

BUBB

M A G A Z I N E



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EDITORIAL COLUMN

One would think January would be perfect time for vacation, skiing or paying bills. Not so...

As I am writing this, 20% of next issue material is "hangin' in the air" - just one week before publication. Our virtual office lacks office confusion and adrenaline rush that accompany meeting deadlines in a photo finish. Are translations ready? Has proofreading been done? Who has the plan for future projects? Do we have all messages from sponsors? Did the editor write his column already?

Are you familiar with all of this? :) Each one of us can identify him or herself with these images; these do not apply merely to publishing.

But let's not lament in this introduction! I'm introducing Martina Salov to you. Mar-

tina is in charge of graphic design and, this month, her engagement in the realization of our magazine was huge!

I also have to mention the whole team because we are constantly working on the quality of texts you read monthly. Aware that we can always do better, our team of enthusiasts welcomed other two worthy members: from this month, Vedran Korusic is our language editor for texts in Croatian, and Davor Juricic is responsible for the ones in English.

In order to keep the high quality of the magazine and improve the overall impression, I'd like to know what you, our dear readers, think of the magazine, the concept and the content. Your suggestions, criticism and ideas are most welcomed, even necessary, I'd say. Therefore, write to us!

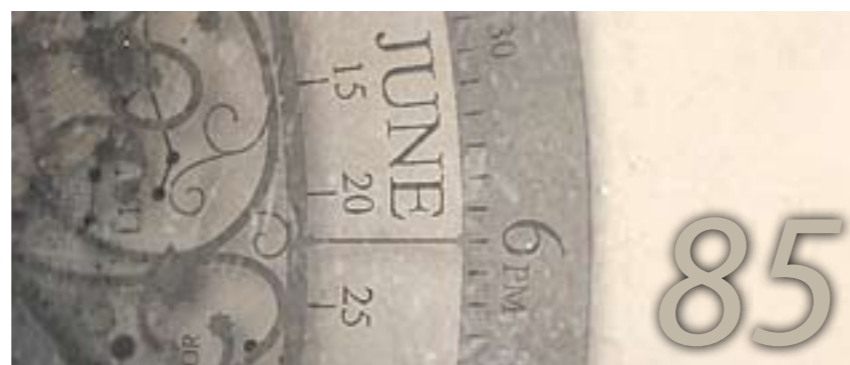
Robert Gojevic and Kresimir Zadravec

GALLERY **24**INTERVIEW **rust2d**

Yes, I must say that I have been lucky with beautiful women. They always find me. Now I just select beauties. I usually have photo sessions with pretty women. But now I started to understand that this is just a part of the game. I mean if you really want this, you'll get it.



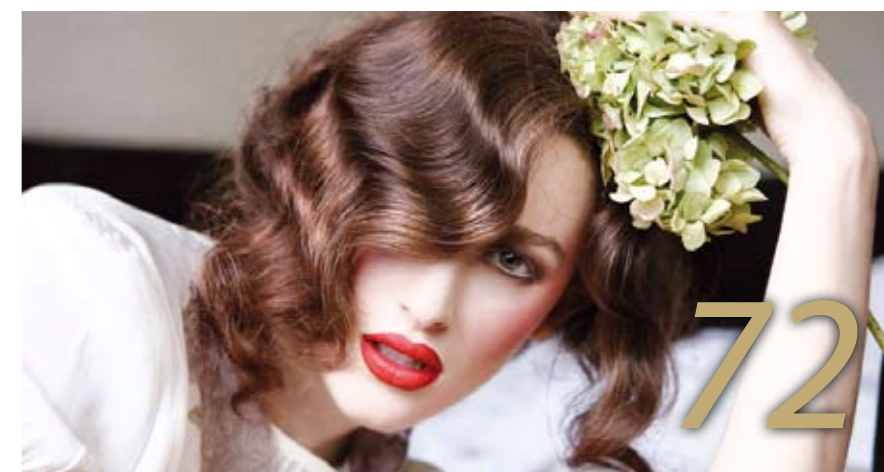
What emotions does the word "absurd" evoke? Somebody pragmatic will be confused. An analyst – annoyed. A snob will feel contempt. An optimist will burst into laughter.

PROJECT **Bogdan-Zwir**TIME MACHINE **Zelimir Koscevic**

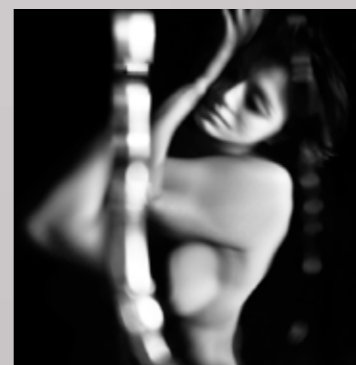
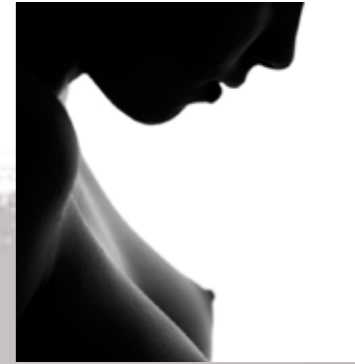
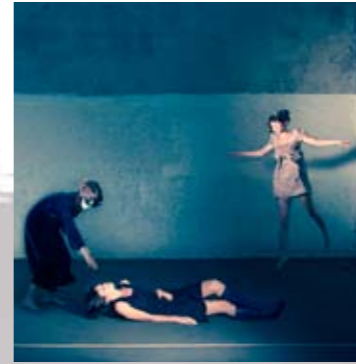
Graphic techniques and prints proved to provide sufficient coverage of good, cheap and faithful images to satisfy general demand, which created fertile ground for the culture of mechanically created and replicated photographs.



The web site homepage title speaks for itself: if you want your wedding to be recorded as a truly special day, then you want the camera filming your big „I do“ to be held by Jeff Ascough

GLOBULB **Jeff Ascough**COLUMN **Mare Milin**

These photos are lurking from every corner of the apartment I live in. The occupied it all. Some people keep cats, I keep boxes of photographs.







Traffic Light | Arkadius Zagrabski | <http://www.lichtstaerke.com> | Germany







Jesus Is My Friend | Jason Morrison | <http://www.dubtastic.com> | USA













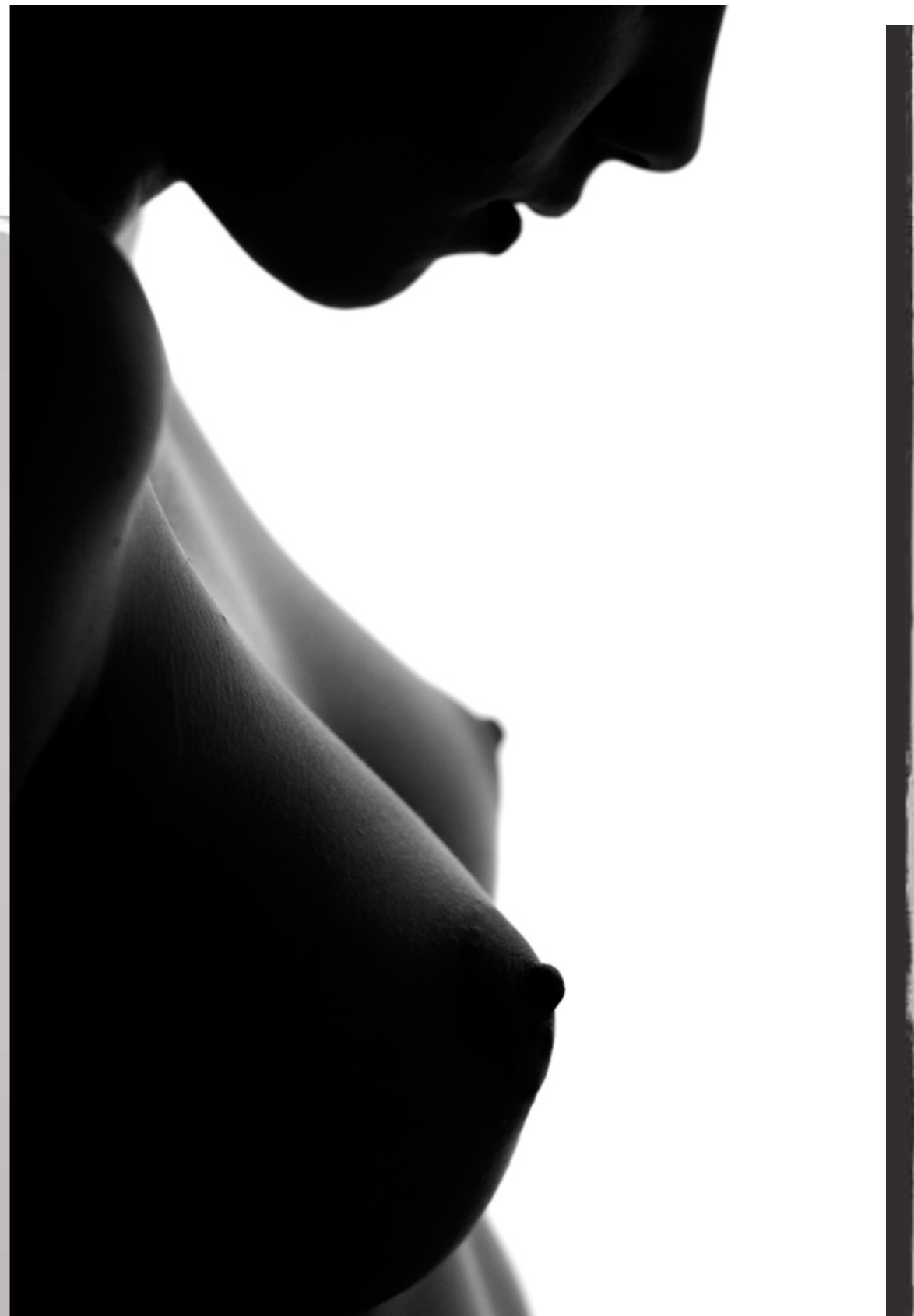
By the water | Hakan Strand | <http://www.strand-photo.com> | Sweden







Lost in daydreams I | Mindaugas Cikanavicius | <http://www.mindophotography.com> | USA







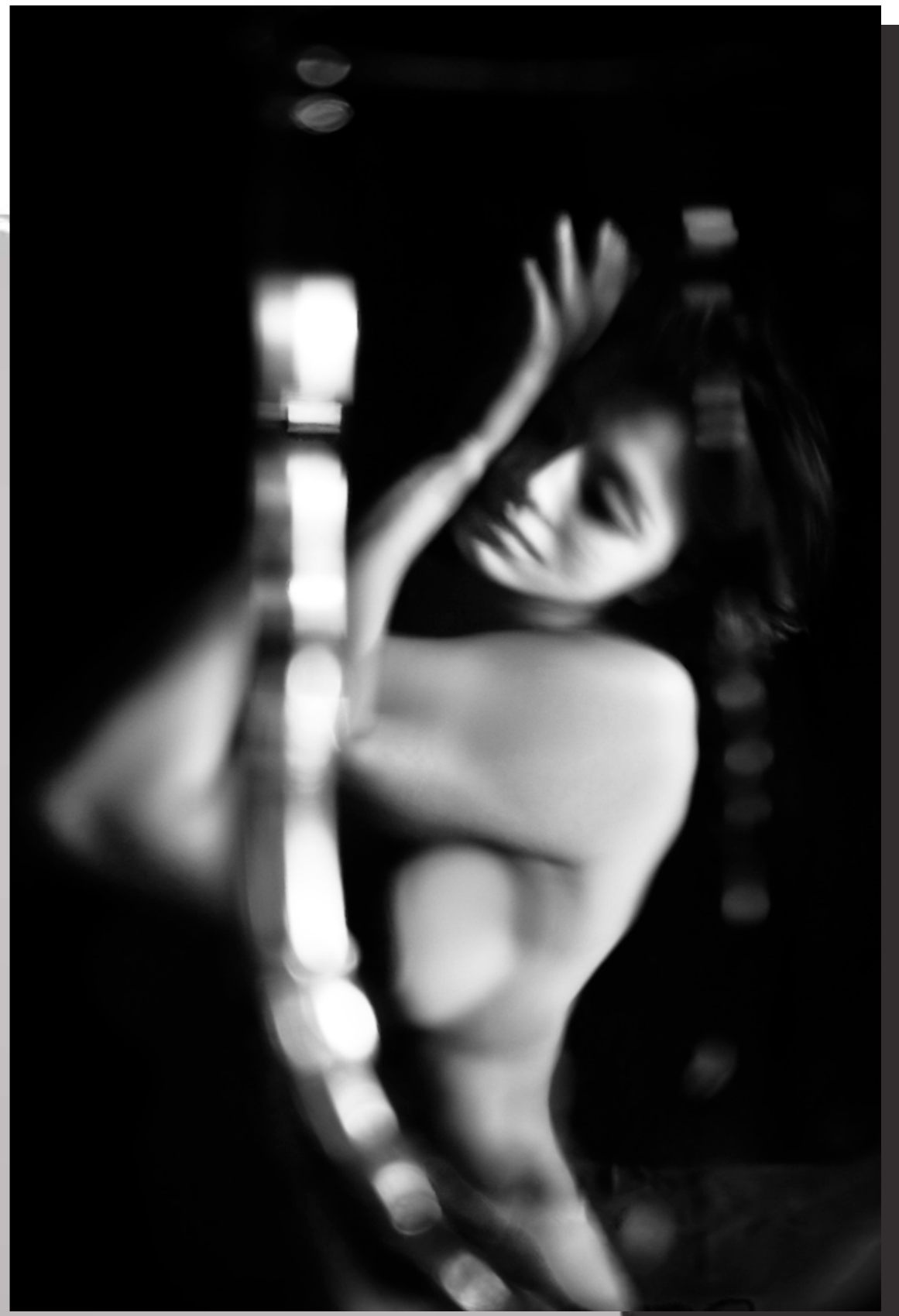
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A new toy | Maud Mulder | <http://stuffedkittie.deviantart.com> | Netherlands



Signaux | Pascal Fernandez | <http://blofeld60.deviantart.com/> | France









Resting After Storm | Vladimir Konovalov | <http://www.soulofautumn87.deviantart.com> | Ukraine





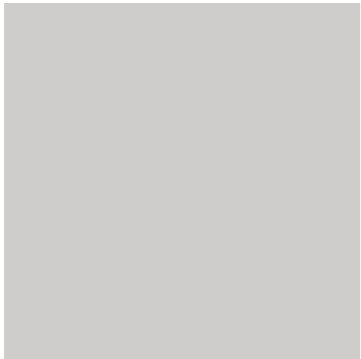
BULB MAGAZINE

Shoot stunning

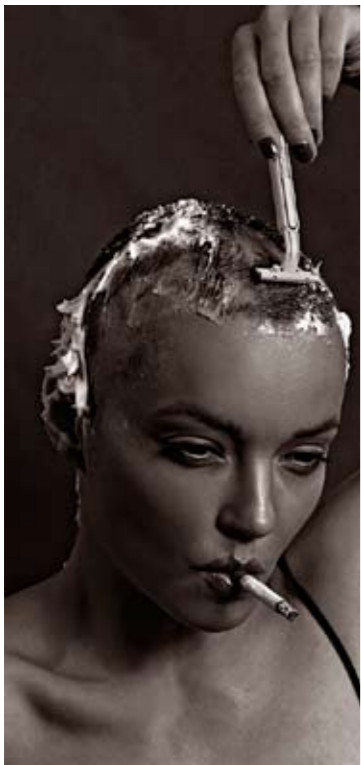
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Yes, I must say that I have been lucky with beautiful women. They always find me. Now I just select beauties. I usually have photo sessions with pretty women. But now I started to understand that this is just a part of the game. I mean if you really want this, you'll get it.





You have a particular style. How long have you been developing it?

I think I'm still in the process of developing it. It's all about combining good volumetric lighting, high contrast, smooth retouch and colour correction. I've created my own algorithm of retouching and lighting setups. It took me about 3 years to create it.

From 2002-2004, I taught Computer graphics students in the Institute (at the time I thought I knew how to use Photoshop). Over the years, I began to realize Photoshop is a whole universe in itself and if you want to make something you need to know what you want exactly. As for lighting - I'm self-taught, having but practice and own mistakes and even now I have difficulties with light. Sometimes I want to show my skill off and make complicated, strange light and colour schemes, but I know one thing for sure - everybody likes portraits with deep shadows and contrast of one light source only.

Are you pleased with the way people react to your photos?

Everybody has a different reaction. Morons are interested in how many models I've fucked. My friends just smile indulgently – my new pictures bore them. Relatives are still not taking my profession seriously and they are always offering me this or that new job. I have a goal, which gives my life direction. Customers sometime, when looking at my portfolio pages, glance at the photos like they don't care about them at all, because they sit on money, indulging in material happiness. But nowadays I show my book to people quite selectively, because even if you hear impressive words about your art it doesn't mean anything to you.





Do you remember your first nude shooting? Can you describe how it went?

At my first nude photo shoot I had a session with a Russian beauty queen. This was for a medical equipment advert. I've played the role of a professional photographer, wearing a serious face, and of course I made a lot of mistakes (for example, I shot close-up portraits with a wide angle lens, but the girl was so beautiful that customers swallowed this as a fly). It was a dirty trick of mine, but I didn't have anyone to ask if this was the right way to do it. I had but 3 little humble electric lamps for increasing importance of the photo session with me. The naked girl was more beautiful than any I have ever seen before. She was clean and had a soft smile. I was really confused but it didn't show. I was just walking busy around her and dispersing the crowd of office plankton. I saw her again after two years, invited her to my studio and, even then, two years having gone by, I broke the shutter of my camera, but I still had time enough to take a couple of good shots.

What conditions do you need for shooting and what equipment do you use?

I usually use Recam equipment. I've started with it and formed a habit of it. I prefer golden umbrellas and hate soft-boxes. I mostly use Canon EOS 10D camera and lately I've started with Canon EOS 5D.



Does domino effect occur to you when searching for models, that is, do women come to you to ask you to shoot them after they have seen your pictures or do you still have to look for them?

Yes, I must say that I have been lucky with beautiful women. They always find me. Now I just select beauties. I usually have photo sessions with pretty women. But now I started to understand that this is just a part of the game. I mean if you really want this, you'll get it.

What's your line to persuade a woman to pose for you? What are your arguments? I suppose not every persuasion goes smoothly?

Sometimes I feel I can persuade a religious nun to get a tattoo of a cross upside-down on her butt. Well, I have a lot of arguments, but please don't ask me what they are.



Is your environment conservative in terms of nudes? What, in your opinion, are the reasons for a woman to decide to pose with no clothes on?

If a woman feels beautiful and she trusts the photographer, then she doesn't care about the absence of clothes. So, one just needs to create such conditions in his studio. You must have the right spiritual aura for making such big shots. But I don't like conservative b&w nude photography. A vision of David LaChapelle with his ironic bright pop-art nudes is much closer to me. I like when bodies are covered with metallic paint and when a woman slowly smears different paint hues all over her naked body with splashes and orgasmic madness on her dirty and beautiful face. That's what I call art!

Are you severe in choosing models? Do you ever refuse photographing a model?

Yes, I'm quite strict. I often refuse doing sessions even for good money if my inner voice tells me something is wrong. In the beginning I was like a dog, I threw myself for any money. But I can now select what I want to do. Money is of no importance – what matters is my own interest. But I can also remember a few cases when models refused working with me, I don't know why.

What do you think the photographer of nudes should be like?

Anyone who can keep distance while flirting and merging his own intrigue into the shot. Sometimes he has to be a Clown and sometimes he has to be a Joker. I mean, he also needs to have some negative charms.

When you look at other people's photos showing similar motives, what bothers you the most and what mistakes you wouldn't want to repeat?

Well, actually I like faces - even when I look at nude photos, the face must be clean and pretty. Most of photographers prefer to hide faces and extract some kind of mystery from this. I call such an effect - irrelative beauty. (It's quite right - because there is such a small percentage of human faces which please everybody). But, using my native young tendency for obtaining maximum, I strive to find and create open faces with such irrelative beauty. Maybe I'm wrong, but mistakes are part of my profession. To see mistakes and to draw conclusions from these is a great experience. And I also want to say I don't like when people play some roles in your frame staying courteous - I think politeness is just a mask, which kills photography and always stays visible in the frame.



**Do you have any role models? Who influenced your way of shooting?**

Yes, and I call her – the MUSE. She is an actress and a dancer. She has really vigorous energy and charisma. I know a lot of women, but she is unique. But if I'm not a leader on the stage, if I can't control most of the things, I lose the session. This is a fact. She's my Muse and her dynamic beauty can't be caught from time to time. We often disagree with each other. But we appreciate our characters too. She always sneaks away from me while searching for my attention. She's great and always alive – a true strong woman. This is what MY MUSE is like.

Have you ever used old Russian cameras and what do you think of them?

No, I don't use Russian cameras. Don't ask me about cameras – doesn't matter what camera I'm using – the Mind is what matters.

What are the main reasons that clients chose to hire you as photographer?

I suppose through hearsay as everywhere. My business is just to keep rumours about myself going. There was a time to throw stones and there is the time to gather them.



Do you feel successful in your job? Can you make a good living of it?

I feel independent in my work. Nobody tells me how I need to do my job. Everybody's happy! But I pay for my name and independence - by my lack of commercial success. I understood this only now when you asked me! I need to think about this. It's there in my head; just when I'm doing my best, birds freeze in the air, men drop ash off their cigars onto trousers, and her Majesty the Time offers a fresh chance!

**Would you name something you are particularly proud in your work?**

I've collected a great amount of energetic, charismatic and beautiful people. This is what I'm proud of.

I've started with theatre photography. My first camera was the Olympus Camedia C-4000; I bought it for \$500 (the money I'd got for writing someone's thesis). For the first half of the year of photo shootings, I couldn't make any good photos, but after a while, I did. Now I'm writing scenarios for important shoots and I do castings, starting from human characters. For example if I need a man to play the role of a Cheshire cat he must be a great lover and must have a tricky smile, or he will never be the Cheshire.

I also want to mention my influences. A thank you to ARNOLD NEWMAN for portraits and compositions, JEAN LOUP SIEFF for painted black skies, DAVID LACHAPELLE for the creative mind and the stolen mummy, JAN SAUDEK - for colours and the obese grotesque, and HOWARD SCHATZ for portraits of boxers. I don't like Mondino-Testino-Sarah Moon-photographers. I thank the greatest ones too - THIERRY LE GOUËS, MILES ALDRIDGE and RALPH GOBITZ.

















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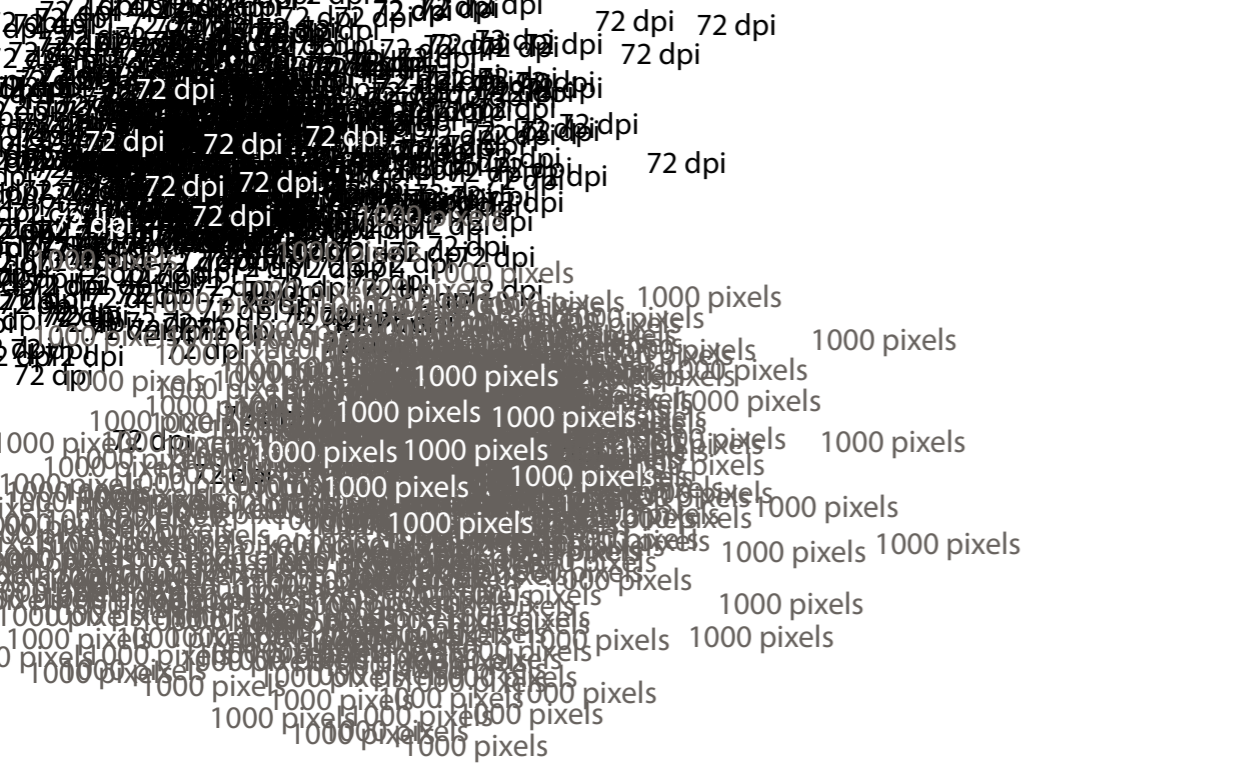
digital

models

sculpture

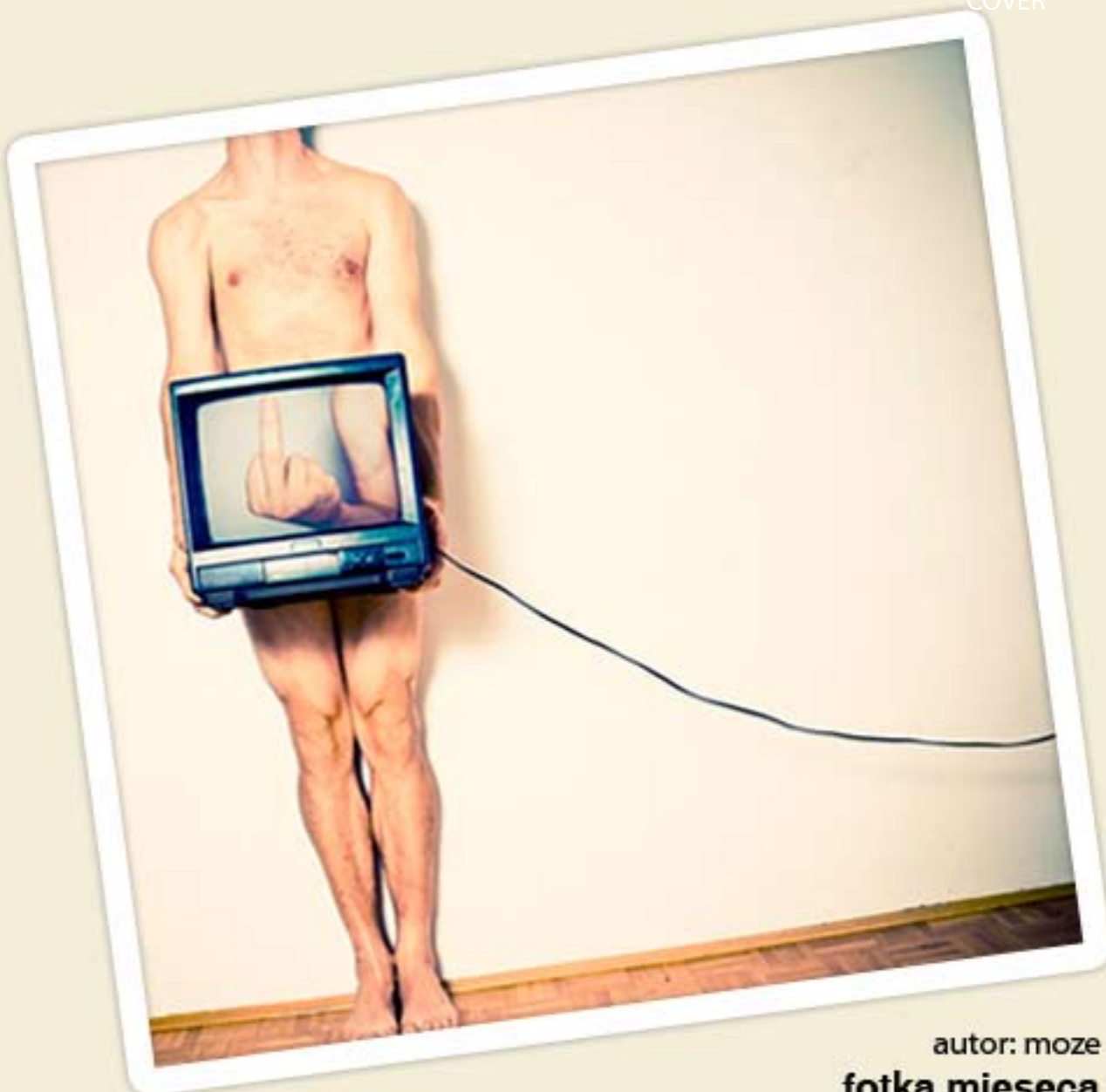


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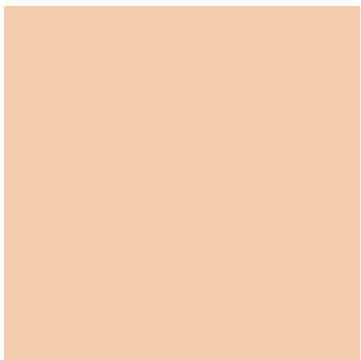
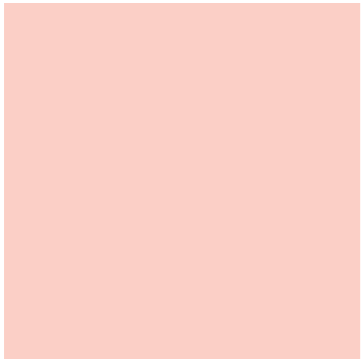


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What emotions does the word “absurd” evoke? Somebody pragmatic will be confused. An analyst – annoyed. A snob will feel contempt. An optimist will burst into laughter.



<http://zwir.ru/>
Bogdan Zwir

Perhaps there is but one category of people who will admire the absurd.

Children above all can turn the absurd into a fairy tale and break the rules of logic. Then there are writers who materialise the absurd into collections of fairy tales for children or complicated plots of sci-fi thrillers which would equally appeal to pragmatics, analysts and snobs. There are also artists and photographers. Their peculiar type however makes spectators linger at "absurd" images. This makes critics feel awkward when questioning themselves with the eternal issue of "What should be done?". Should the creation be called a philosophical masterpiece, bringing its author straight to Olympus and should they enjoy the sagacity? Or should this "nonsense" be laughed at, unfortunate artist scathed, while they would leave their trace in history as the most objective and just? But what if it's talent after all? What then? Is this the fame of a boring conservative, an obtuse conceptualist, a genius pest and a butcher?..

No matter what experts, critics and connoisseurs might think or say, there is a person in St. Petersburg who admires the absurd even though he is not a child anymore. His name is not familiar even with the most obsessed bibliophiles because simply - there are no books written by him. He cannot be called a painter because his idea about painting is only based on the collection of the Hermitage and the Russian Museum. As for photographers, they can praise or blame his works looking at them, but they unanimously claim this is no photography. And the statement is difficult to argue with because even an amateur photographer knows the meaning of the word "photography" by heart.

What is this then? The absurd? What category can one connect Bogdan Zwir to if he does not merely admire the absurd but he is also inspired by it, if the absurd for him has a deeper meaning of what is hidden in the sub-consciousness of everyone and what people who consider themselves normal and sane try to stay away from. No wonder people look at "the Garden of Earthly Delights" by Bosch for hours and read "the Dark Tower" by King and listen to Moonlight Sonata, by a deaf person (absurd!) – Beethoven, a hundred times..

Contrasts and paradoxes have been around Bogdan ever since childhood: a bare wooden village house that drowned in snow roof-deep, while situated next to a modern building of a famous bank and an Awl-like TV tower. Winter frosts as cold as -60 and dry summer heat of +40 with sandy air from the Lena. House foundations on piles growing from permafrost, and ugly heat pipelines spoiling the cold sky. Then St. Petersburg. A mystical and inconceivable city built on an absurd spot by a controversial person, with a pricetag of a paradoxical number of lives and money. The city that became symbolic in times themselves absurd, isn't this a perfect refuge for Bogdan Zwir? This is a weird author. One capable of distracting anybody from idle thoughtlessness, tearing him/her away from a swamp of indifference, evoking craving for self-study and bringing fruitless ideas to life. En route showing the creative dynamics of magic images in the absurd, painting his tangible fantasy full of them.

































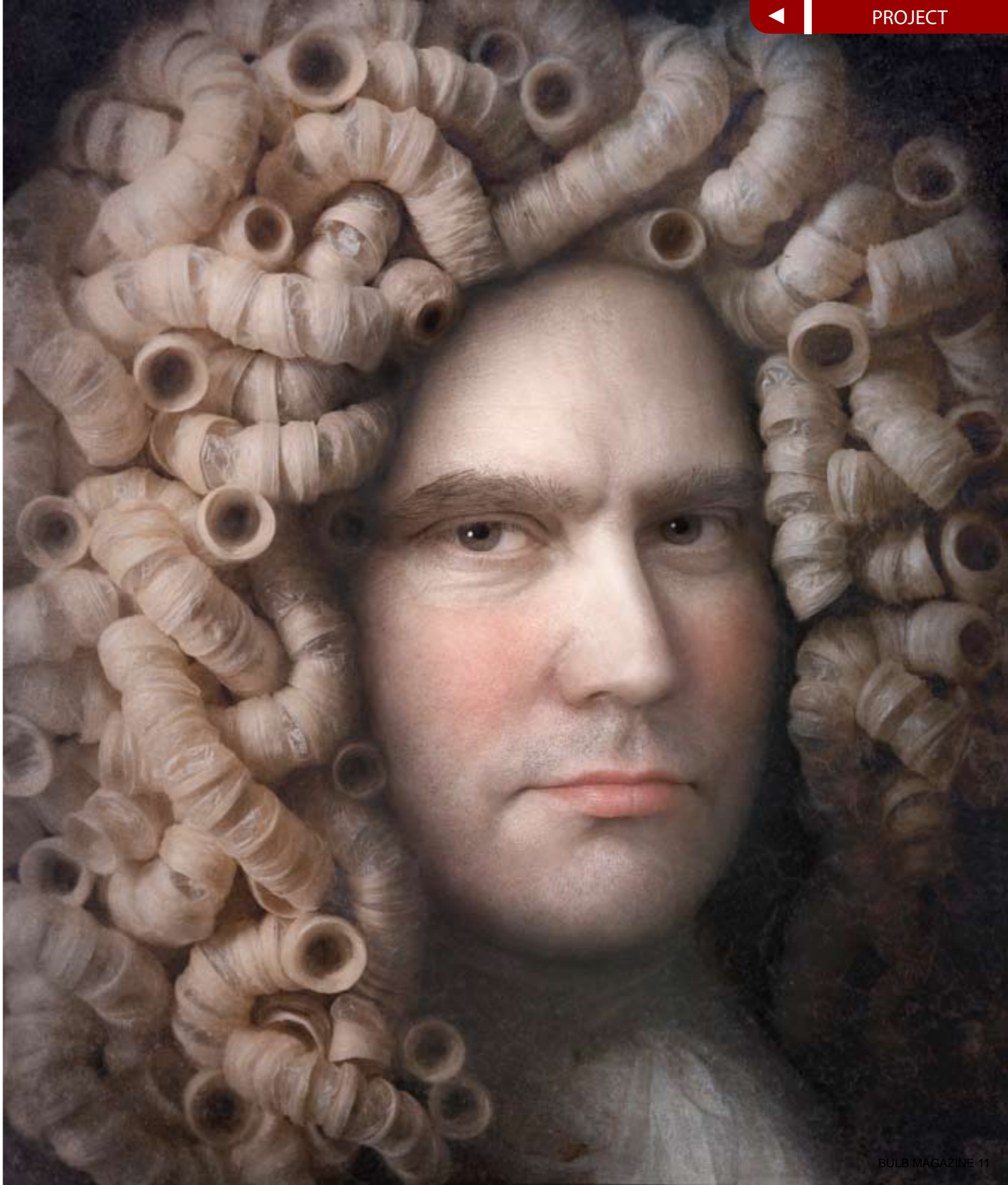
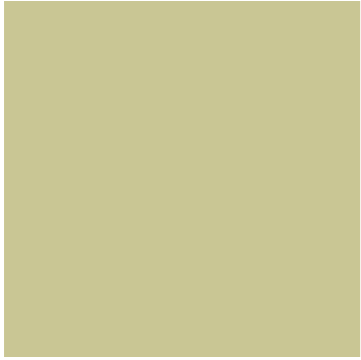




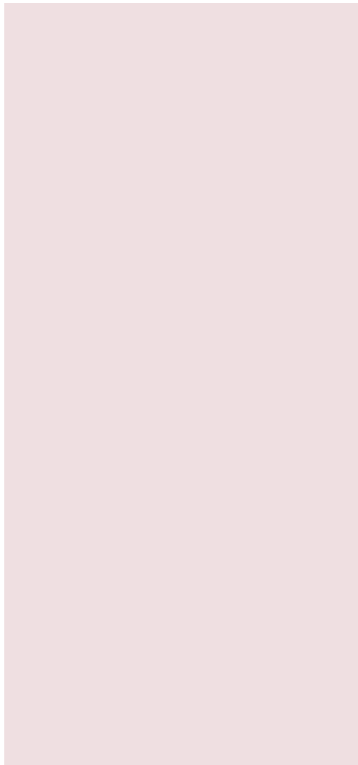


photo: Sale





humaniac Mare Milin



These photos are lurking from every corner of the apartment I live in. The occupied it all. Some people keep cats, I keep boxes of photographs.





Trust me, I'd write a huge column, after the dry period, the biggest ever, if I could only take the load of my back. I owe you. Recently I just didn't feel like writing, I would rather mix 1 quarter text+ 3 quarters picture. A photo casserole.

All you can expect from me today is a bunch of mistyping, 5 versions of corrected text for my editor (and a headache), and ... I don't want to brag about it, but because of me, this issue of Bulb will possibly be late. I crossed the dead line a long ago. Or maybe he told me so in order to speed me up?

Gosh, it seems it's gonna be even worse than that. While doing this, I mean writing, I was trying to update my brand new Nokia, way to expensive little thingy, who now pretends to be- dead. It is just laying down, with its screen blank black and- nothing. Damn. It is not funny, I wanna cry, maybe smash my head against the wall, maybe smash the phone against the wall, if I loose it. In that case, I'll have the obvious reason to have it repaired. F...k.

On Friday I have a show, an exhibition, and no one to save me, because there's still so much to do. I'll be bombed by evil glances on the street, because I invited nobody, because I have no time to do it. OK, I'll do it, e-mailing is fine, I guess. As soon as I write this, estimated time 2 PM. Still 1,5 days ahead. However, there are always those who'll find themselves rather offended because they didn't get invited properly, via phone, or posting the actual invitation card (which doesn't exist).

The stupid phone is bothering me again. I have no luck with gadgets. First I totally screw them up and then by some miracle, they work or they die (no miracles here).

Is it the stars? Mercury? Chinese New Year in the sign of Taurus? Hey you, up there, yes you, look at me. I am the good guy. Save me sometimes.

There, I am back from my break. Luckily you couldn't see me.

It is official, the phone has to go, the software is dead. The lights in my kitchen just exploded. Anything else?! I'm making spaghetti with ready made sauce from the jar. It is my first „cooked“ meal in 3 days. Don't make faces. I make it all up with blackberry wine, algae and Swedish bitter elixir. At the moment I could use some sedatives. Any recommendations?

I did the dishes, at last, they waited for 3 days, since I last cooked. The film from the video rental is patiently waiting, I won't have a chance to see it, again. There go my 15 kn (equals 3\$). The name of the film is Mamma mia! I could use that phrase today.



So, why am I so edgy today, it is not the PMS day. It is another syndrome. The name of the syndrome is: offer a finger, you'll lose an arm. The story of my life. I like being nice, doing things for the needy. The thing is that sometimes the greedy help the needy. So, help here, help there, do this, do that, that can make your days a little difficult. At the end, I kinda feel OK, because I did a good thing.

So, now I am in the middle of crisis. The benefit exhibition, Friday, in 2 days. Jesus, I think my belly is sore. Quick, Swedish Bitter. It is gonna be fine. Put the head between your knees and breathe, deeply.

I guess it is St. Jeremiah in my calendar today. The protector of those who are always sick. A day of technical problems, weak nerves and stomach.

In this photo profession of mine, there are the days when you are asked to perform a good deed. St. Samaritan Day. I am well off, thanks heavens. Especially when I look through the window and see little tiny human creatures with huge plastic bags, digging through the garbage containers, pulling plastic bottles out of them. Then I feel deeply thankful that I don't have to dig to have something to eat. This is so sad. I always put bottles aside, so they don't have to go through the humiliation of digging. And that 5 kn(=1,5\$) worth plastic saves their lives more than mine.

Every year I have a chance to donate my work and time for something good. Few small donations or a big one. This time it is a big one.

One fine summer day, I received a phone call from fine ladies, from some fine benefit society. They asked me to help them. I always say Yes. It is in my horoscope: possible occupations for Pisces: a nun, missionary, humanitarian worker, artist etc..

There you go, not bad, the stars are sometimes right. I felt kind of proud and happy to shoot those beautiful photos for a good cause. But then, I had to make few calls, asking for help. It is a chain. In my job, you are never alone, there is always a team. In this particular case, you are begging them to share your burden and work for free. Some of them are born humanitarians, some are not. I spent some time browsing through my phone contacts, trying to guess whose heart is soft and whose is hard. Calling the hard nuts is bad, first you have to spend half an hour listening how bad it is for them right now and then they say No. And when I see my phone bill, I say Oh!



The best thing to do is to go for the ones who don't have much, but they have big hearts. True, it is proven.

So, a few good souls gathered at the location, provided by some other good souls, prepared for the shoot, and I took the pictures of another few good and beautiful souls, wearing lovely, historic underwear, a gift from fine old families. That is how a series of wonderful photographs was created. Then it became an exhibition. And then a series of postcards. Maybe even a calendar, one fine day.

I am sitting in front of the magic screen for days, now. I didn't have the guts to ask the retouch agency for their donation. So I have to do it myself. And the files are very, very big, 16 of them. It lasted for centuries. Me, I sometimes forget to occasionally press CTRL+S (APPLE+S for the others), so I worked on some photos twice. Sorry, Photoshop had some problems, and needs to shut down. The good that came out of it is that I now save the files.

It is over, still some stuff to do, designing the e-mail invite, the tags with information about the photo, the introduction poster, slide show, music for the slide show. Piece of cake.

Still, my heart is as big as the bus. However.

The interesting part is that the photos are for sale, what is the use of a benefit action with no sale, with no money to give away to the needy ones?

Until now, I always used to say I'll burn my whole opus one day. In public. There is no chance that I could sell my photos from exhibitions in this country. Until now (16 years), I sold two photos. One for small change, another for some more small change. The more expensive photo was sold to a guy who was born and raised in Australia. These photos are lurking from every corner of the apartment I live in. The occupied it all. Some people keep cats, I keep boxes of photographs.

A certain married couple recently shut down their photo gallery, the photos wouldn't sell. The lasted, however, quite a few years. Recently on the radio the female owner explained why they were closing. The ideal buyer of photo art in this country is a middle age intellectual person. I.E. no money in the pocket.

And only yesterday, on the news, the officially proclaimed the Recession in Croatia.



We are the world, too. Recession. What a word. I can bet that 95% of people haven't got the faintest idea what it really means. To me, it seems to be something like a pullout. Somebody points the finger towards you, yells at you, and you crawl back to your little shell and shrink as much as possible. Something is telling me I am right.

Some of us here have no problem giving away a lot of money (2000\$) for this fall's model of Gucci boots. They were all over Vogue, Bazaar, Cosmo... everywhere. Everyone could see them. Some of them could buy them.

One of the owners, while waiting at the bank, told my friend that those 2000 is not that much, really. OK, everything is relative. Remember those plastic bottles?

The only thing that I am sorry for is that this girl with the boots would never give away 200\$ for one huuge photograph- MM (the writer of this text) phoned a lot, sat on meetings, prepared the shooting for days, took those pictures, sat in front of the computer, retouching them for days, etc... and I am very ashamed of that price, to be honest. Too low. Still, too high for those who love photography.

The only thing that can „save“ these photos is a juicy press release in prestigious magazines, which the girls with the boots read. A PR that can make them believe that purchase of this photo makes you instantly skinnier, more beautiful, younger than ever and similar b..sh..t, if you only get the photo.

However, juicy PR and benefit work together? Well, not likely to be so.

Therefore, I bite my nails over destiny of this event, because maybe the audience there will be gracious and with big hearts, but this time, we need deep pockets.

There, you see the pictures. What do you think? 200\$ is enough, over-rated, underrated?

Keep this on your mind: every second of my work and of the work of my team, and every kuna (Croatian money) will be given to those that have less than luckier ones.

Although I bite my nails and feel rather nervous, something tells me they are going to sell out. We'll reach our final goal and nothing is in vain. Writing this, I just remember those stories about angels, gods and saints, who would, in ancient times, descend down to Earth in search of hospitality and warmth. They went from house to house, in cold and dark, and what do you think, who made them feel good and warm? Those who were the least likely to do it. Maybe that happens here. In Croatia. During Recession. Keep your fingers crossed.

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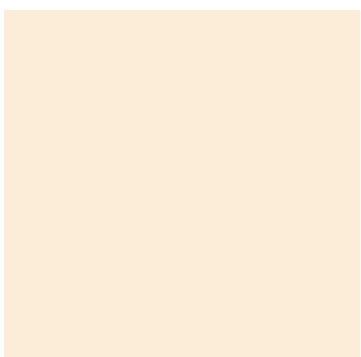
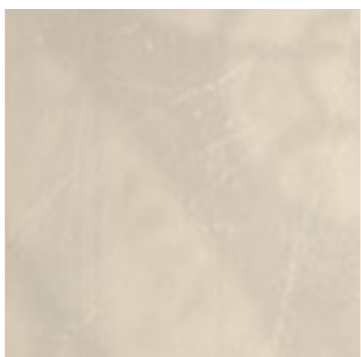
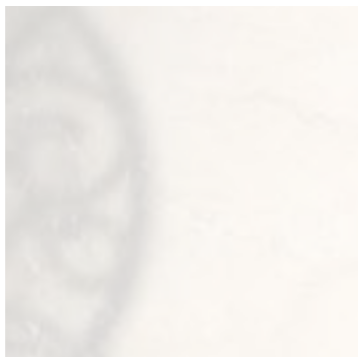
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Graphic techniques and prints proved to provide sufficient coverage of good, cheap and faithful images to satisfy general demand, which created fertile ground for the culture of mechanically created and replicated photographs.



PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURE

Zelimir Koscevic

photographic picture IV part

Photography broke the privilege of individual portraits and expanded – as Charles Baudelaire would put it – the circle of individual Narcissuses into the mass, also wanting to see its image and pass it on to future generations as memorabilia.

Capturing the Shadow
(1839 – 1880)

There are different views on whether photography was simply invented or it unexpectedly emerged from general technological advances during the 19th century. Some, like the Czech philosopher Vilem Flusser, even think that it was been invented much too soon. The significance of this event was greatly exaggerated by aesthetic misconceptions of the era, which granted photography higher status than that of other contemporary and – one could argue – equally important inventions, such as vulcanization of rubber (Goodyear) or the invention of the saxophone (A. Sax). This supreme status resulted in photography's inclusion in further Victorian debates of truth, beauty and art - debates that linger on to this day.

The polytechnic orientation of the 19th century, the foundations of which lay in encyclopedic synthesis of arts and crafts starting from the end of the 18th century, produced discoveries and inventions in breathtaking pace. Some estimate that the increase in the number of inventors

between the middle of the 18th and the middle of the 19th century was sevenfold; most of them patented inventions that were basically expected and had already been built into the intellectual and technical awareness of humanity as a possibility. These were, as L. Mumford calls them, primary inventions. Many of them had already been written into the inventory of the New Atlantis by F. Bacon as early as the mid-13th century, and some could be easily recognized from personal notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci. On the other hand, mid-19th century inventions in the fields of energy and chemistry were utterly unexpected and sudden, but were none the less very quickly incorporated in contemporary technical and scientific practices.

The discovery and definition of art which the European civilization had been intensively studying since the early Renaissance, as well as the separation of the idea of space from the idea of time in the symbolic image of the world, both led to realistic perfectionism. Which, in turn, with the help of a sharp eye, skilled hand and auxiliary devices such as camera obs-

cura (and later camera lucida), achieved truly astonishing results in creating lifelike images true to nature. The “photographical” resemblance to nature in painting had finally been achieved during the 17th century, followed by certain “saturation”. The desire for the real had now been replaced by the desire for the ideal. With new aspirations, the aesthetic interest for the “photographic” depiction of reality disappeared, but not the general social need for photographs. On the contrary, in a time that had rapidly been losing touch with the reality, a satisfactory substitute was hastily searched for.

Graphic techniques and prints proved to provide sufficient coverage of good, cheap and faithful images to satisfy general demand, which created fertile gro-

und for the culture of mechanically created and replicated photographs. If initial photographic experiments are left out, which simply took anything in front of the viewfinder as the motif, photography was actually in good part based on the European portrait tradition. The miniature – and one shouldn't forget the practice of making silhouettes – the golden age of which dates back prior to photographic portraiture, gave the European bourgeoisie elite a chance to render their figures eternal relatively cheaply, even if using merely shadows. Both techniques of portraiture fell victim to the new medium. Photography broke the privilege of individual portraits and expanded – as Charles Baudelaire would put it – the circle of individual Narcissuses into the mass, also

Nauči fotografiju!



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wanting to see its image and pass it on to future generations as memorabilia. Mass production of portraits after 1839 had been watered down by referencing elitist origins of photography: these were – as the then commercials would state – “miniatures made using the daguerreotype process”.

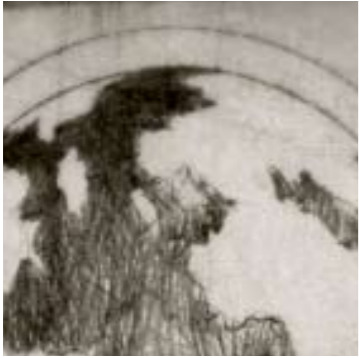
Like stone cobbles in a mosaic, the building blocks of mechanical reproduction of reality and the creation of permanent images through mechanical means fell into place almost two centuries before the very invention of photography. Optics and precise mechanics had been ready to “capture” images long before photography; but the key link – that of chemistry – were yet missing for images to become permanent. Isolating iodine (Bernard Coustois, 1811), bromine (Jerome A. Balard, 1826) and sodium hypo-sulfide (Humphry Davy, 1807) gave the chemical basis for the next step. Although the true nature of light wasn't fully known at the time (for example, the fact that light was a form of energy was not understood until Maxwell discovered the

continuous spectrum of electro-magnetic radiation in 1864), the marks of the “energy” of light started producing effects on this chemical basis. Up until then, it was thought the heat of light was the reactive agent. But the sensitivity of silver salts (bromine, iodine and chloride) to light was noted even during the 18th century, and in 1802, an Englishman by the name of Thomas Wedgwood (the youngest son of the owner of a famous pottery manufacture bearing the family name) managed to use silver nitrate in capturing images of leaves and wings of various insects on paper, by previously exposing both the paper and the template to sunlight. These were in fact photograms, “profiles” as the author himself liked calling them, which basically disappeared as easily as they appeared. They were much too sensitive to light, and Wedgwood couldn't find a way to keep a once activated surface from deteriorating further under the influence of the very same agent by which the image was originally created – light.



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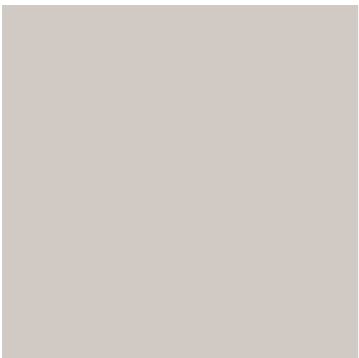


From a digital magazine to digital media

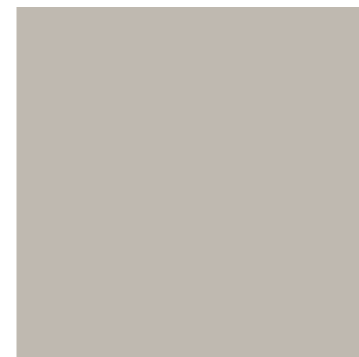
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<http://www.jeffascough.com/>
Jeff Ascough

The web site homepage title speaks for itself: if you want your wedding to be recorded as a truly special day, then you want the camera filming your big „I do“ to be held by Jeff Ascough (or certain members of the BULB staff; bragging however would be tacky :-). His website is designed in full as a small photo album featuring wedding photos as menu items, and torn notepad pages as backdrops for any textual information.

The Flash website features a very gentle ambient music backdrop, something we usually don't approve of on web sites. But it serves its purpose here, additionally strengthening the intensity of emotions radiating from Jeff's photography. Jeff is a photographer using only available ambient light on the scene, which results in beautiful, atmospheric and emotionally charged photographs of weddings, with a very distinct author signature. Dreamy and romantic photos in the menus unfold into a gallery, the biographical segment of the web site and other sub-pages, constantly leaving the impression of a warm family album that revokes warm memories of happy moments on that one special day.

One could frown upon the somewhat rudimentary navigation scheme of the site, which requires scrolling down by clicking on a predetermined arrow in the Flash environment (the mouse wheel isn't supported). Also, the gallery has no automatic slide show features that would enable the viewer to sit back and relax listening to ambient music and enjoy emotions captured in Jeff's photography. This is, then again, perhaps for the better. The clicking keeps us firmly in the realm of the physical – with such photos, one can easily wander off into reverie...

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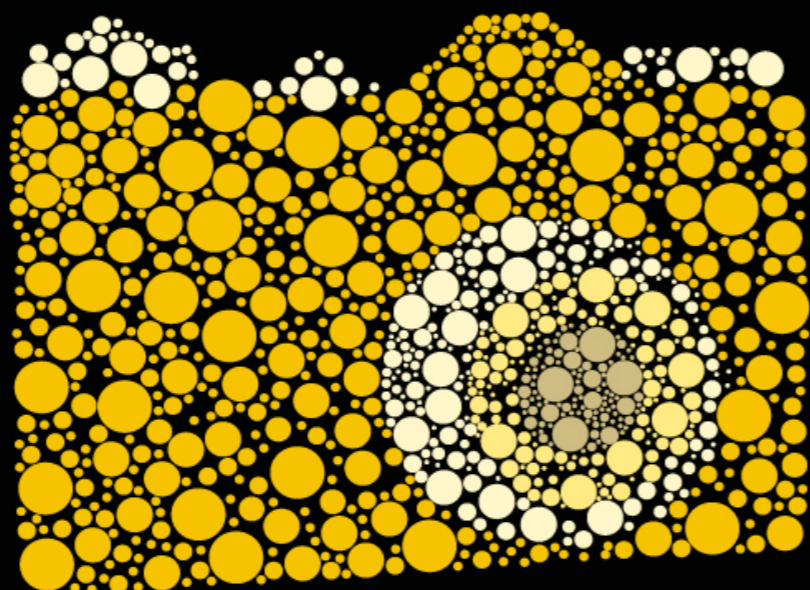


PHOTO SHOCK

otvorenje izložbe 31. siječnja u 20h
Caffe "COLOSS" Hrgovići 73, Zagreb

Krešimir Zadravec
Petra Slobodnjak
Ivan Pekarik
Robert Gojević
Goran Kovačević
Marko Beslač
Siniša Glogoški
Martina Škrobot

izložba traje do 27. veljače





Ivan Pekarik

Marko Beslač



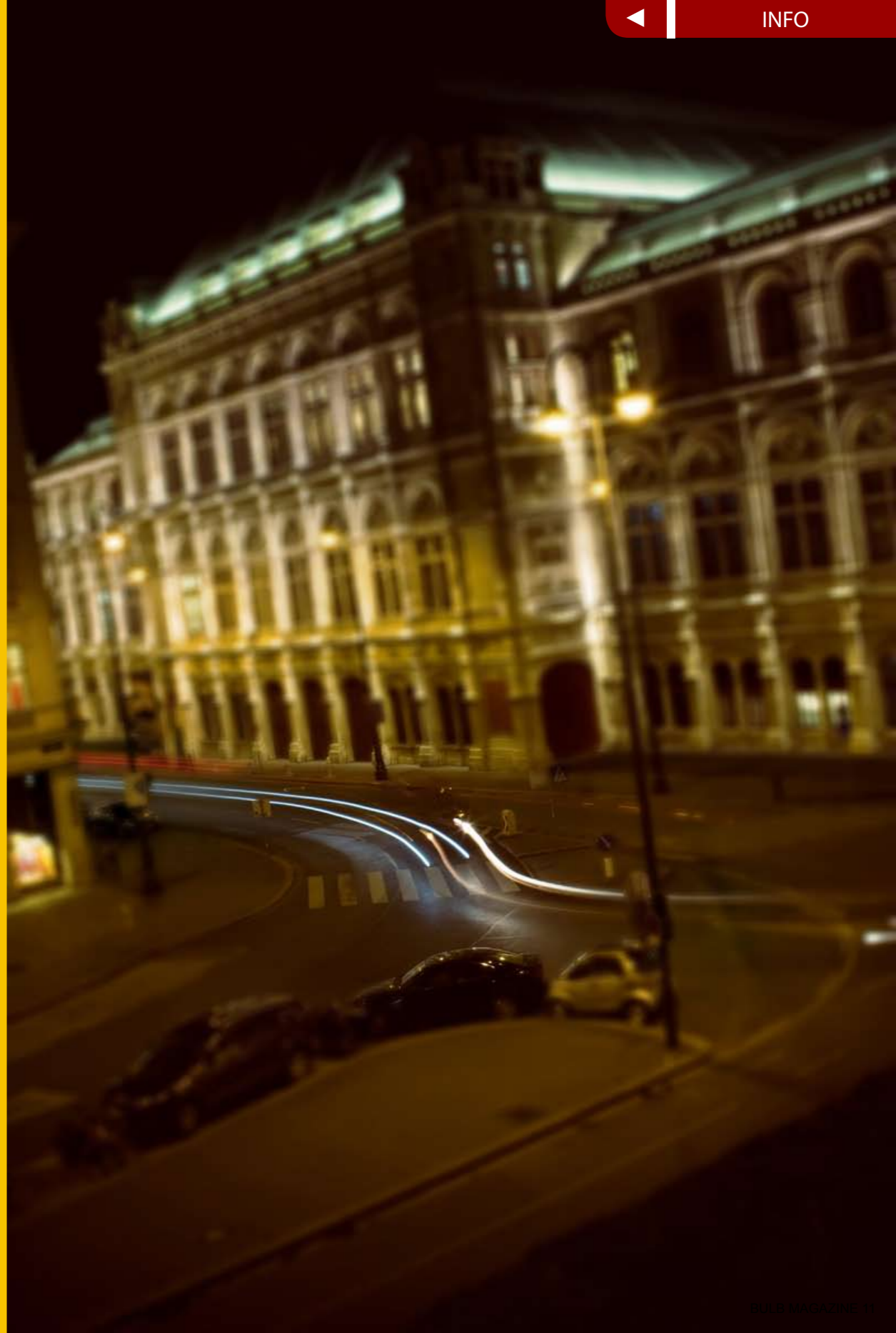






Martina Škrobot







Krešimir Zadavec



THE STRANGERS
KRESIMIRZADRAVECPHOTOGRAPHY



Robert Gojević



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BOHEMIA i KUĆA U KRAJOLIKU

*uz nazočnost autora češkog fotografa JANA REICHA
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Medvedevgradska 2, Zagreb*

*Izložbu će otvoriti češki veleposlanik Karel Kühnl,
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