ventsislav Lalev
Ximena Echague
Yuji Ishizaki
Zhuowen AO
Бори Слав Ковачев

VOLUME 3 - THE Q'S

Coming up in
mid 2021

Special thanks to the members
of SCP and BULB in the social
media, to the curators, the
administrators, the editors and
the organisers of PHOS.

